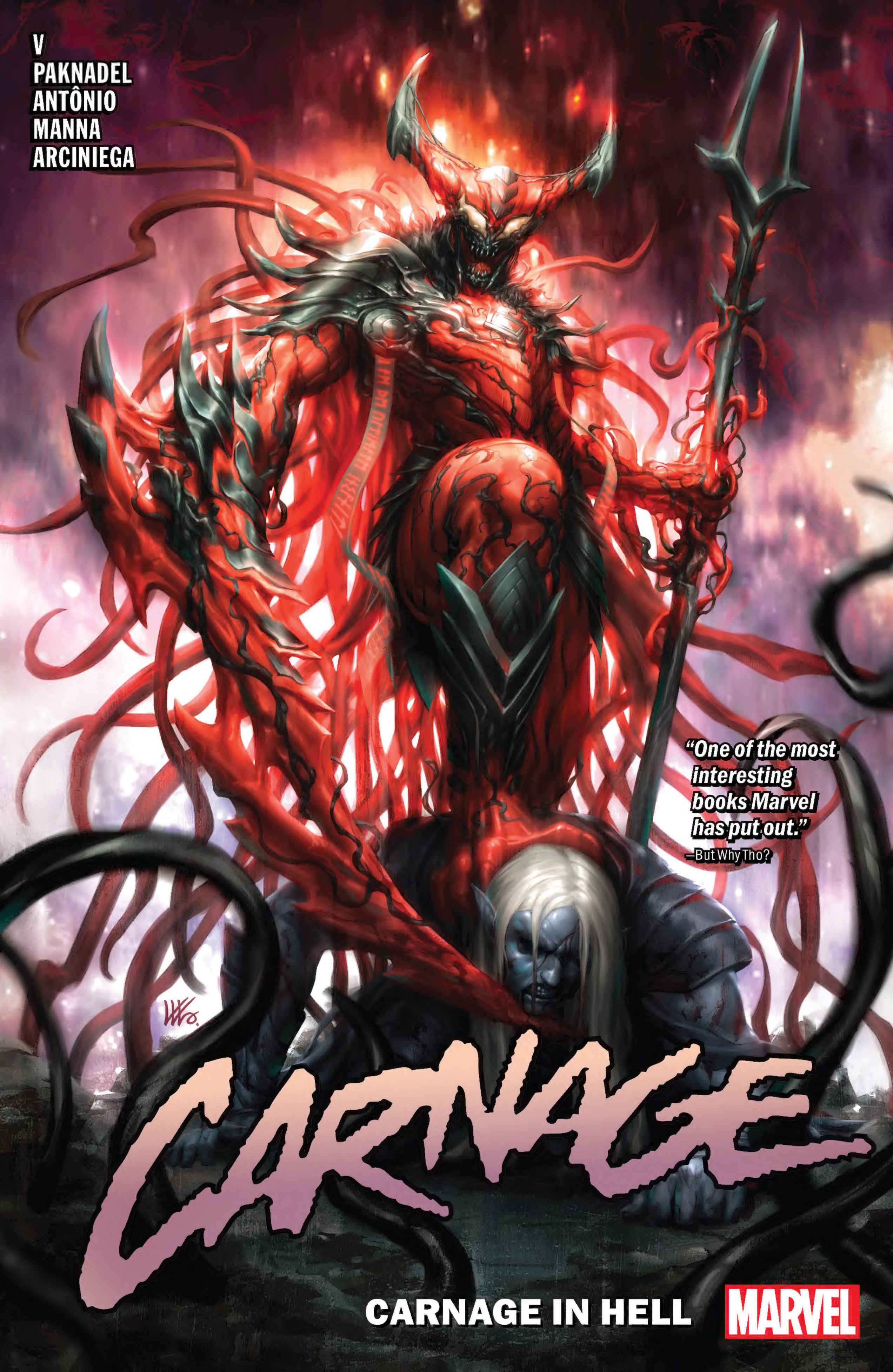


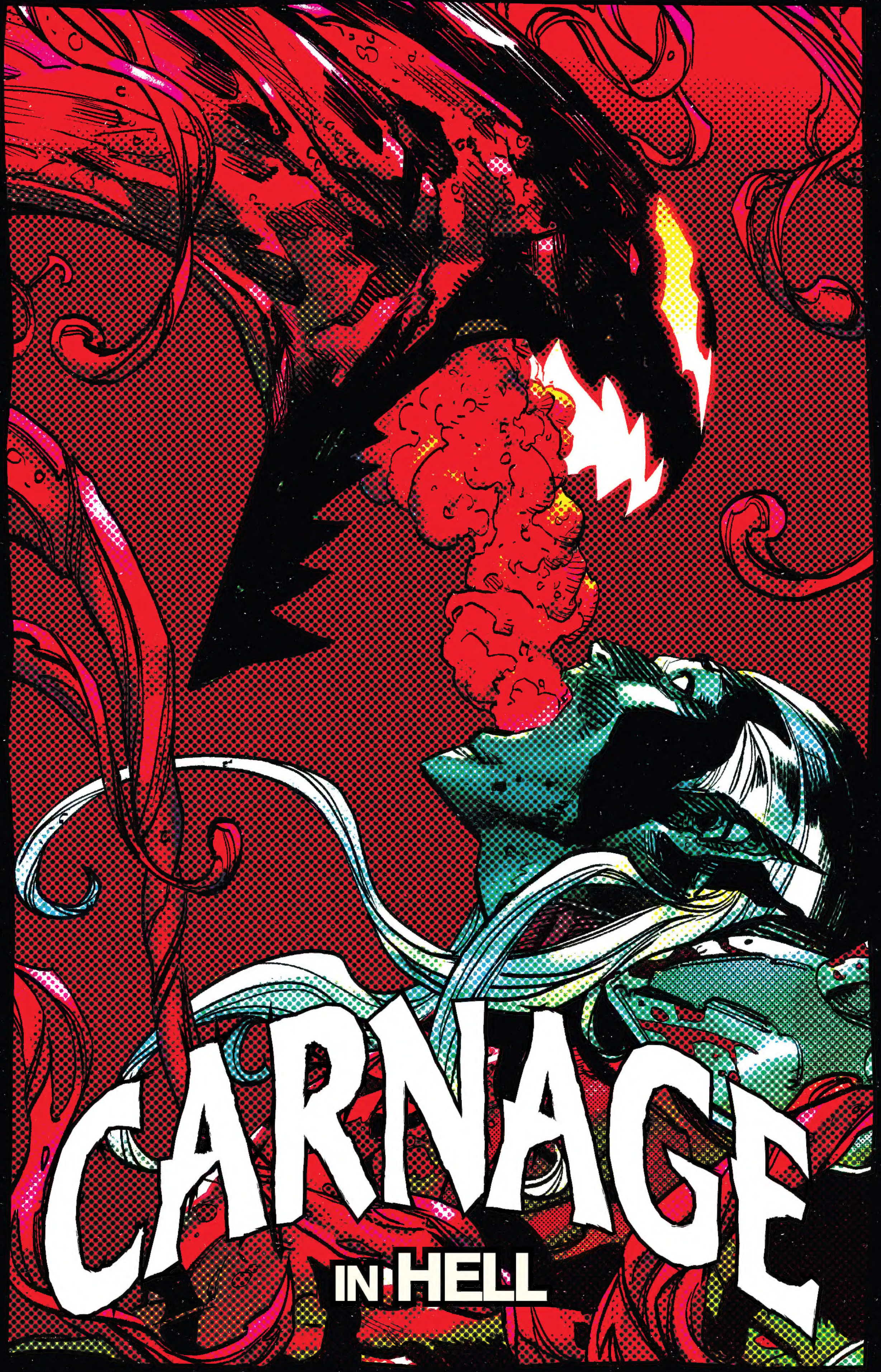
V
PAKNADEL
ANTÔNIO
MANNA
ARCINIEGA

"One of the most interesting books Marvel has put out."
—But Why Tho?

CARNAGE

CARNAGE IN HELL

MARVEL


CARNAGE
IN HELL

YEARS AGO, THE **VENOM SYMBIOTE** SPAWNED, AND ITS OFFSPRING BONDED TO SERIAL KILLER **CLETUS KASADY**. IMBUED WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, SPEED, ENDURANCE AND POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**, KASADY AND HIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL "OTHER" SHARE A UNIQUE BOND AND HAVE LONG TERRORIZED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AS...

CARNAGE IN HELL

CARNAGE IS LOOSE. REJECTED BY ITS FORMER HOST CLETUS KASADY, THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS ON ITS OWN, BUT IT HAS FOUND A DISCIPLE IN SERIAL KILLER KENNETH NEELY.

AFTER ATTACKING AND STEALING THE POWERS OF SUPER-POWERED INDIVIDUALS, CARNAGE TRAVELED TO SVARTALFHEIM AND POSSESSED ONE OF THE MYTHICAL HELHOUNDS SACRED TO THE DARK ELVES. NOW CARNAGE HAS ALL IT NEEDS TO TAKE DOWN ITS NEXT VICTIM: MALEKITH.

BUT DETECTIVE JONATHAN SHAYDE IS HOT ON CARNAGE'S TRAIL. AFTER AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE SYMBIOTE, HE'S BEEN HEARING CLETUS KASADY'S VOICE IN HIS HEAD. THANKS TO CLETUS, SHAYDE KNOWS THAT THE ONLY WAY TO STOP CARNAGE IS TO GET TO MALEKITH FIRST...

RAM V (#6-10)
& **ALEX PAKNADEL** (#11-12)
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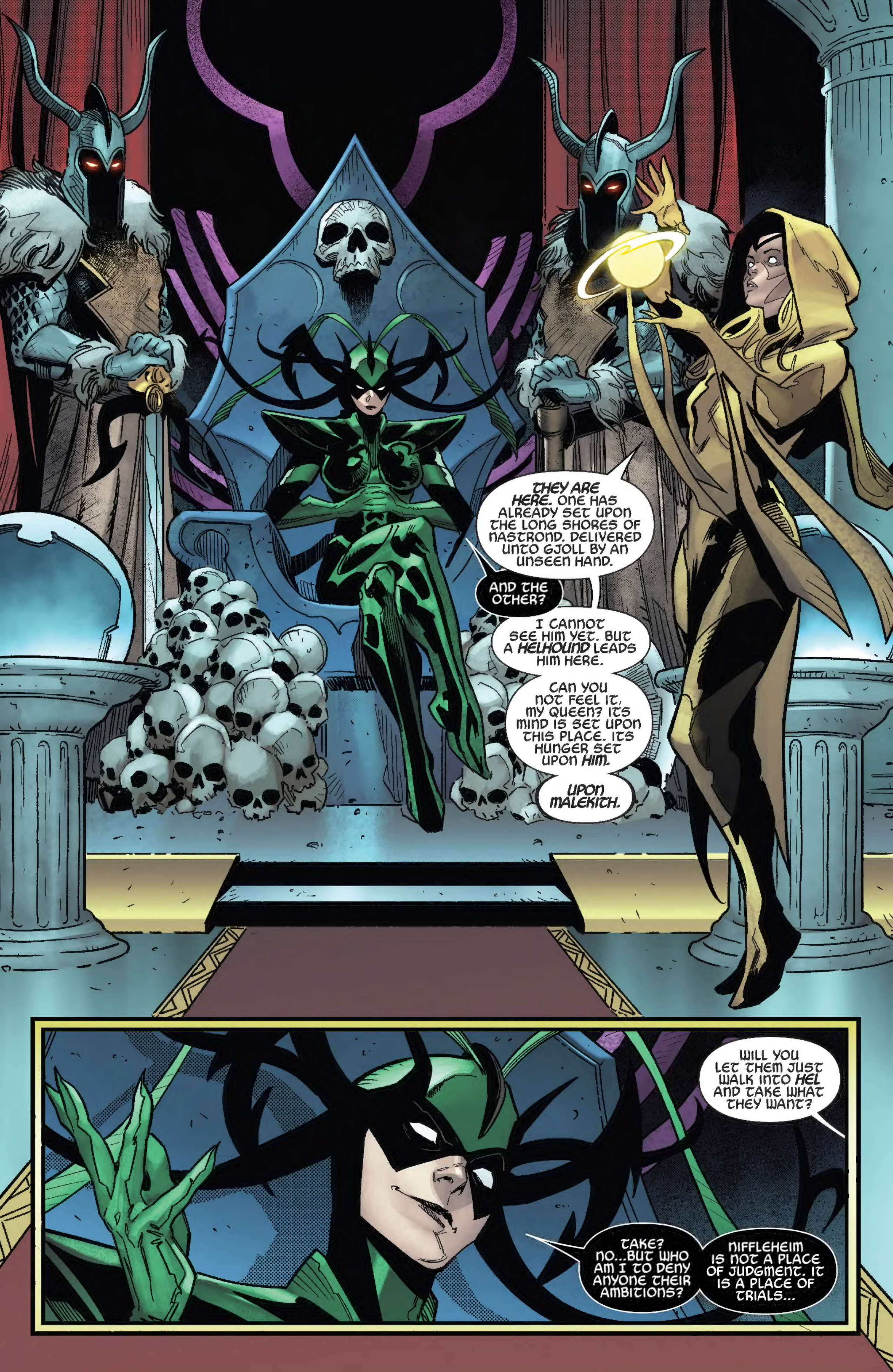
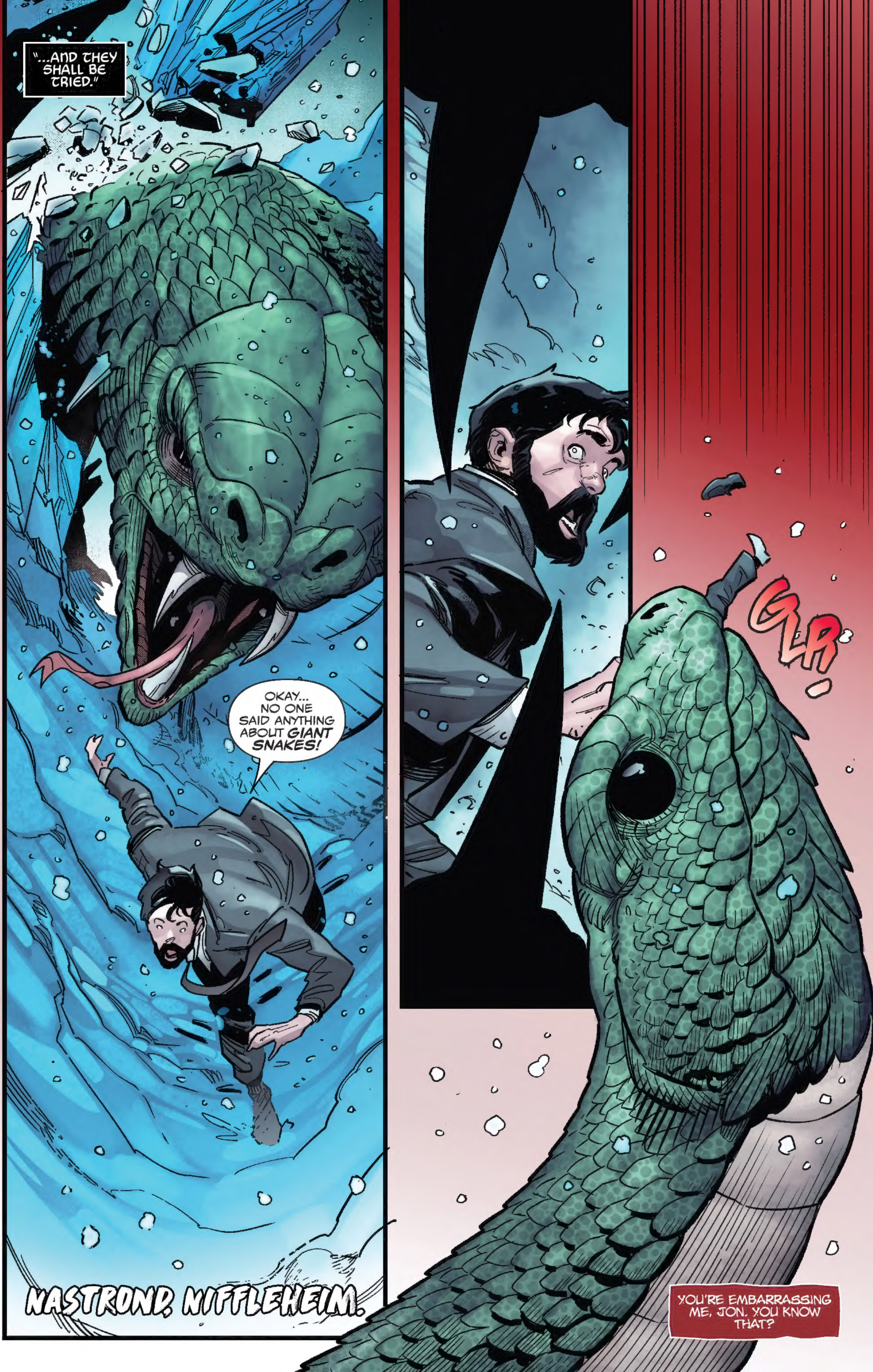
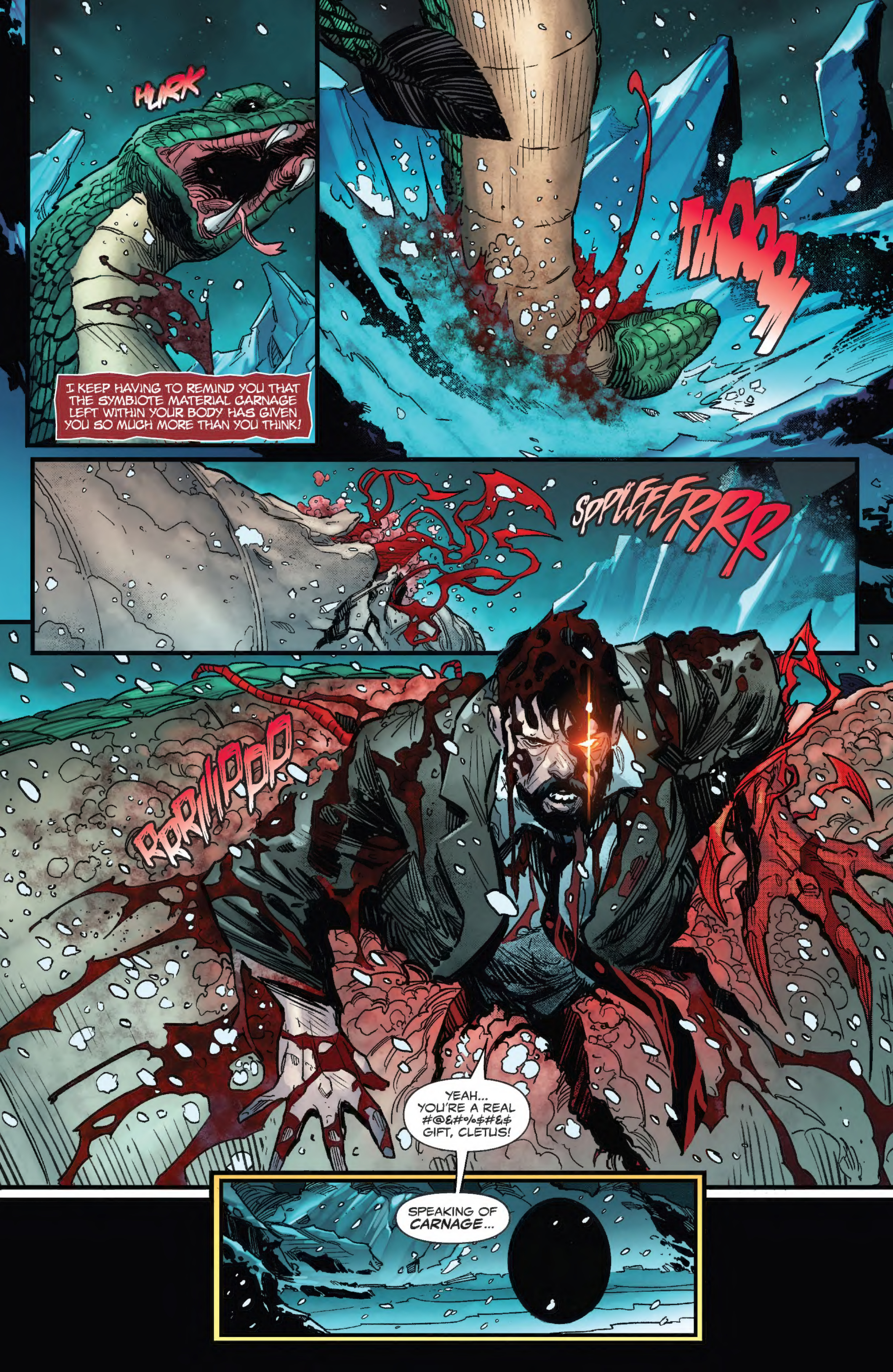
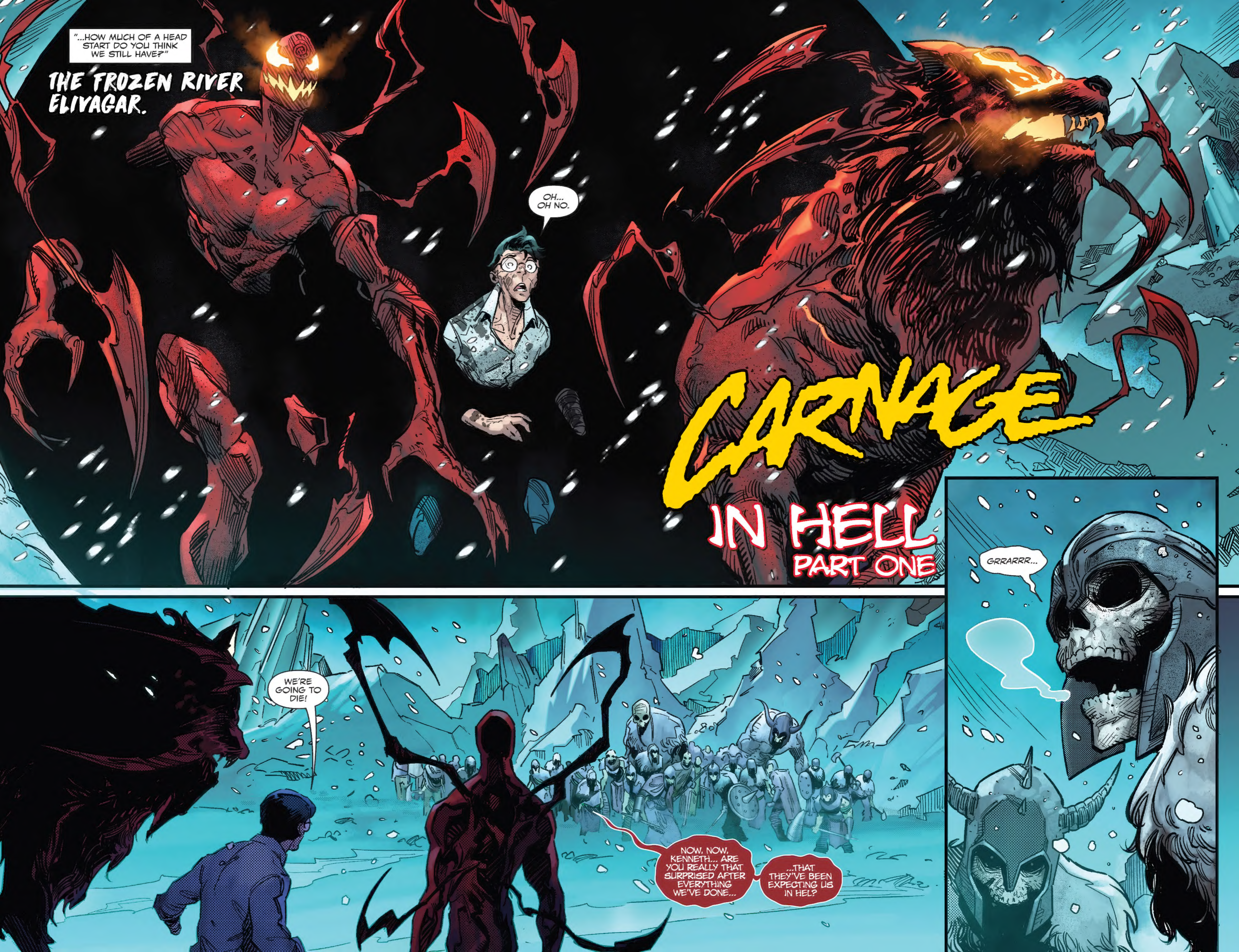
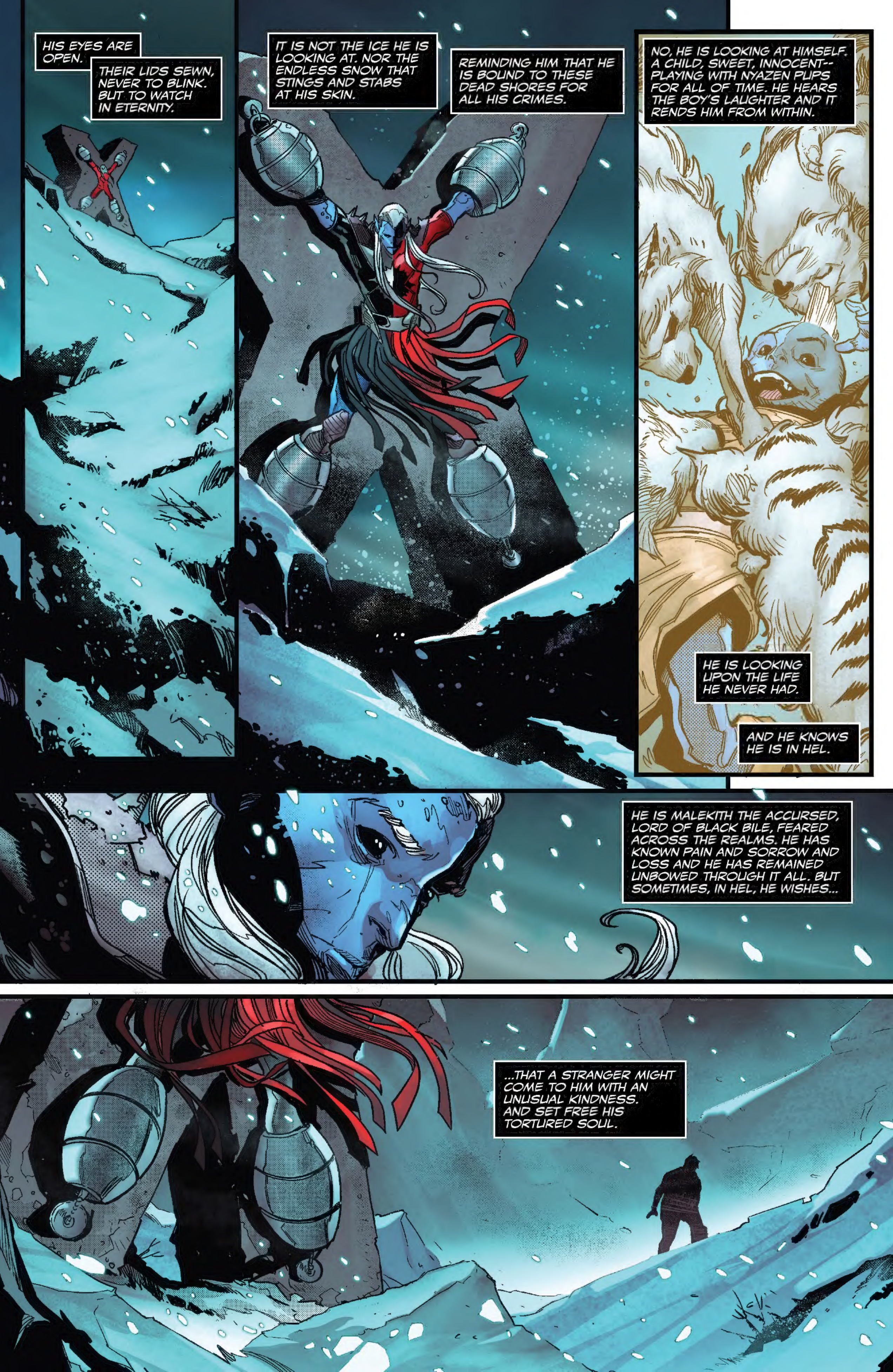
CARNAGE #6 "IN HELL PART ONE"

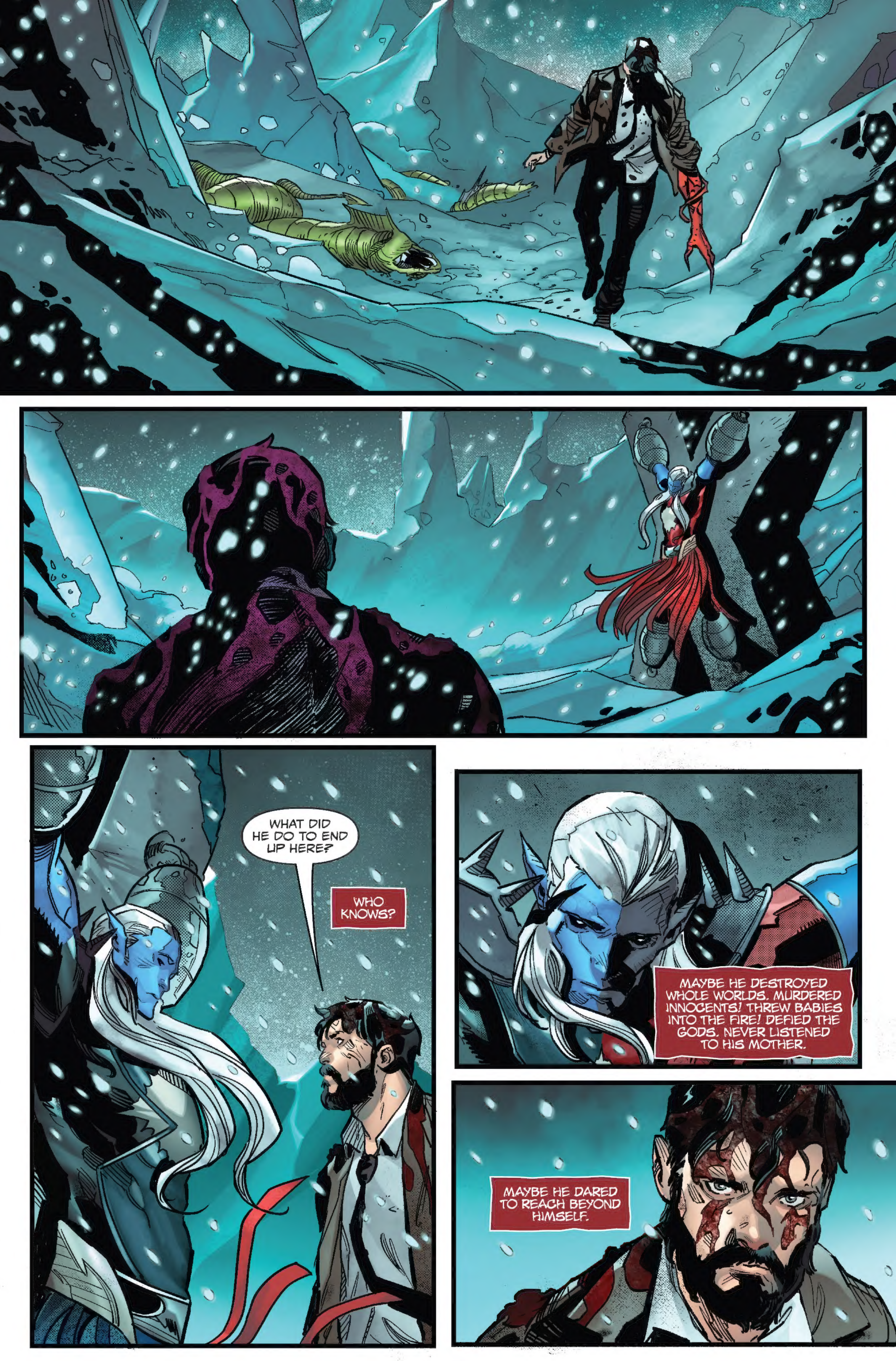

THEY ARE HERE. ONE HAS ALREADY SET UPON THE LONG SHORES OF NASTROND. DELIVERED UNTO GJOLL BY AN UNSEEN HAND.
AND THE OTHER?
I CANNOT SEE HIM YET. BUT A HELHOUND LEADS HIM HERE.
CAN YOU NOT FEEL IT, MY QUEEN? ITS MIND IS SET UPON THIS PLACE. ITS HUNGER SET UPON HIM.
UPON MALEKITH.
WILL YOU LET THEM JUST WALK INTO HEL AND TAKE WHAT THEY WANT?
TAKE? NO...BUT WHO AM I TO DENY ANYONE THEIR AMBITIONS?
NIFFLEHEIM IS NOT A PLACE OF JUDGMENT. IT IS A PLACE OF TRIALS...

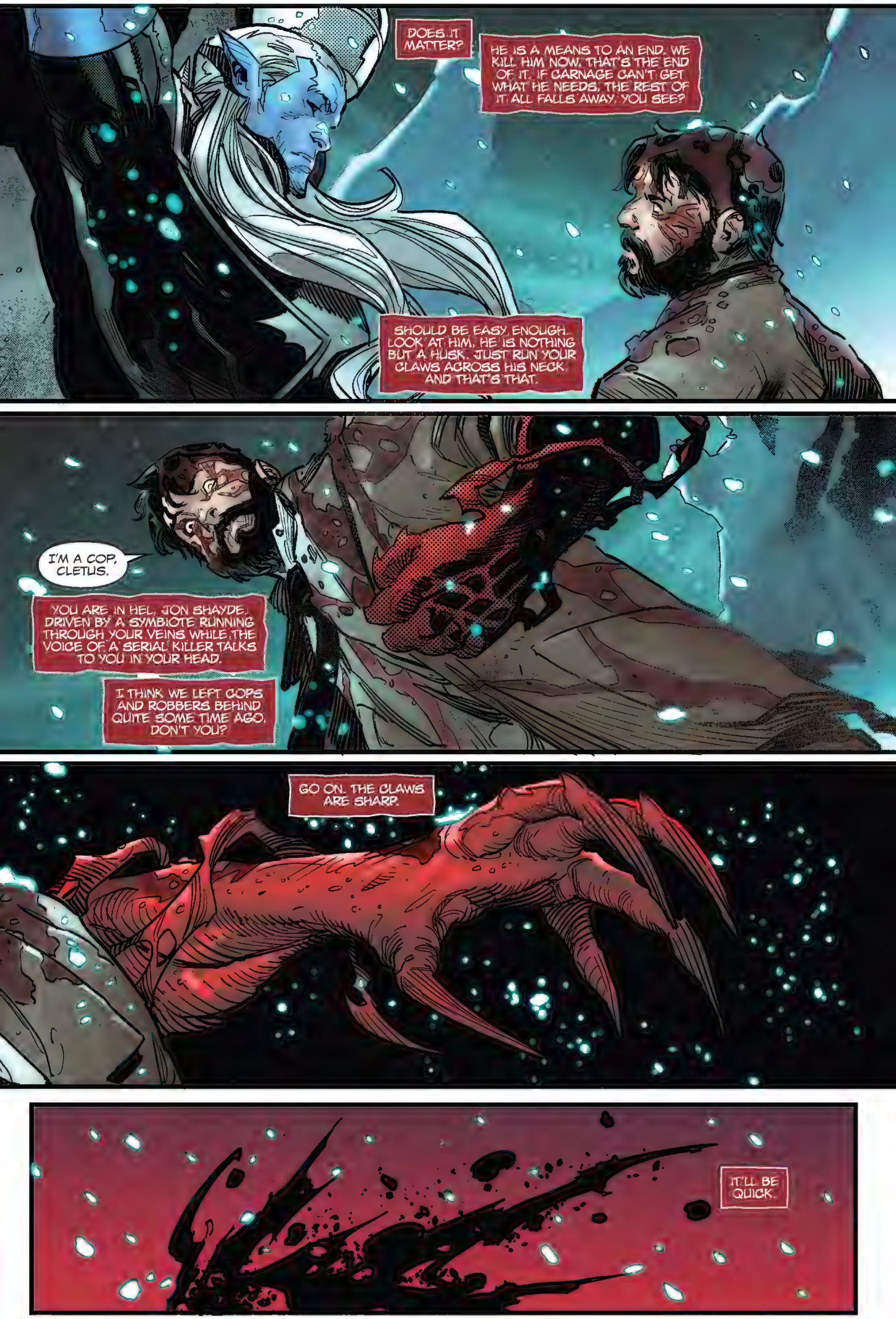

"...AND THEY SHALL BE TRIED."
OKAY... NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GIANT SNAKES!
NASTROND, NIFFLEHEIM.
GLP!
YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME, JON. YOU KNOW THAT?

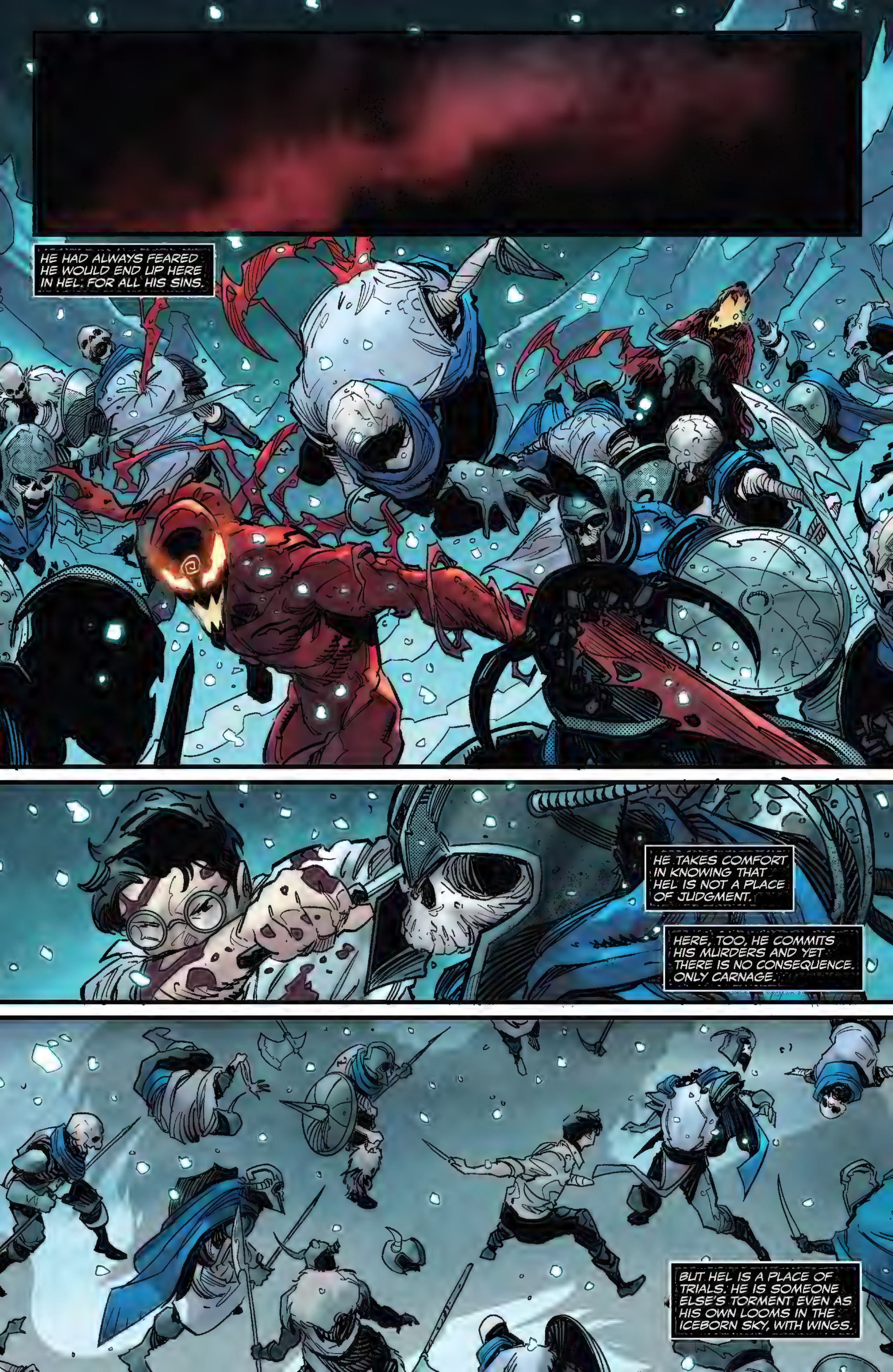

HURK
I KEEP HAVING TO REMIND YOU THAT THE SYMBIOTE MATERIAL CARNAGE LEFT WITHIN YOUR BODY HAS GIVEN YOU SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU THINK!
THOOOM
SPPLEEERRRR
RRRIIPPP
YEAH... YOU'RE A REAL #@&#%$#&$ GIFT, CLETUS!
SPEAKING OF CARNAGE...

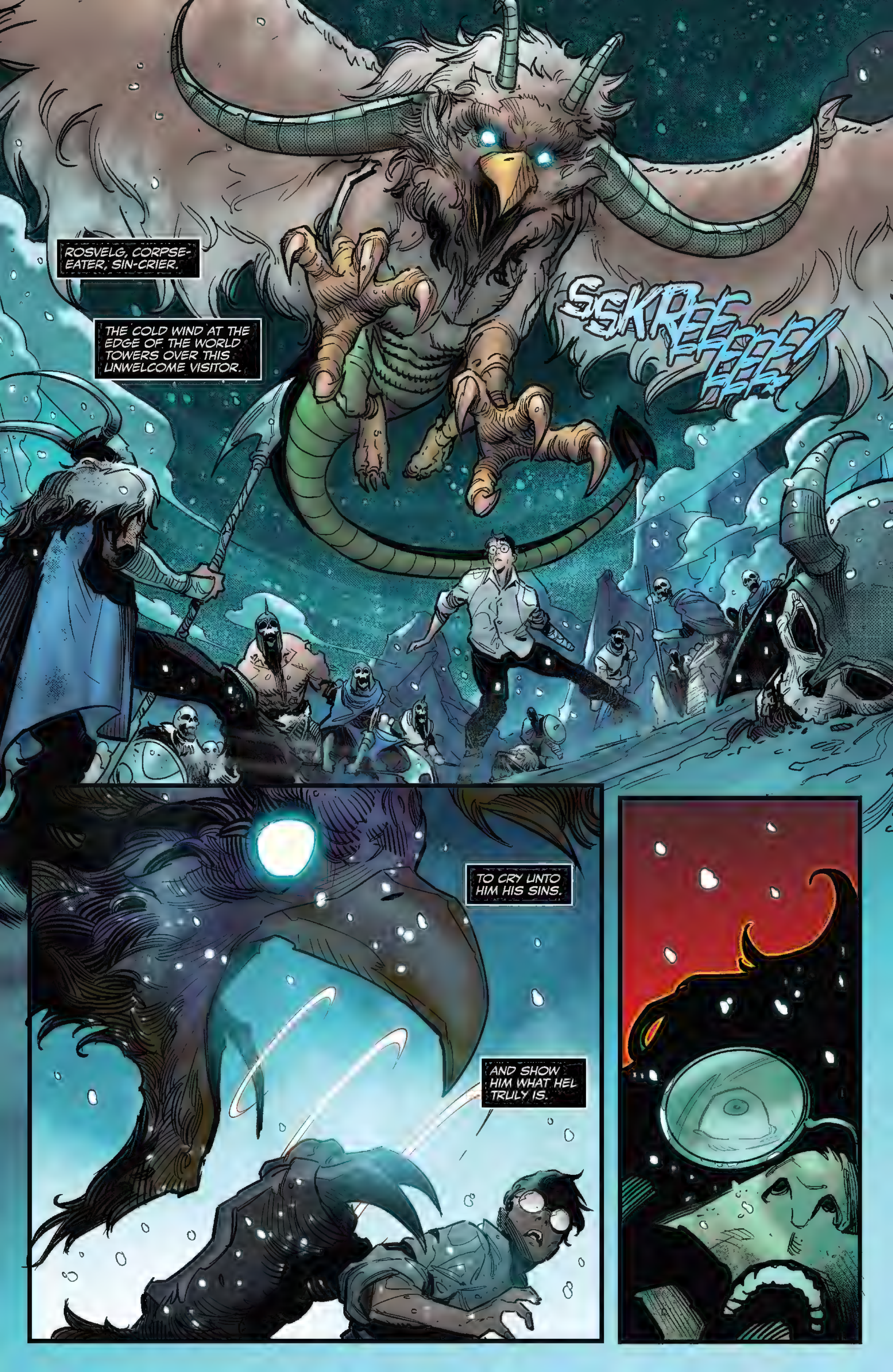

"...HOW MUCH OF A HEAD START DO YOU THINK WE STILL HAVE?"
THE FROZEN RIVER ELIVAGAR.
OH... OH NO.
CARNAGE
IN HELL
PART ONE
GRRARRR...
WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
NOW, NOW, KENNETH... ARE YOU REALLY THAT SURPRISED AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE...
...THAT THEY'VE BEEN EXPECTING US IN HEL?

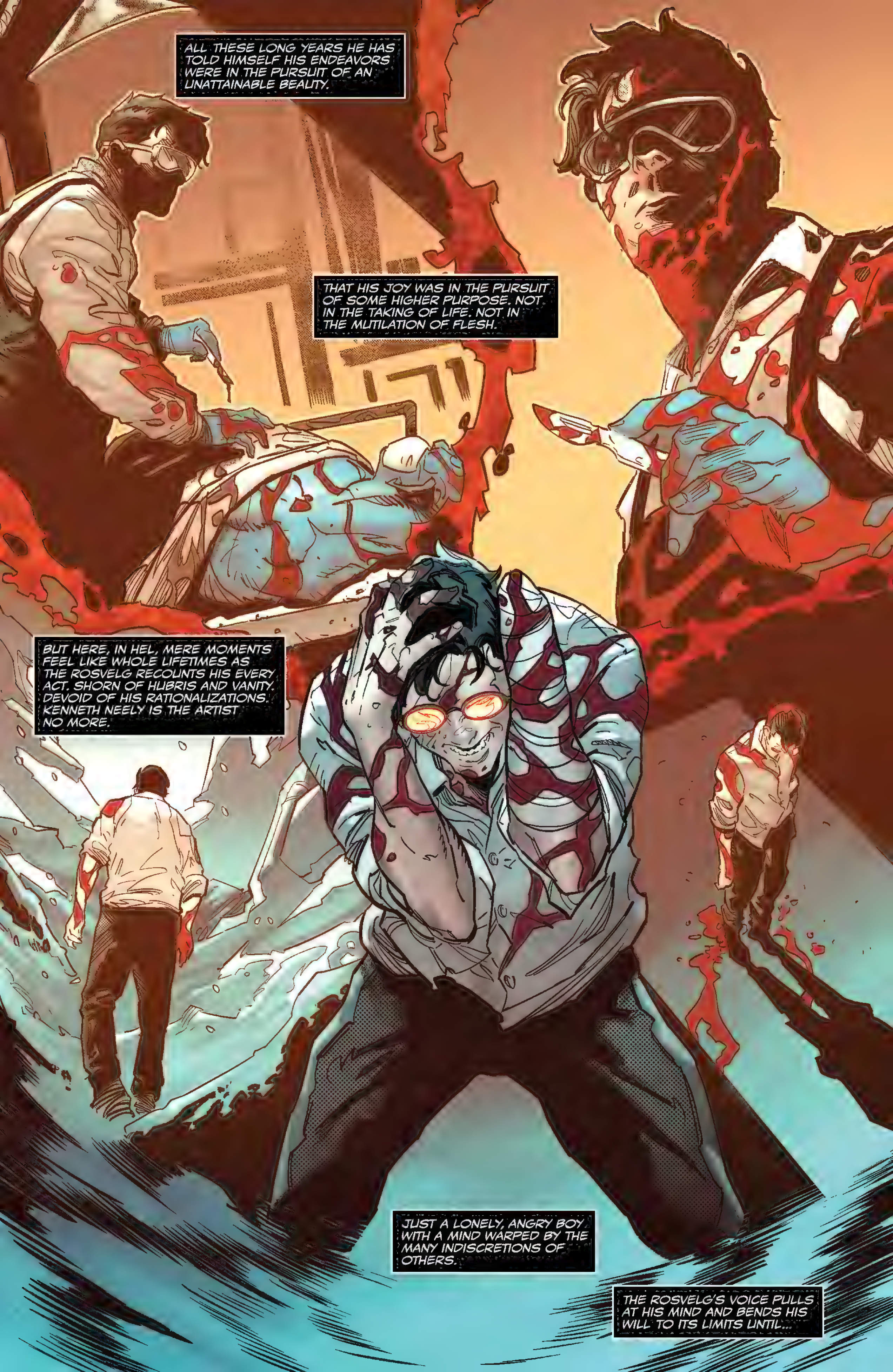

HIS EYES ARE OPEN.
THEIR LIDS SEWN, NEVER TO BLINK. BUT TO WATCH IN ETERNITY.
IT IS NOT THE ICE HE IS LOOKING AT. NOR THE ENDLESS SNOW THAT STINGS AND STABS AT HIS SKIN.
REMINDING HIM THAT HE IS BOUND TO THESE DEAD SHORES FOR ALL HIS CRIMES.
NO, HE IS LOOKING AT HIMSELF. A CHILD, SWEET, INNOCENT--PLAYING WITH NYAZEN PUPS FOR ALL OF TIME. HE HEARS THE BOY'S LAUGHTER AND IT RENDS HIM FROM WITHIN.
HE IS LOOKING UPON THE LIFE HE NEVER HAD.
AND HE KNOWS HE IS IN HEL.
HE IS MALEKITH THE ACCURSED, LORD OF BLACK BILE, FEARED ACROSS THE REALMS. HE HAS KNOWN PAIN AND SORROW AND LOSS AND HE HAS REMAINED UNBOWED THROUGH IT ALL. BUT SOMETIMES, IN HEL, HE WISHES...
...THAT A STRANGER MIGHT COME TO HIM WITH AN UNUSUAL KINDNESS. AND SET FREE HIS TORTURED SOUL.

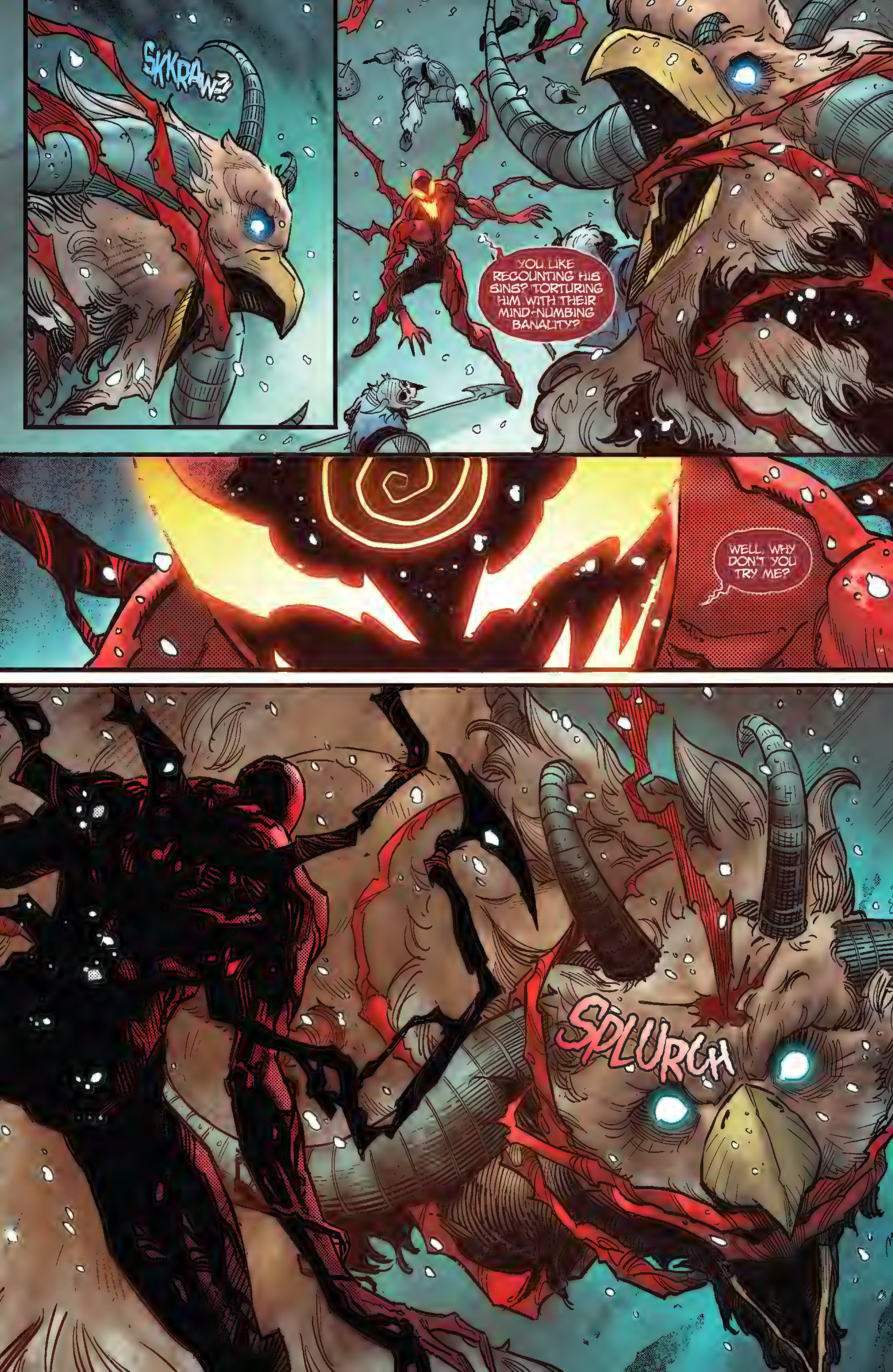

WHAT DID HE DO TO END UP HERE?
WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE HE DESTROYED WHOLE WORLDS. MURDERED INNOCENTS! THREW BABIES INTO THE FIRE! DEFIED THE GODS. NEVER LISTENED TO HIS MOTHER.
MAYBE HE DARED TO REACH BEYOND HIMSELF.

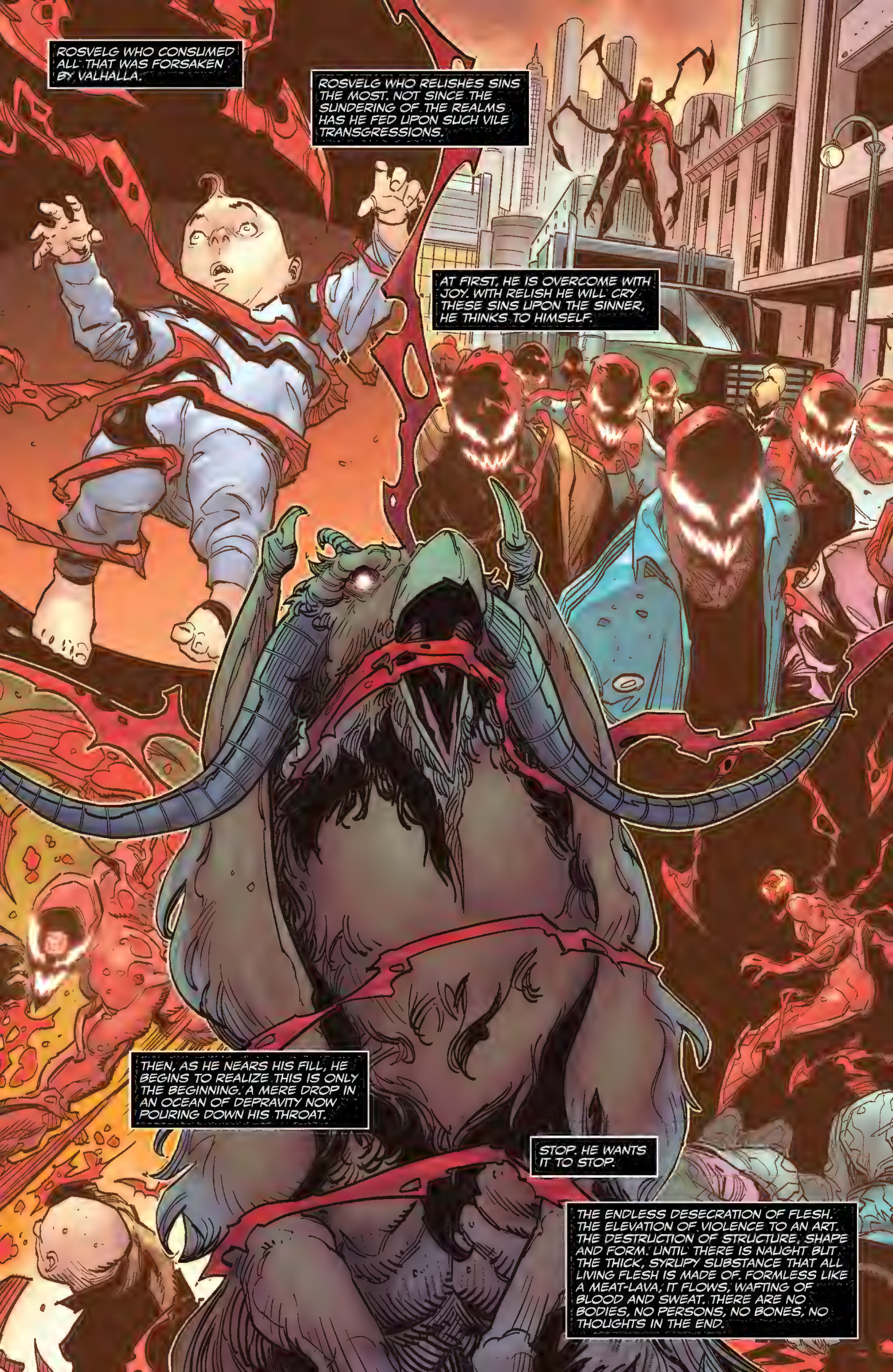

DOES IT MATTER?
HE IS A MEANS TO AN END. WE KILL HIM NOW, THAT'S THE END OF IT. IF CARNAGE CAN'T GET WHAT HE NEEDS, THE REST OF IT ALL FALLS AWAY. YOU SEE?
SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH. LOOK AT HIM, HE IS NOTHING BUT A HUSK. JUST RUN YOUR CLAWS ACROSS HIS NECK AND THAT'S THAT.
I'M A COP, CLETUS.
YOU ARE IN HEL, JON SHAYDE. DRIVEN BY A SYMBIOTE RUNNING THROUGH YOUR VEINS WHILE THE VOICE OF A SERIAL KILLER TALKS TO YOU IN YOUR HEAD.
I THINK WE LEFT COPS AND ROBBERS BEHIND QUITE SOME TIME AGO, DON'T YOU?
GO ON. THE CLAWS ARE SHARP.
IT'LL BE QUICK.

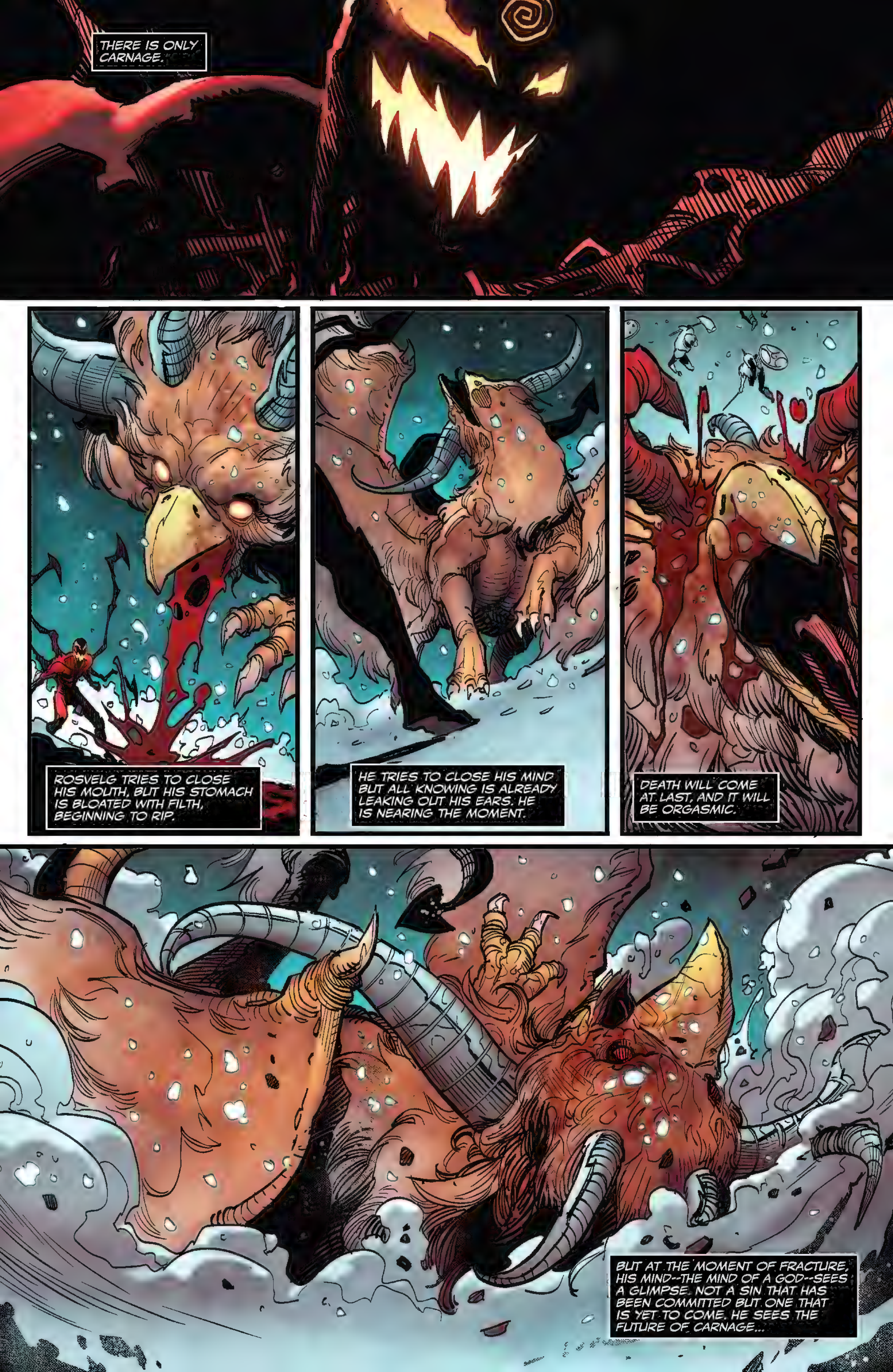

[redacted]
HE HAD ALWAYS FEARED HE WOULD END UP HERE IN HEL. FOR ALL HIS SINS.
HE TAKES COMFORT IN KNOWING THAT HEL IS NOT A PLACE OF JUDGMENT.
HERE, TOO, HE COMMITS HIS MURDERS AND YET THERE IS NO CONSEQUENCE. ONLY CARNAGE.
BUT HEL IS A PLACE OF TRIALS. HE IS SOMEONE ELSE'S TORMENT EVEN AS HIS OWN LOOMS IN THE ICEBORN SKY, WITH WINGS.

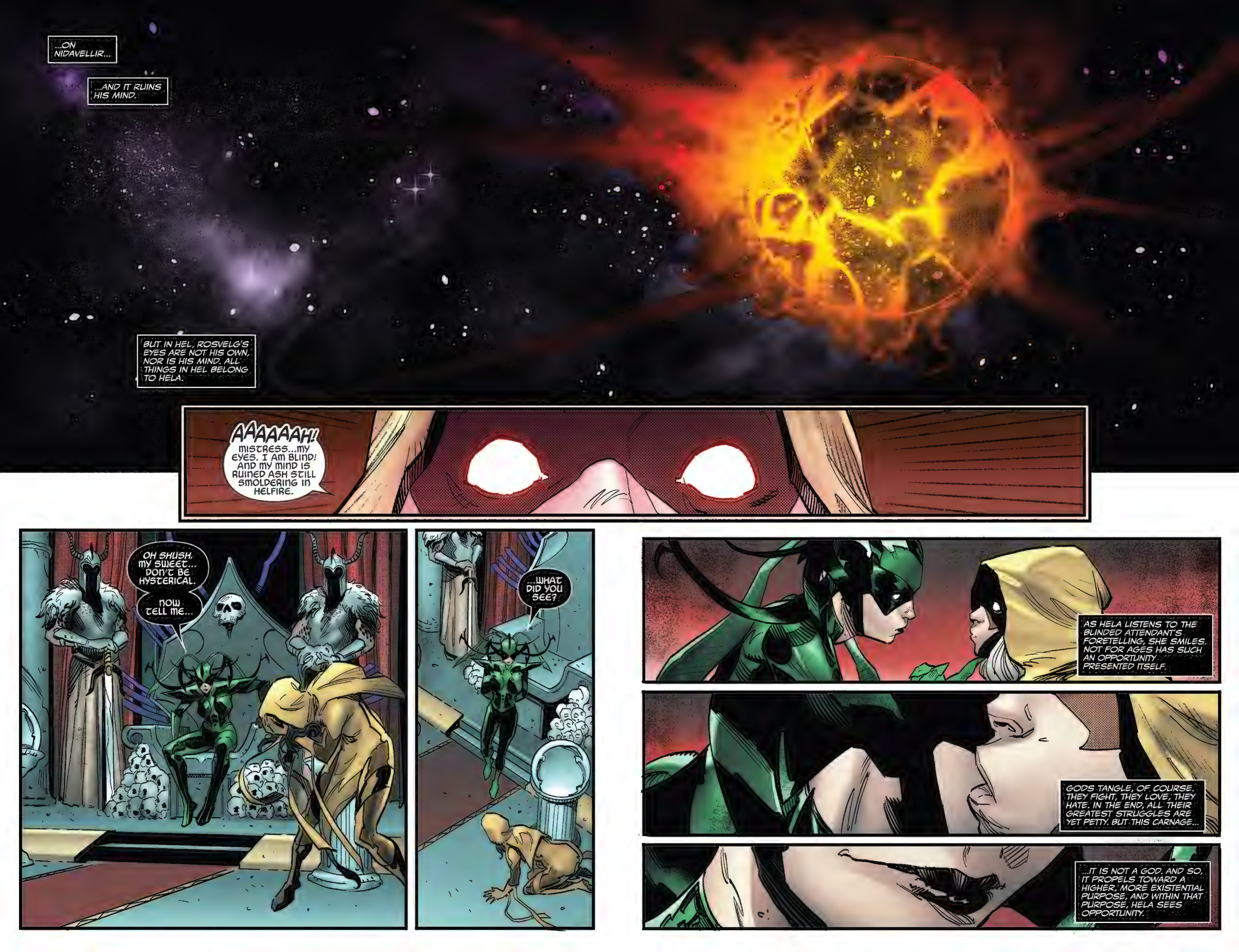

ROSVELG, CORPSE-EATER, SIN-CRIER.
THE COLD WIND AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD TOWERS OVER THIS UNWELCOME VISITOR.
SSKREEEEEEE! EEEE
TO CRY UNTO HIM HIS SINS.
AND SHOW HIM WHAT HEL TRULY IS.

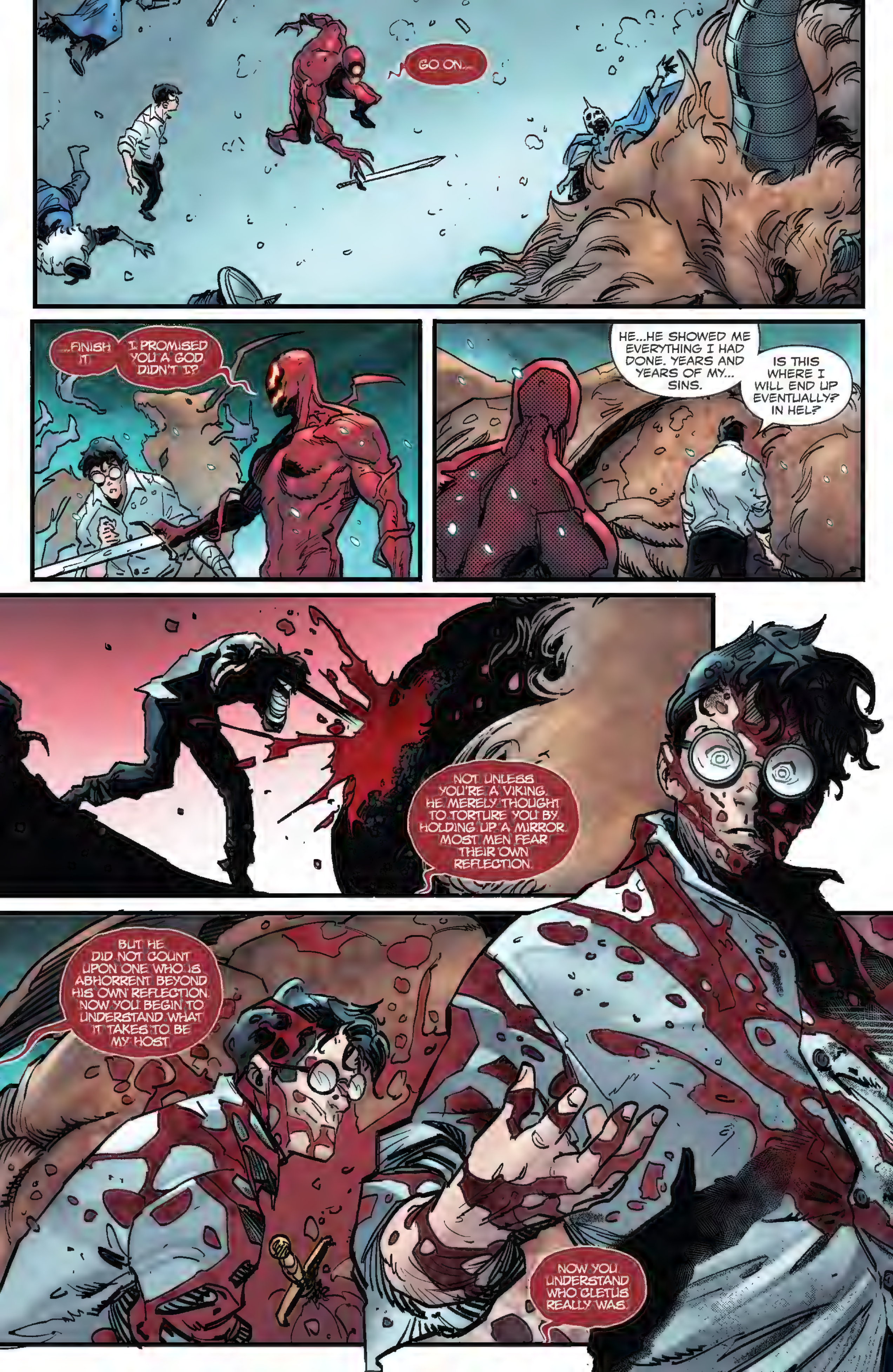

ALL THESE LONG YEARS HE HAS TOLD HIMSELF HIS ENDEAVORS WERE IN THE PURSUIT OF AN UNATTAINABLE BEAUTY.
THAT HIS JOY WAS IN THE PURSUIT OF SOME HIGHER PURPOSE. NOT IN THE TAKING OF LIFE. NOT IN THE MUTILATION OF FLESH.
BUT HERE, IN HEL, MERE MOMENTS FEEL LIKE WHOLE LIFETIMES AS THE ROSVELG RECOUNTS HIS EVERY ACT. SHORN OF HUBRIS AND VANITY. DEVOID OF HIS RATIONALIZATIONS. KENNETH NEELY IS THE ARTIST NO MORE.
JUST A LONELY, ANGRY BOY WITH A MIND WARPED BY THE MANY INDISCRETIONS OF OTHERS.
THE ROSVELG'S VOICE PULLS AT HIS MIND AND BENDS HIS WILL TO ITS LIMITS UNTIL...

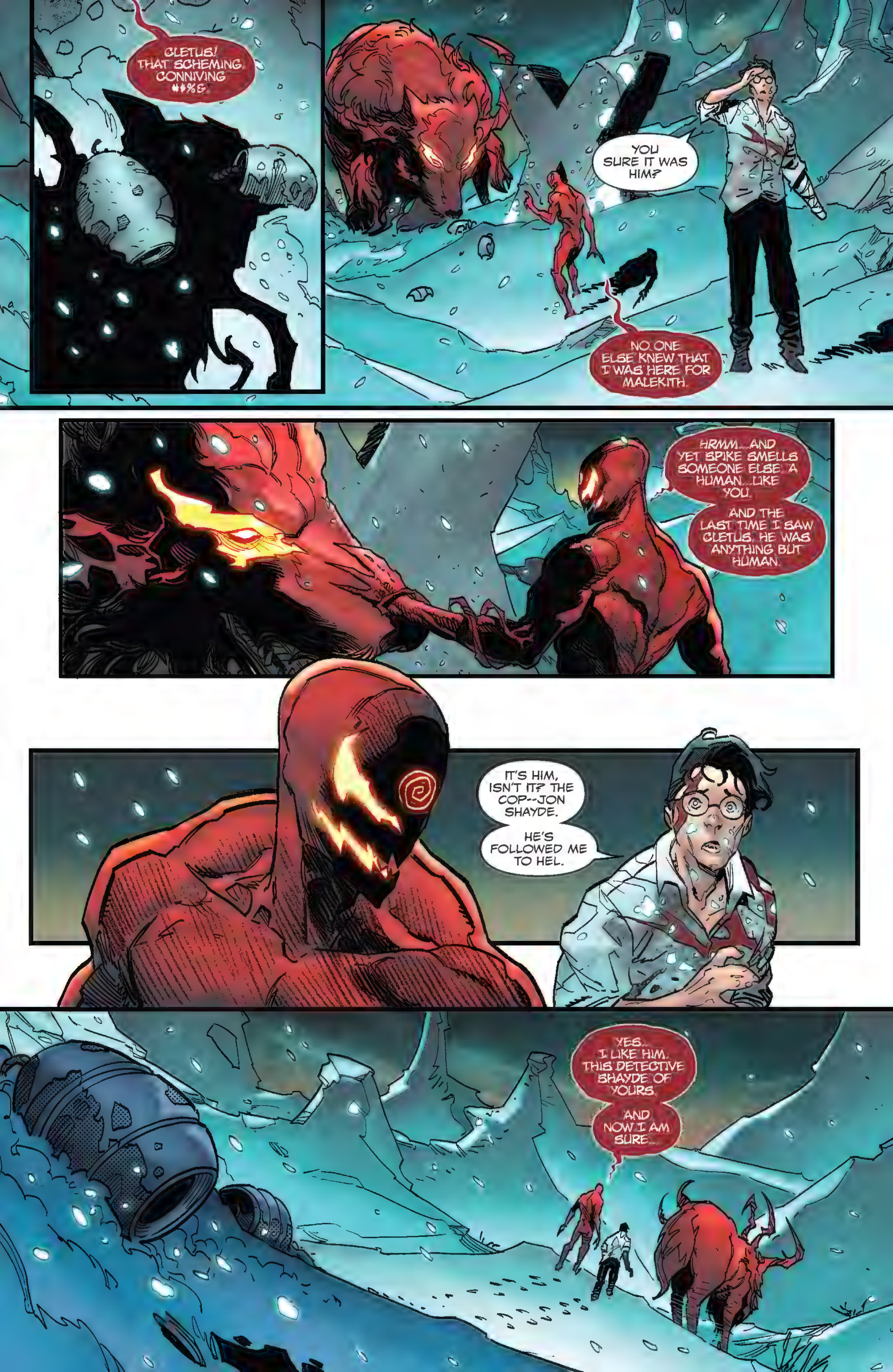

SKKRAW?!
YOU LIKE RECOUNTING HIS SINS? TORTURING HIM WITH THEIR MIND-NUMBING BANALITY?
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY ME?
SPLURCH

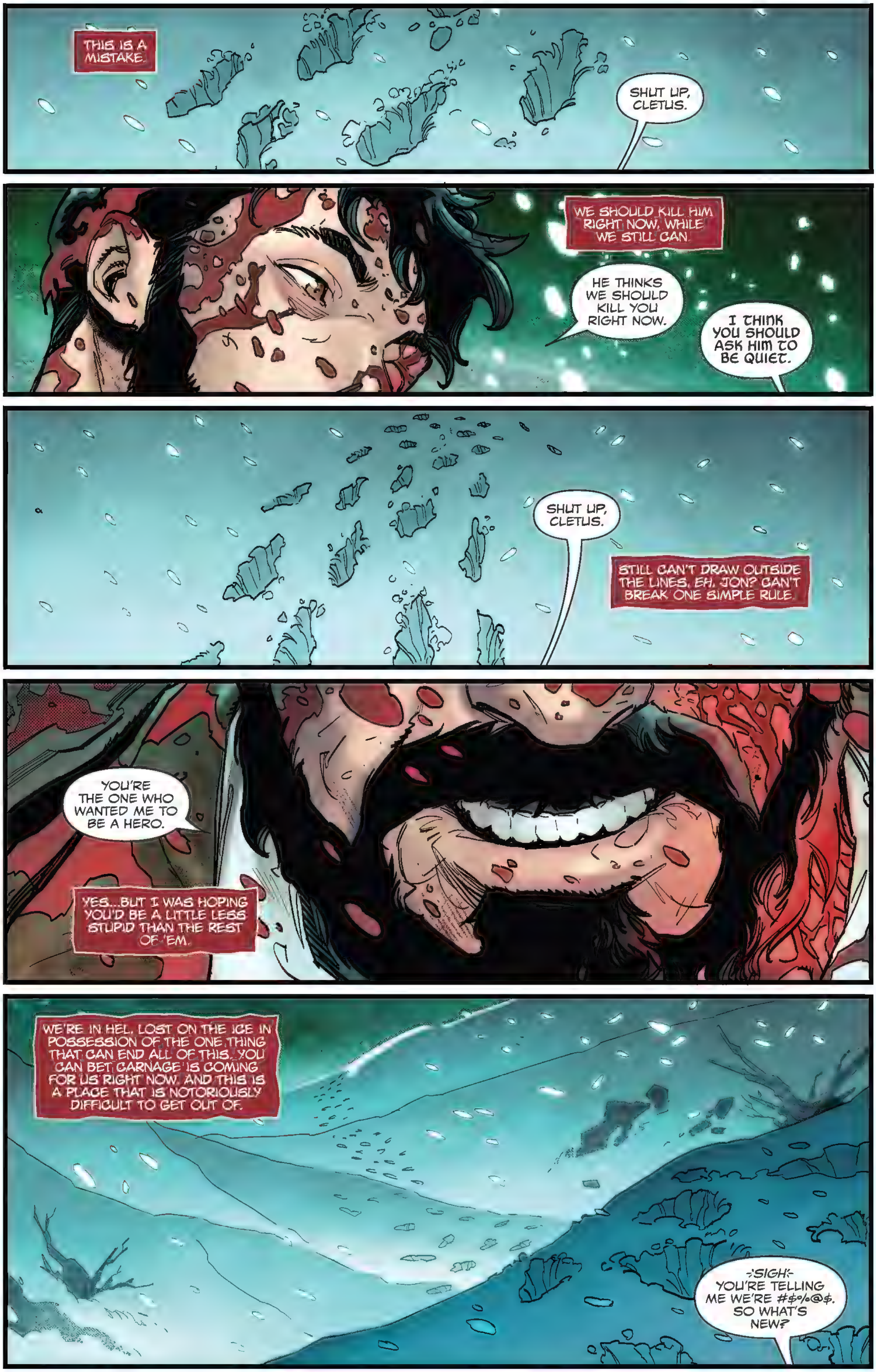

ROSVELG WHO CONSUMED ALL THAT WAS FORSAKEN BY VALHALLA.
ROSVELG WHO RELISHES SINS THE MOST. NOT SINCE THE SUNDERING OF THE REALMS HAS HE FED UPON SUCH VILE TRANSGRESSIONS.
AT FIRST, HE IS OVERCOME WITH JOY. WITH RELISH HE WILL CRY THESE SINS UPON THE SINNER, HE THINKS TO HIMSELF.
THEN, AS HE NEARS HIS FILL, HE BEGINS TO REALIZE THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. A MERE DROP IN AN OCEAN OF DEPRAVITY NOW POURING DOWN HIS THROAT.
STOP. HE WANTS IT TO STOP.
THE ENDLESS DESECRATION OF FLESH. THE ELEVATION OF VIOLENCE TO AN ART. THE DESTRUCTION OF STRUCTURE, SHAPE AND FORM. UNTIL THERE IS NAUGHT BUT THE THICK, SYRUPY SUBSTANCE THAT ALL LIVING FLESH IS MADE OF. FORMLESS LIKE A MEAT-LAVA, IT FLOWS, WAFTING OF BLOOD AND SWEAT. THERE ARE NO BODIES, NO PERSONS, NO BONES, NO THOUGHTS IN THE END.

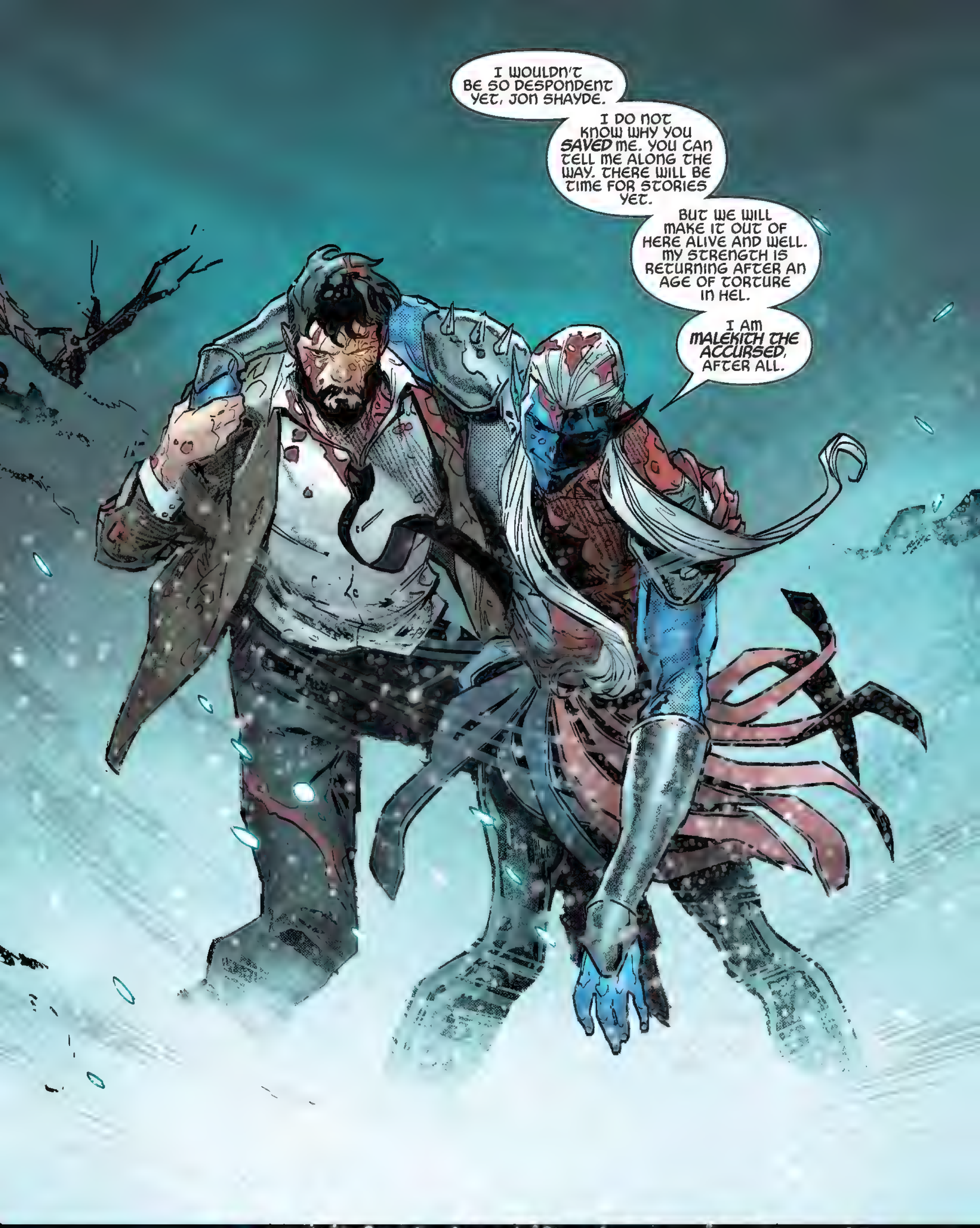

THERE IS ONLY CARNAGE.
ROSVELG TRIES TO CLOSE HIS MOUTH, BUT HIS STOMACH IS BLOATED WITH FILTH, BEGINNING TO RIP.
HE TRIES TO CLOSE HIS MIND BUT ALL KNOWING IS ALREADY LEAKING OUT HIS EARS. HE IS NEARING THE MOMENT.
DEATH WILL COME AT LAST, AND IT WILL BE ORGASMIC.
BUT AT THE MOMENT OF FRACTURE, HIS MIND--THE MIND OF A GOD--SEES A GLIMPSE. NOT A SIN THAT HAS BEEN COMMITTED BUT ONE THAT IS YET TO COME. HE SEES THE FUTURE OF CARNAGE...

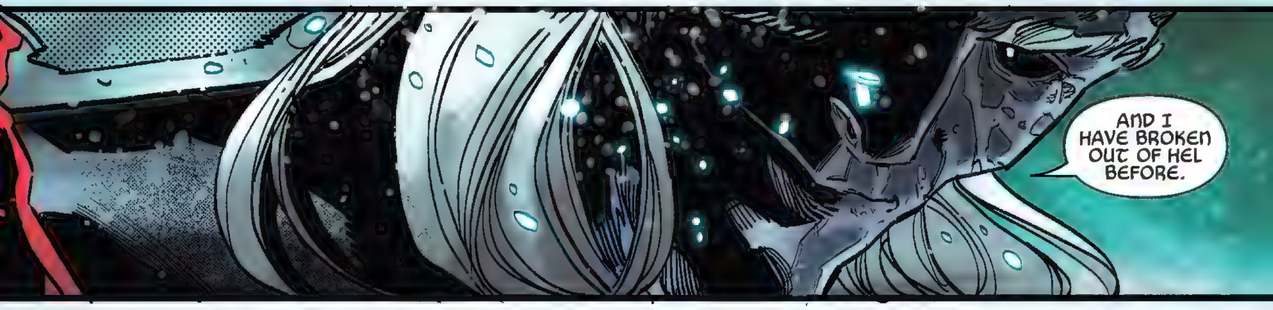

...ON NIDAVELLIR...
...AND IT RUINS HIS MIND.
BUT IN HEL, ROSVELG'S EYES ARE NOT HIS OWN, NOR IS HIS MIND. ALL THINGS IN HEL BELONG TO HELA.
AAAAAAH! MISTRESS...MY EYES. I AM BLIND! AND MY MIND IS RUINED ASH STILL SMOLDERING IN HELFIRE.
OH SHUSH, MY SWEET... DON'T BE HYSTERICAL.
NOW TELL ME...
...WHAT DID YOU SEE?
AS HELA LISTENS TO THE BLINDED ATTENDANT'S FORETELLING, SHE SMILES. NOT FOR AGES HAS SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF.
GODS TANGLE, OF COURSE. THEY FIGHT, THEY LOVE, THEY HATE. IN THE END, ALL THEIR GREATEST STRUGGLES ARE YET PETTY. BUT THIS CARNAGE...
...IT IS NOT A GOD. AND SO, IT PROPELS TOWARD A HIGHER, MORE EXISTENTIAL PURPOSE, AND WITHIN THAT PURPOSE, HELA SEES OPPORTUNITY.


GO ON...
...FINISH IT.
I PROMISED YOU A GOD, DIDN'T I?
HE...HE SHOWED ME EVERYTHING I HAD DONE. YEARS AND YEARS OF MY... SINS.
IS THIS WHERE I WILL END UP EVENTUALLY? IN HEL?
NOT UNLESS YOU'RE A VIKING. HE MERELY THOUGHT TO TORTURE YOU BY HOLDING UP A MIRROR. MOST MEN FEAR THEIR OWN REFLECTION.
BUT HE DID NOT COUNT UPON ONE WHO IS ABHORRENT BEYOND HIS OWN REFLECTION. NOW YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT TAKES TO BE MY HOST.
NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHO CLETUS REALLY WAS.

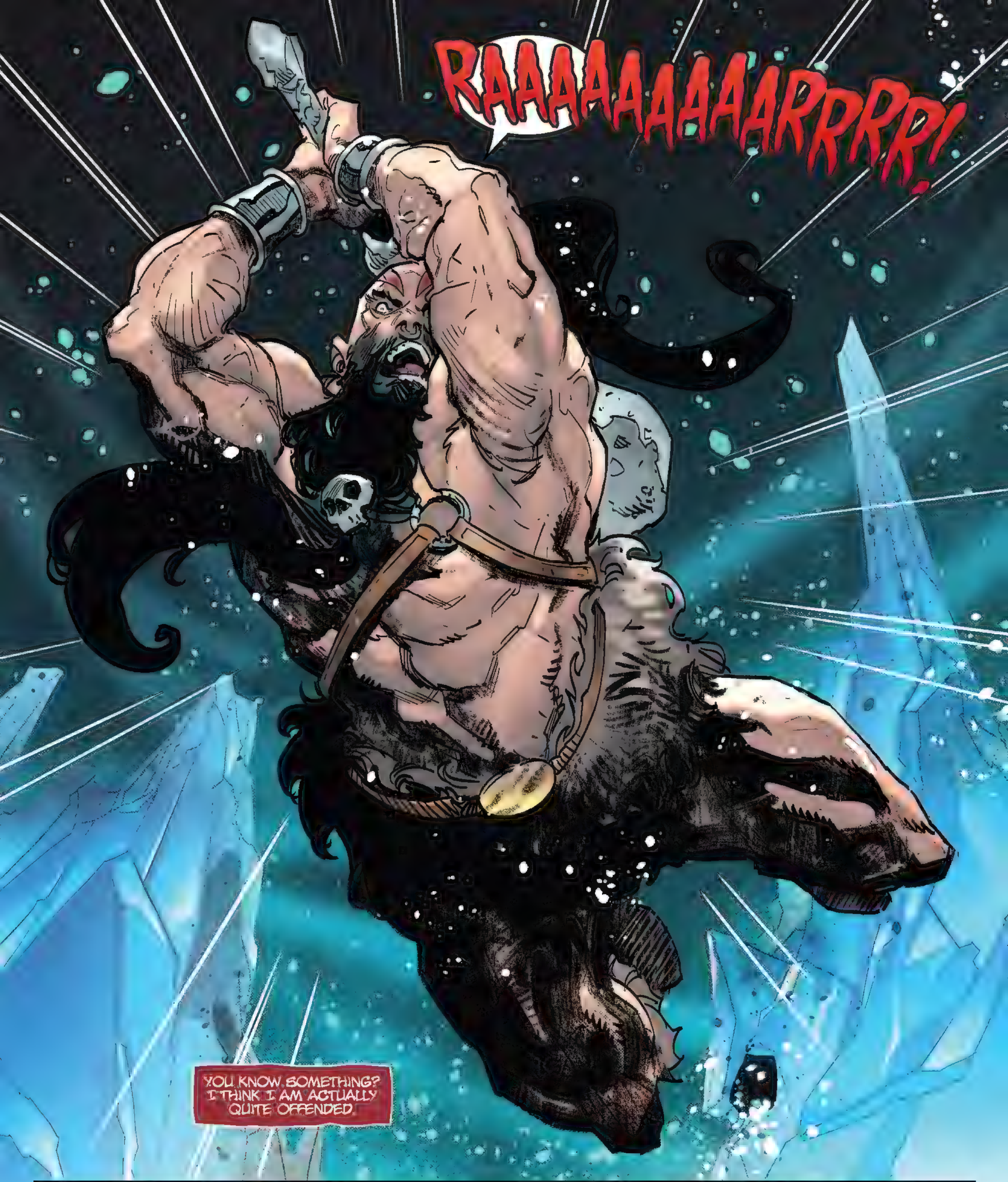

CLETUS! THAT SCHEMING, CONNIVING #$%&.
YOU SURE IT WAS HIM?
NO ONE ELSE KNEW THAT I WAS HERE FOR MALEKITH.
HRMM...AND YET SPIKE SMELLS SOMEONE ELSE. A HUMAN...LIKE YOU.
AND THE LAST TIME I SAW CLETUS, HE WAS ANYTHING BUT HUMAN.
IT'S HIM, ISN'T IT? THE COP--JON SHAYDE.
HE'S FOLLOWED ME TO HEL.
YES... I LIKE HIM. THIS DETECTIVE SHAYDE OF YOURS.
AND NOW I AM SURE...

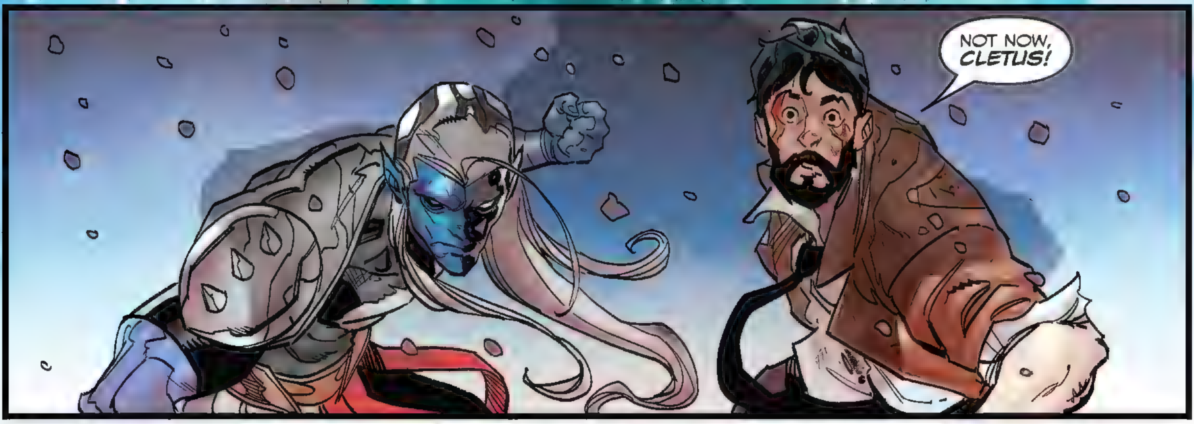

THIS IS A MISTAKE.
SHUT UP, CLETUS.
WE SHOULD KILL HIM RIGHT NOW, WHILE WE STILL CAN.
HE THINKS WE SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW.
I THINK YOU SHOULD ASK HIM TO BE QUIET.
SHUT UP, CLETUS.
STILL CAN'T DRAW OUTSIDE THE LINES, EH, JON? CAN'T BREAK ONE SIMPLE RULE.
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED ME TO BE A HERO.
YES...BUT I WAS HOPING YOU'D BE A LITTLE LESS STUPID THAN THE REST OF 'EM.
WE'RE IN HEL, LOST ON THE ICE IN POSSESSION OF THE ONE THING THAT CAN END ALL OF THIS. YOU CAN BET CARNAGE IS COMING FOR US RIGHT NOW. AND THIS IS A PLACE THAT IS NOTORIOUSLY DIFFICULT TO GET OUT OF.
-SIGH- YOU'RE TELLING ME WE'RE #$%@$. SO WHAT'S NEW?

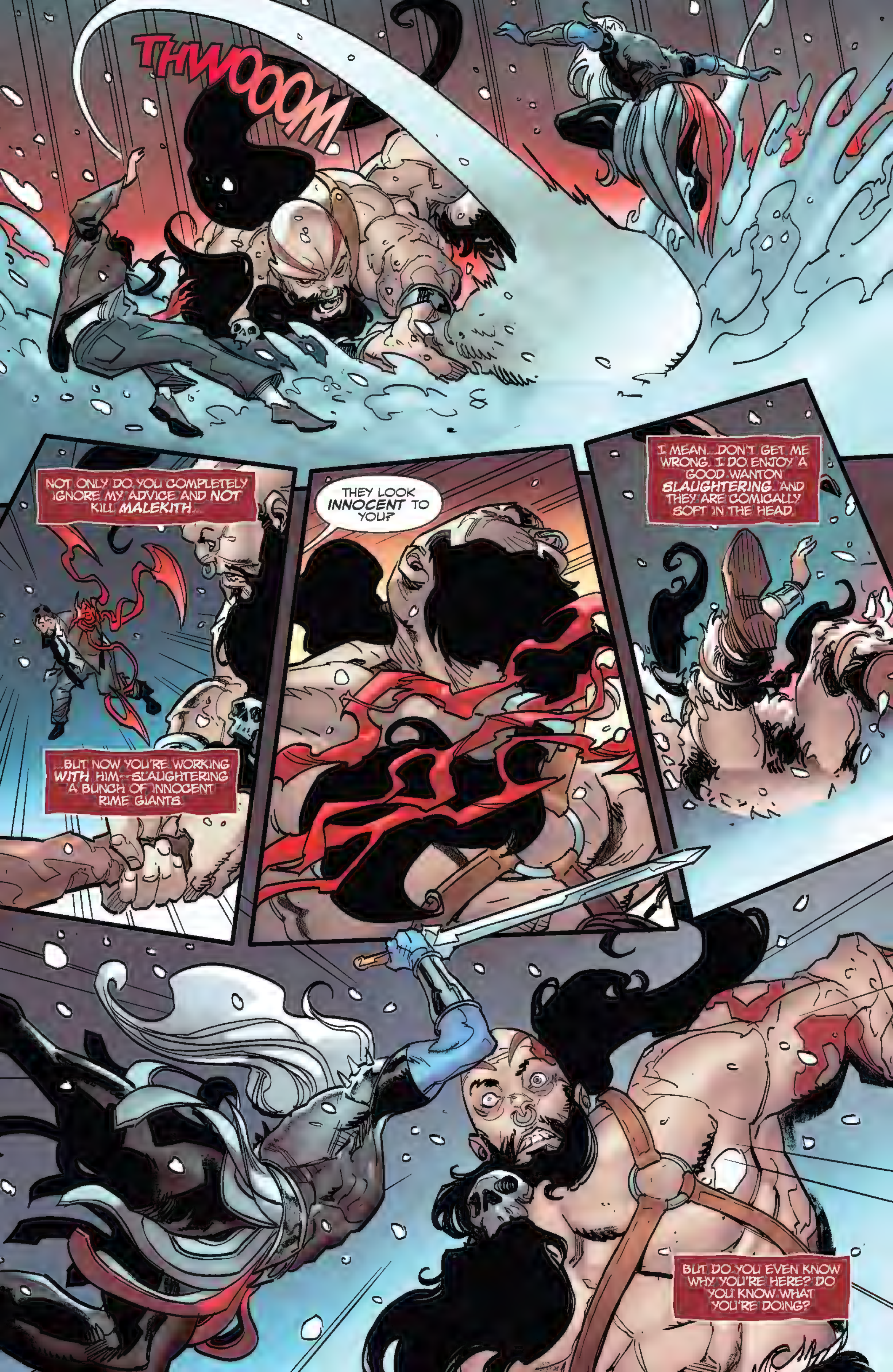

I WOULDN'T BE SO DESPONDENT YET, JON SHAYDE.
I DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU *SAVED* ME. YOU CAN TELL ME ALONG THE WAY. THERE WILL BE TIME FOR STORIES YET.
BUT WE WILL MAKE IT OUT OF HERE ALIVE AND WELL. MY STRENGTH IS RETURNING AFTER AN AGE OF TORTURE IN HEL.
I AM *MALEKITH THE ACCURSED,* AFTER ALL.

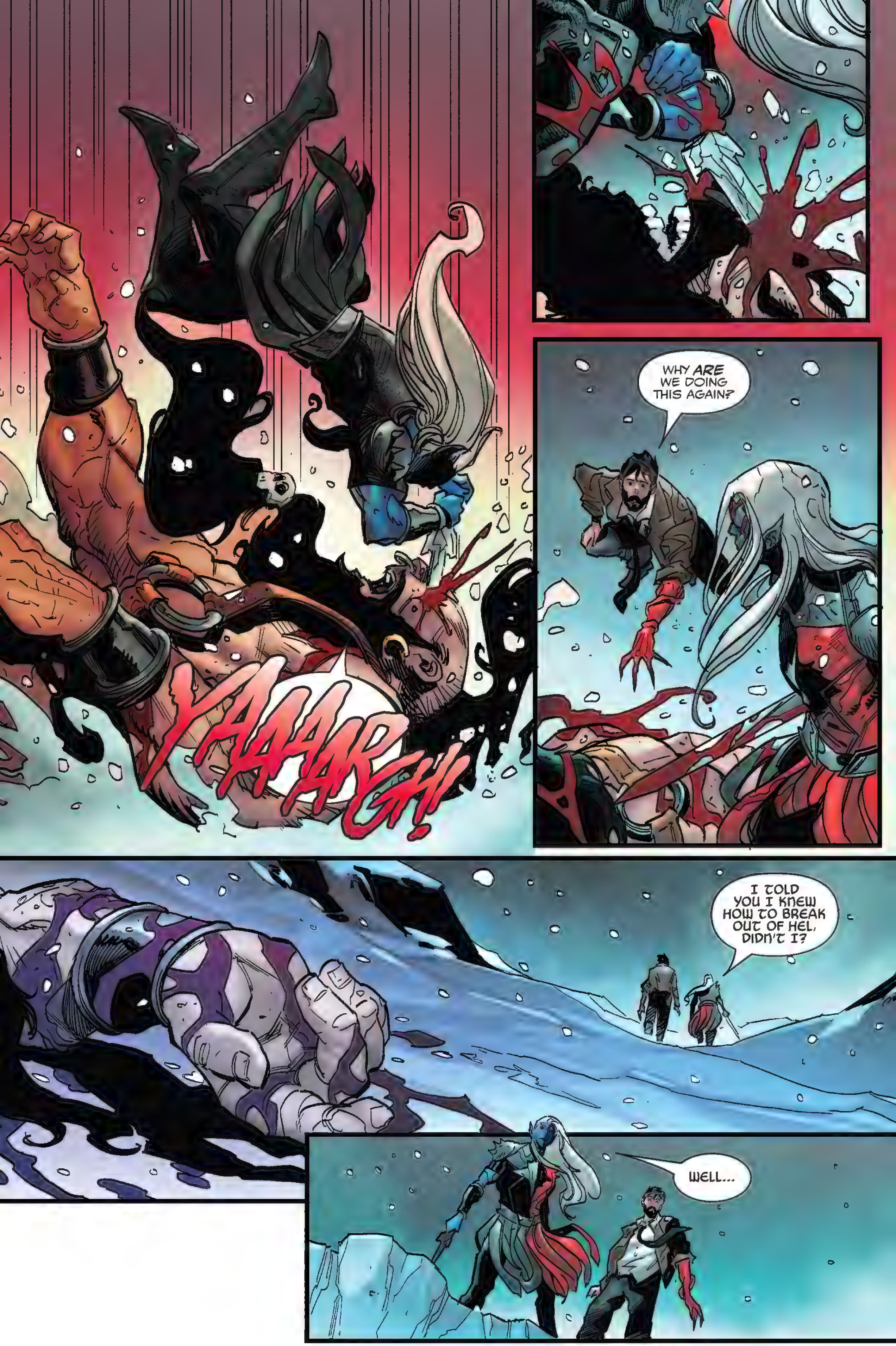

AND I HAVE BROKEN OUT OF HEL BEFORE.

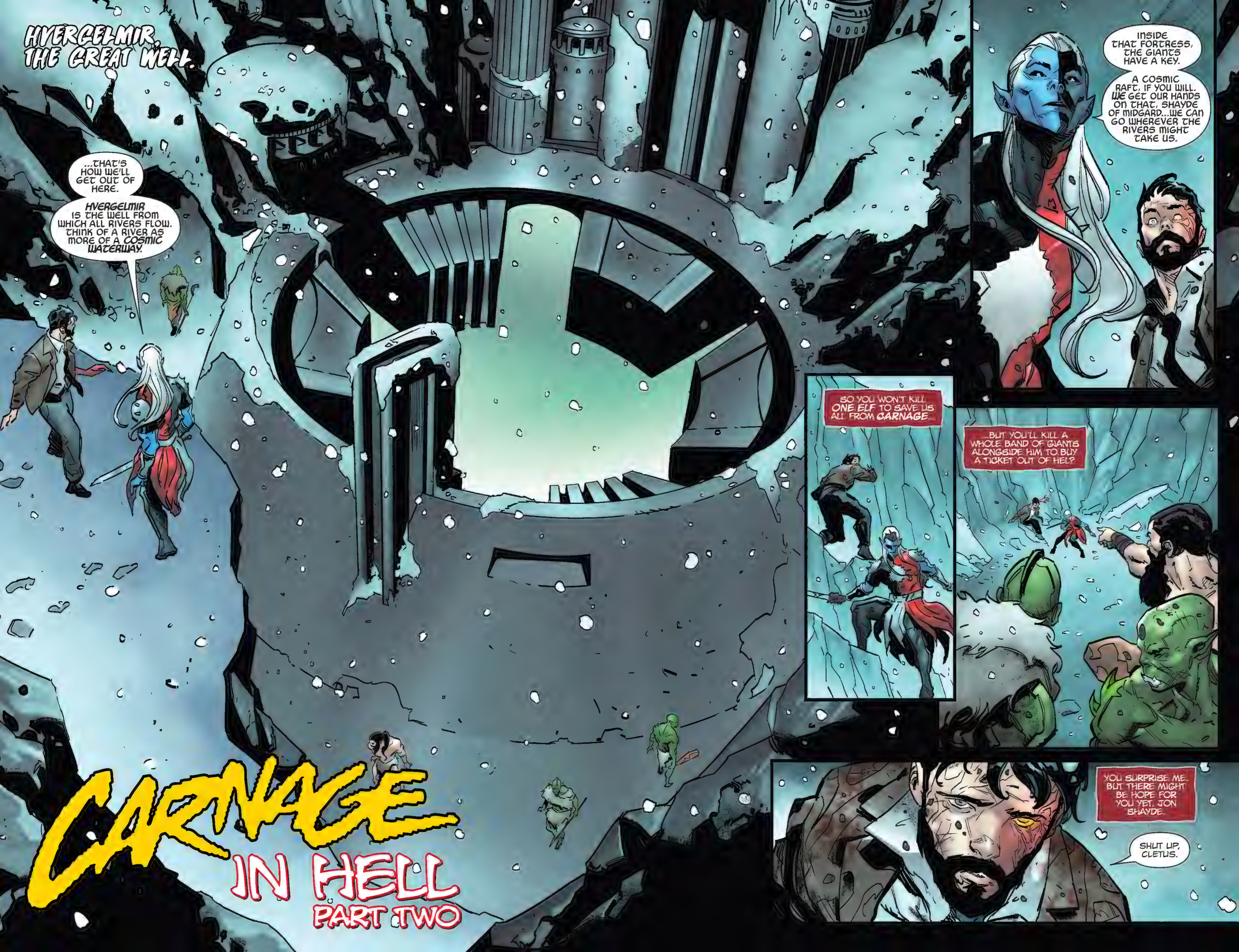
CARNAGE #7 “IN HELL PART TWO”

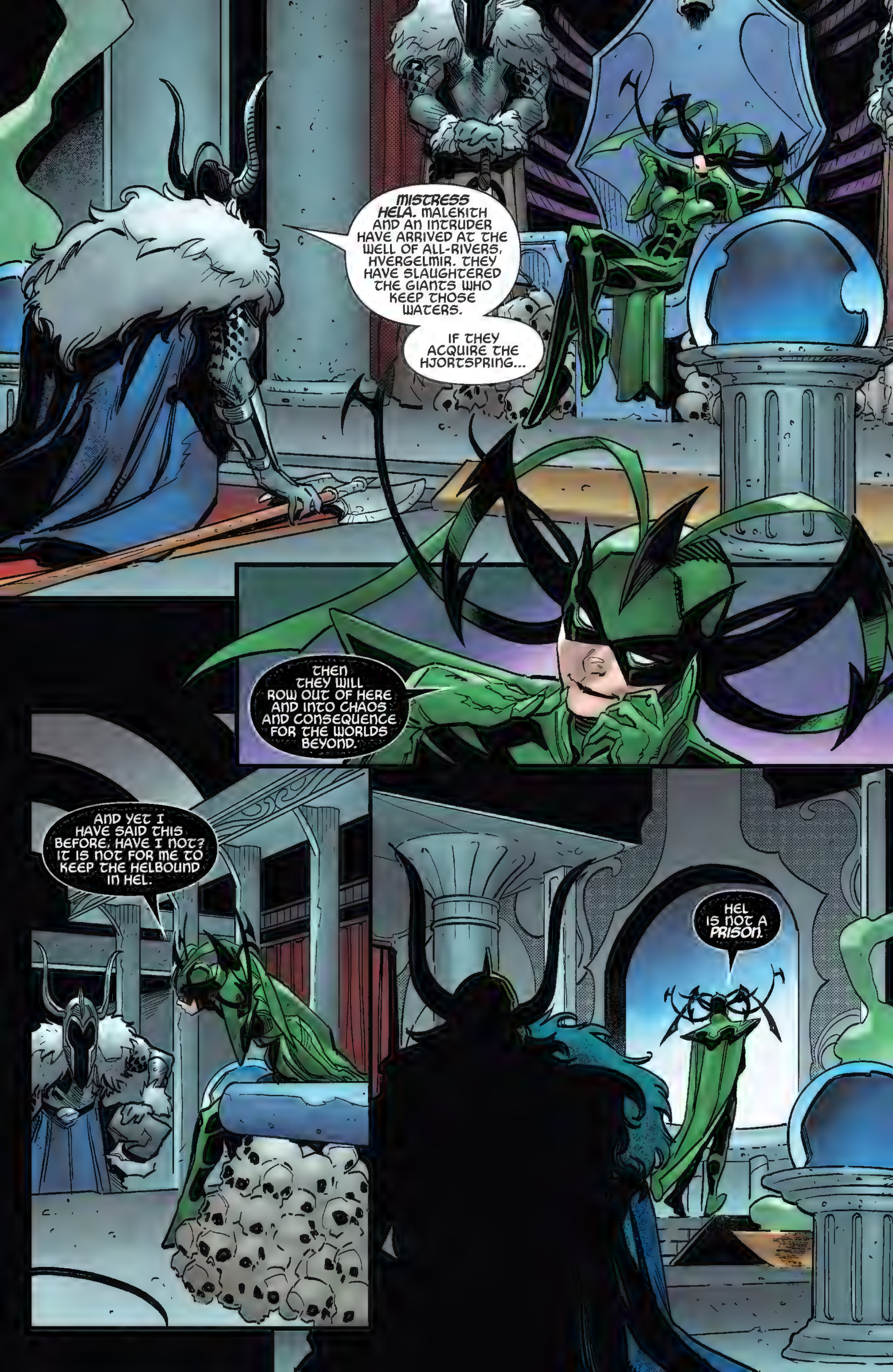

RAAAAAAAAARRRRR!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I THINK I AM ACTUALLY QUITE OFFENDED.

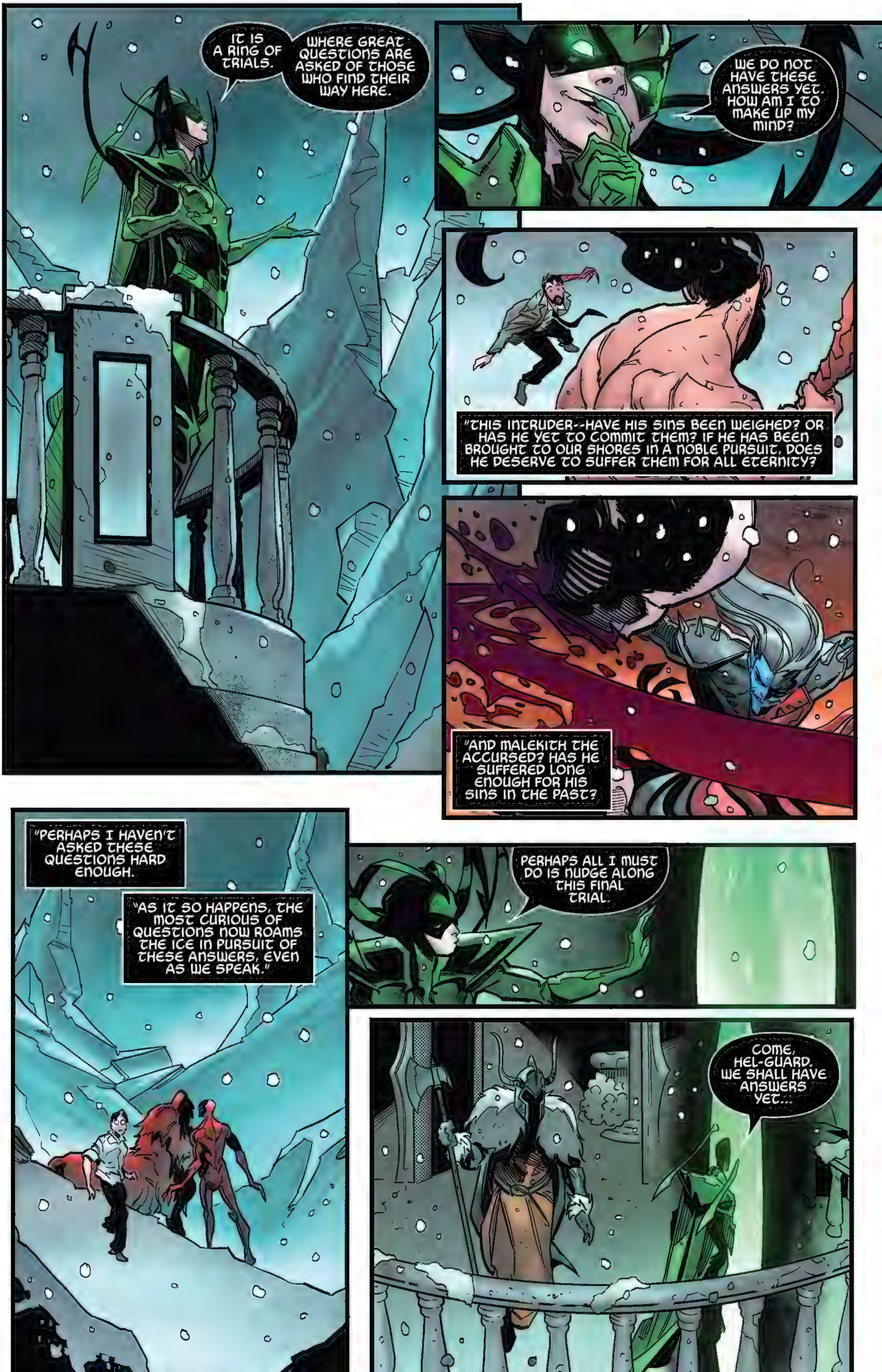

NOT NOW, CLETUS!

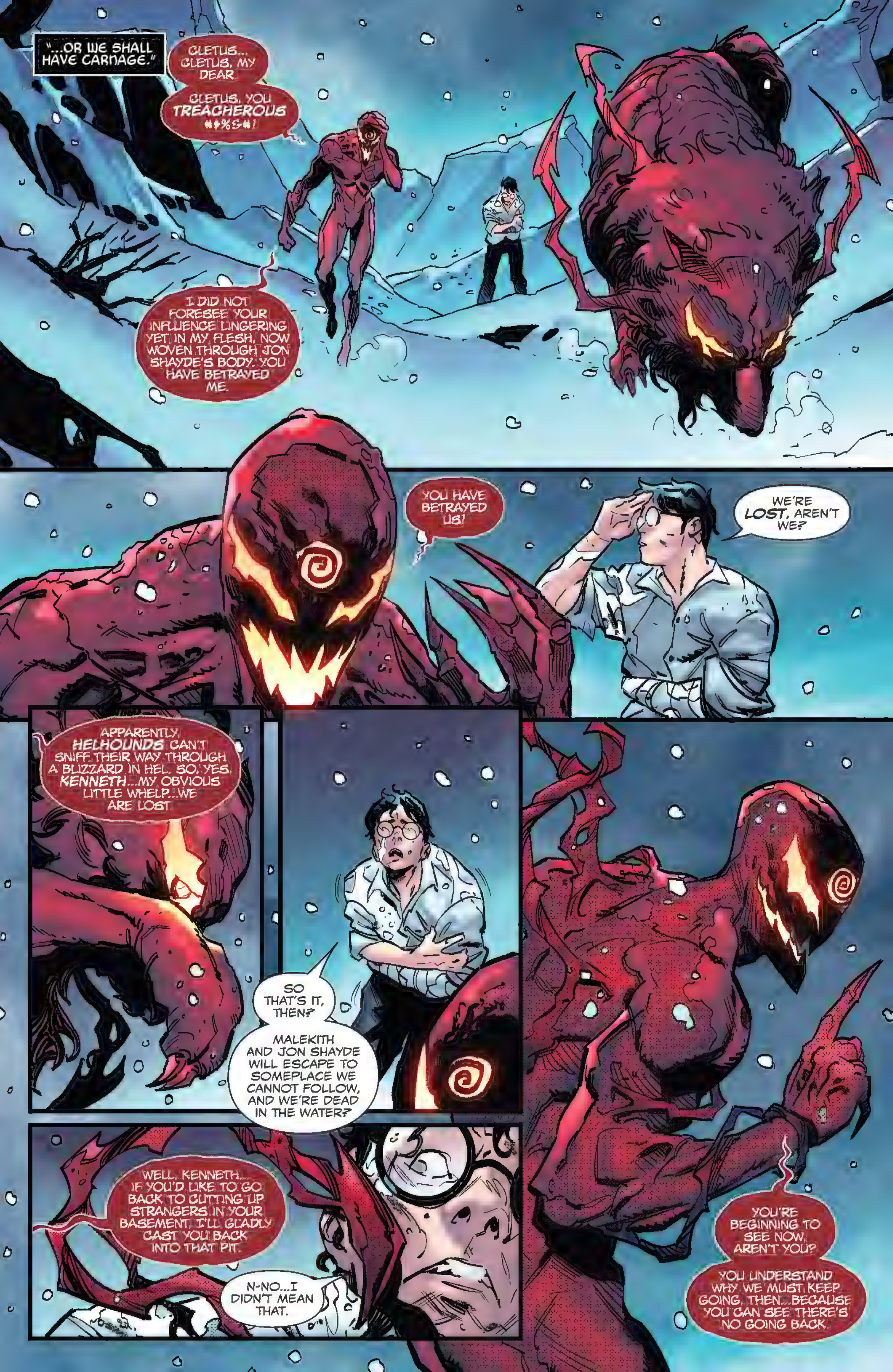

THWOOOM
NOT ONLY DO YOU COMPLETELY IGNORE MY ADVICE AND **NOT** KILL **MALEKITH**...
...BUT NOW YOU'RE WORKING **WITH** HIM--SLAUGHTERING A BUNCH OF INNOCENT RIME GIANTS.
THEY LOOK **INNOCENT** TO YOU?
I MEAN...DON'T GET ME WRONG. I DO ENJOY A GOOD WANTON **SLAUGHTERING**. AND THEY ARE COMICALLY SOFT IN THE HEAD.
BUT DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE? DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

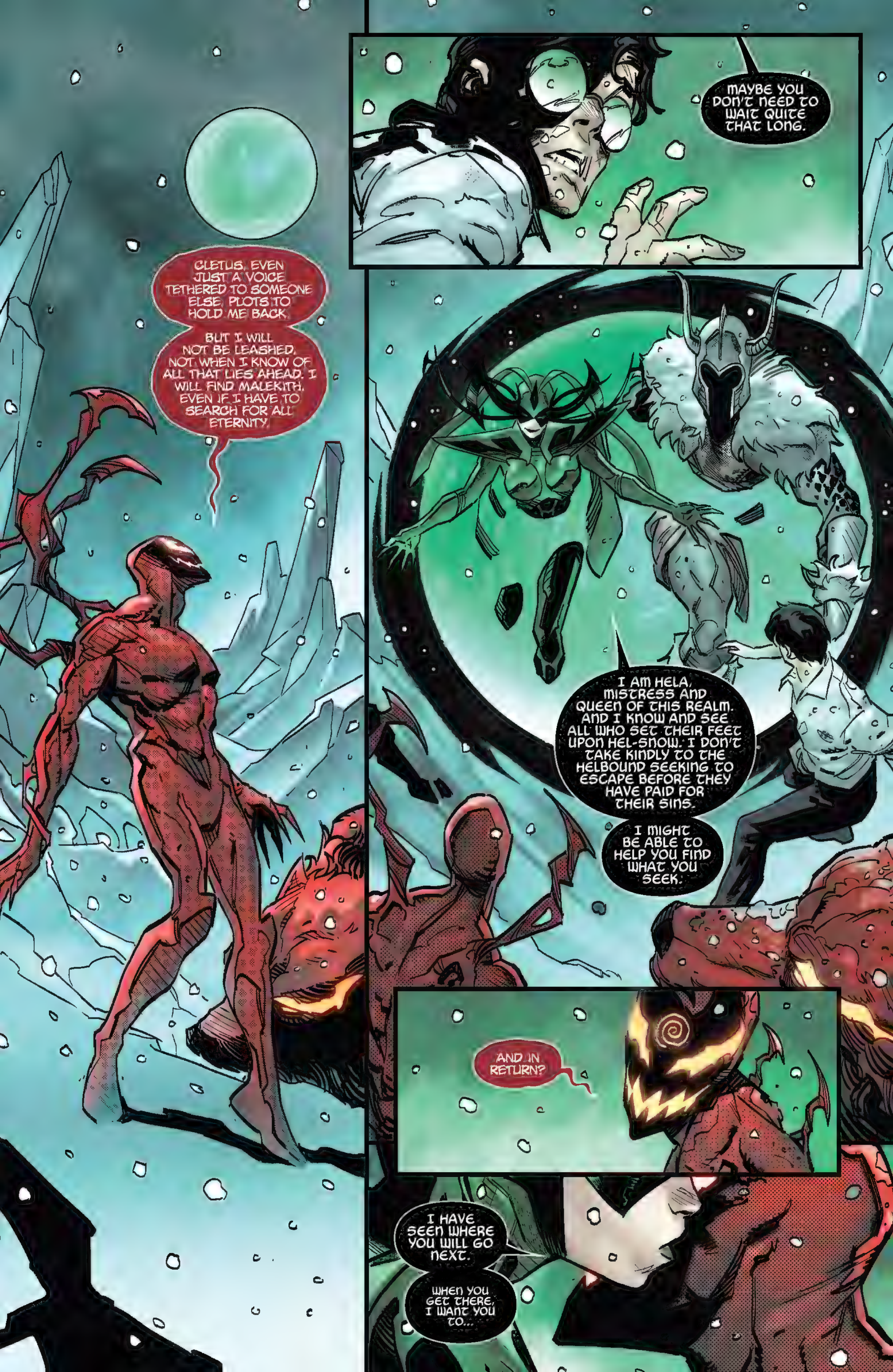

YAAAARGH!
WHY ARE WE DOING THIS AGAIN?
I TOLD YOU I KNEW HOW TO BREAK OUT OF HEL, DIDN'T I?
WELL...

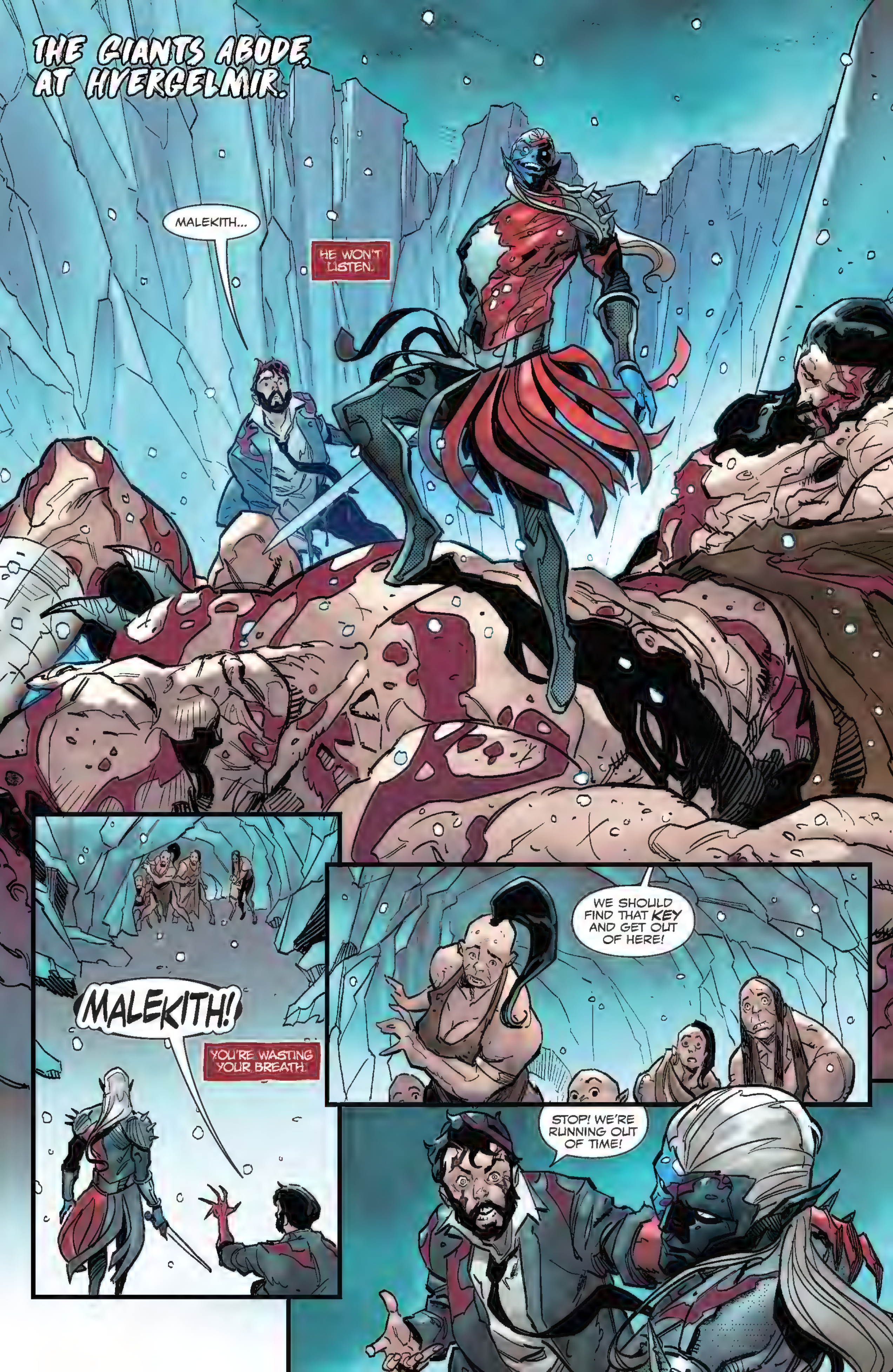

HVERGELMIR, THE GREAT WELL.
...THAT'S HOW WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE.
HVERGELMIR IS THE WELL FROM WHICH ALL RIVERS FLOW. THINK OF A RIVER AS MORE OF A COSMIC WATERWAY.
INSIDE THAT FORTRESS, THE GIANTS HAVE A KEY.
A COSMIC RAFT, IF YOU WILL. WE GET OUR HANDS ON THAT, SHAYDE OF MIDGARD...WE CAN GO WHEREVER THE RIVERS MIGHT TAKE US.
SO YOU WON'T KILL ONE ELF TO SAVE US ALL FROM CARNAGE.
...BUT YOU'LL KILL A WHOLE BAND OF GIANTS ALONGSIDE HIM TO BUY A TICKET OUT OF HEL?
YOU SURPRISE ME. BUT THERE MIGHT BE HOPE FOR YOU YET, JON SHAYDE.
SHUT UP, CLETUS.
CARNAGE
IN HELL
PART TWO

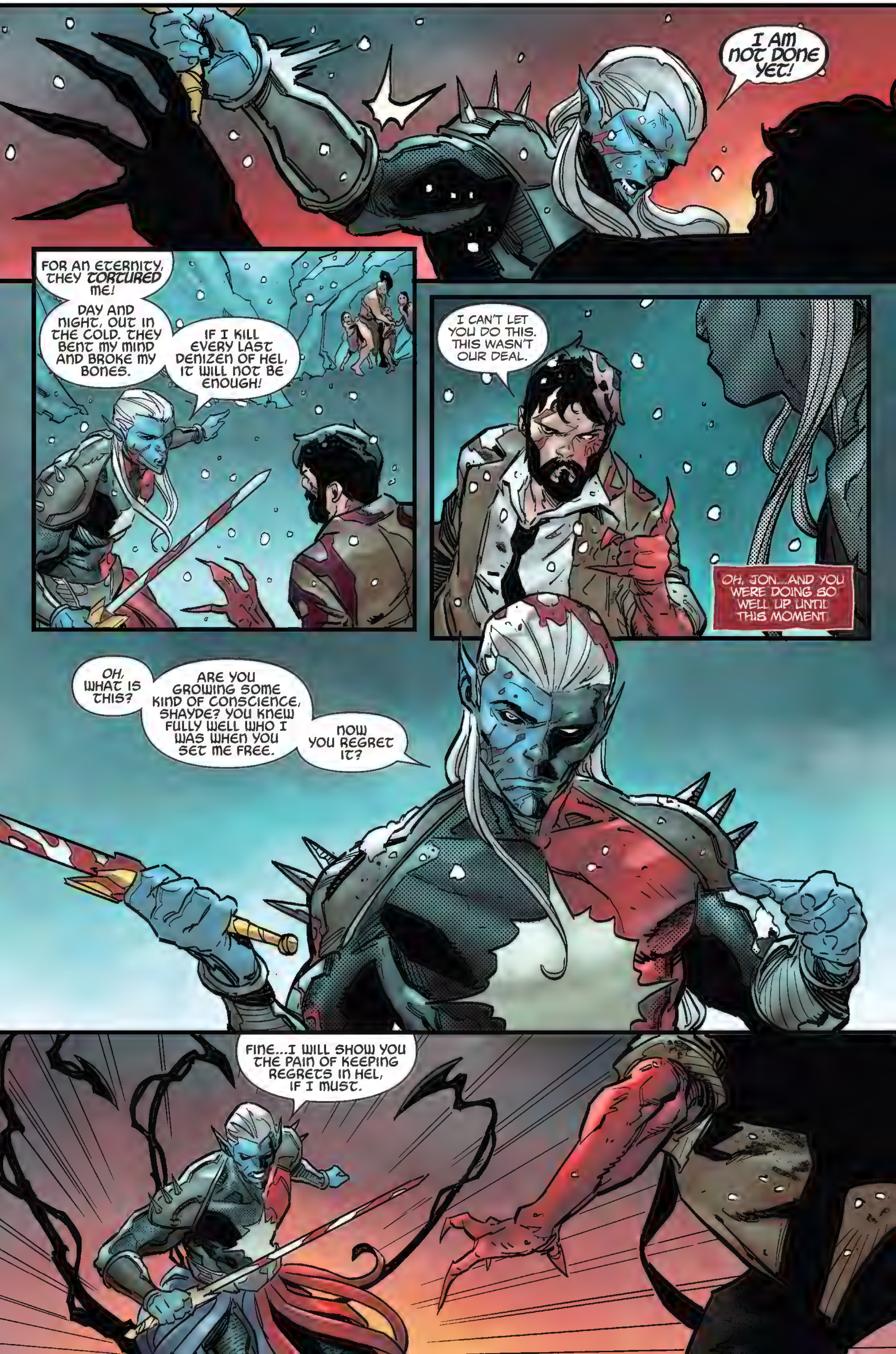

MISTRESS HELA. MALEKITH AND AN INTRUDER HAVE ARRIVED AT THE WELL OF ALL-RIVERS, HVERGELMIR. THEY HAVE SLAUGHTERED THE GIANTS WHO KEEP THOSE WATERS.
IF THEY ACQUIRE THE HJORTSPRING...
THEN THEY WILL ROW OUT OF HERE AND INTO CHAOS AND CONSEQUENCE FOR THE WORLDS BEYOND.
AND YET I HAVE SAID THIS BEFORE, HAVE I NOT? IT IS NOT FOR ME TO KEEP THE HELBOUND IN HEL.
HEL IS NOT A PRISON.

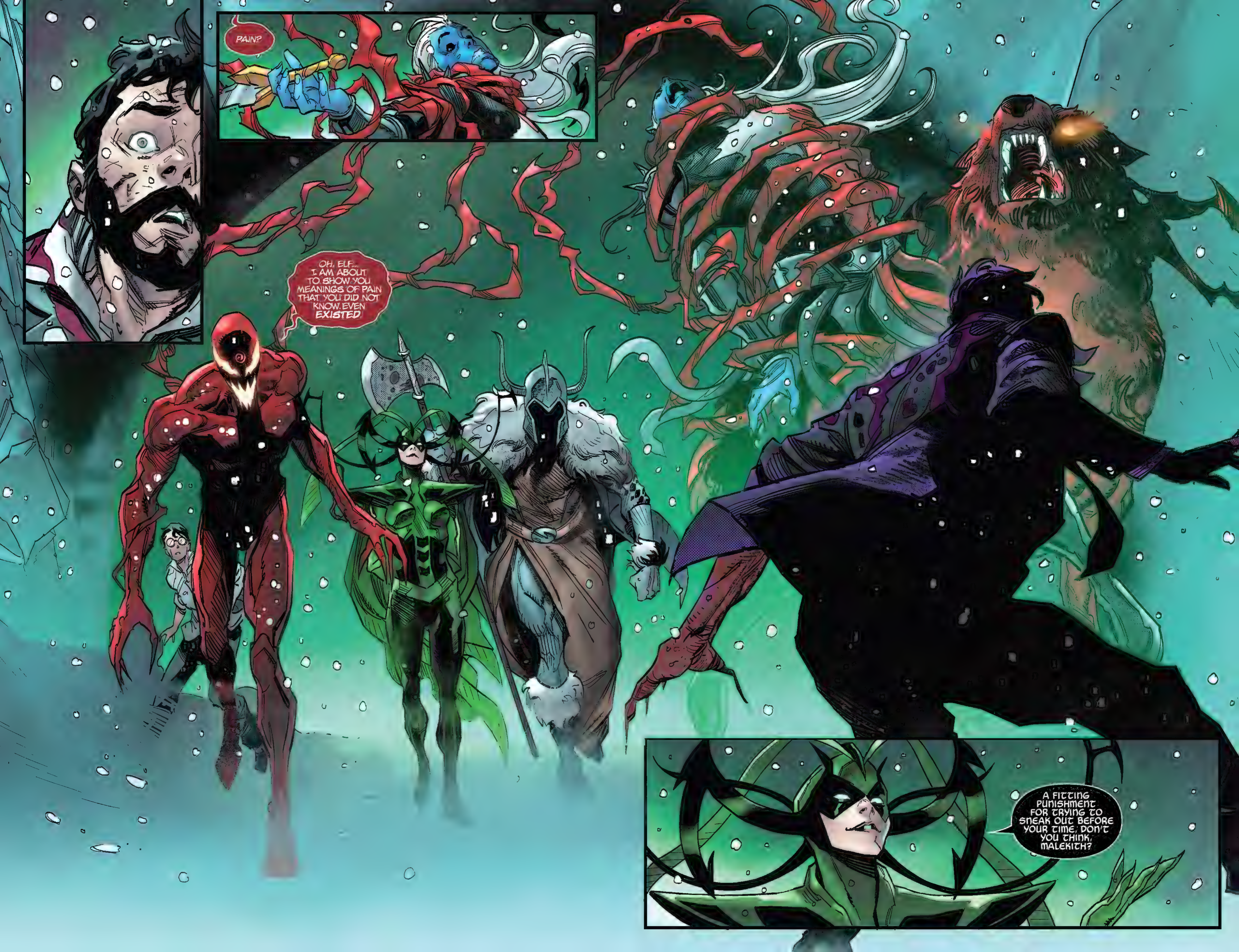

IT IS A RING OF TRIALS.
WHERE GREAT QUESTIONS ARE ASKED OF THOSE WHO FIND THEIR WAY HERE.
WE DO NOT HAVE THESE ANSWERS YET. HOW AM I TO MAKE UP MY MIND?
"THIS INTRUDER--HAVE HIS SINS BEEN WEIGHED? OR HAS HE YET TO COMMIT THEM? IF HE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO OUR SHORES IN A NOBLE PURSUIT, DOES HE DESERVE TO SUFFER THEM FOR ALL ETERNITY?
"AND MALEKITH THE ACCURSED? HAS HE SUFFERED LONG ENOUGH FOR HIS SINS IN THE PAST?
"PERHAPS I HAVEN'T ASKED THESE QUESTIONS HARD ENOUGH.
"AS IT SO HAPPENS, THE MOST CURIOUS OF QUESTIONS NOW ROAMS THE ICE IN PURSUIT OF THESE ANSWERS, EVEN AS WE SPEAK."
PERHAPS ALL I MUST DO IS NUDGE ALONG THIS FINAL TRIAL.
COME, HEL-GUARD. WE SHALL HAVE ANSWERS YET...

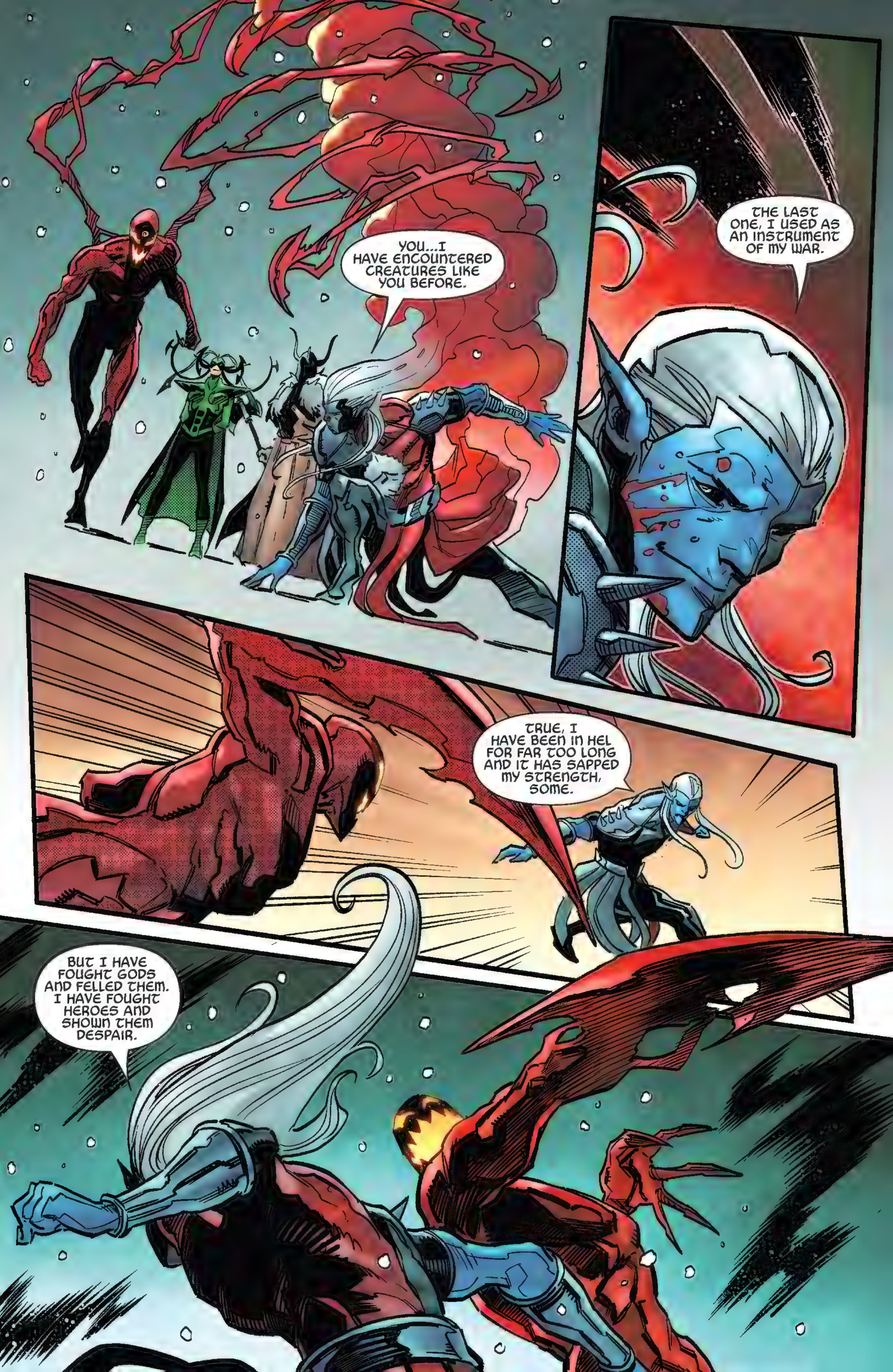

"...OR WE SHALL HAVE CARNAGE."
CLETUS... CLETUS, MY DEAR.
CLETUS, YOU **TREACHEROUS** #$%&#!
I DID NOT FORESEE YOUR INFLUENCE LINGERING YET IN MY FLESH, NOW WOVEN THROUGH JON SHAYDE'S BODY. YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME.
YOU HAVE BETRAYED US!
WE'RE **LOST**, AREN'T WE?
APPARENTLY, **HELHOUNDS** CAN'T SNIFF THEIR WAY THROUGH A BLIZZARD IN HEL. SO, YES, **KENNETH**...MY OBVIOUS LITTLE WHELP...WE ARE LOST.
SO THAT'S IT, THEN?
MALEKITH AND JON SHAYDE WILL ESCAPE TO SOMEPLACE WE CANNOT FOLLOW, AND WE'RE DEAD IN THE WATER?
WELL, KENNETH... IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO CUTTING UP STRANGERS IN YOUR BASEMENT, I'LL GLADLY CAST YOU BACK INTO THAT PIT.
N-NO...I DIDN'T MEAN THAT.
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SEE NOW, AREN'T YOU?
YOU UNDERSTAND WHY WE MUST KEEP GOING, THEN... BECAUSE YOU CAN SEE THERE'S NO GOING BACK.

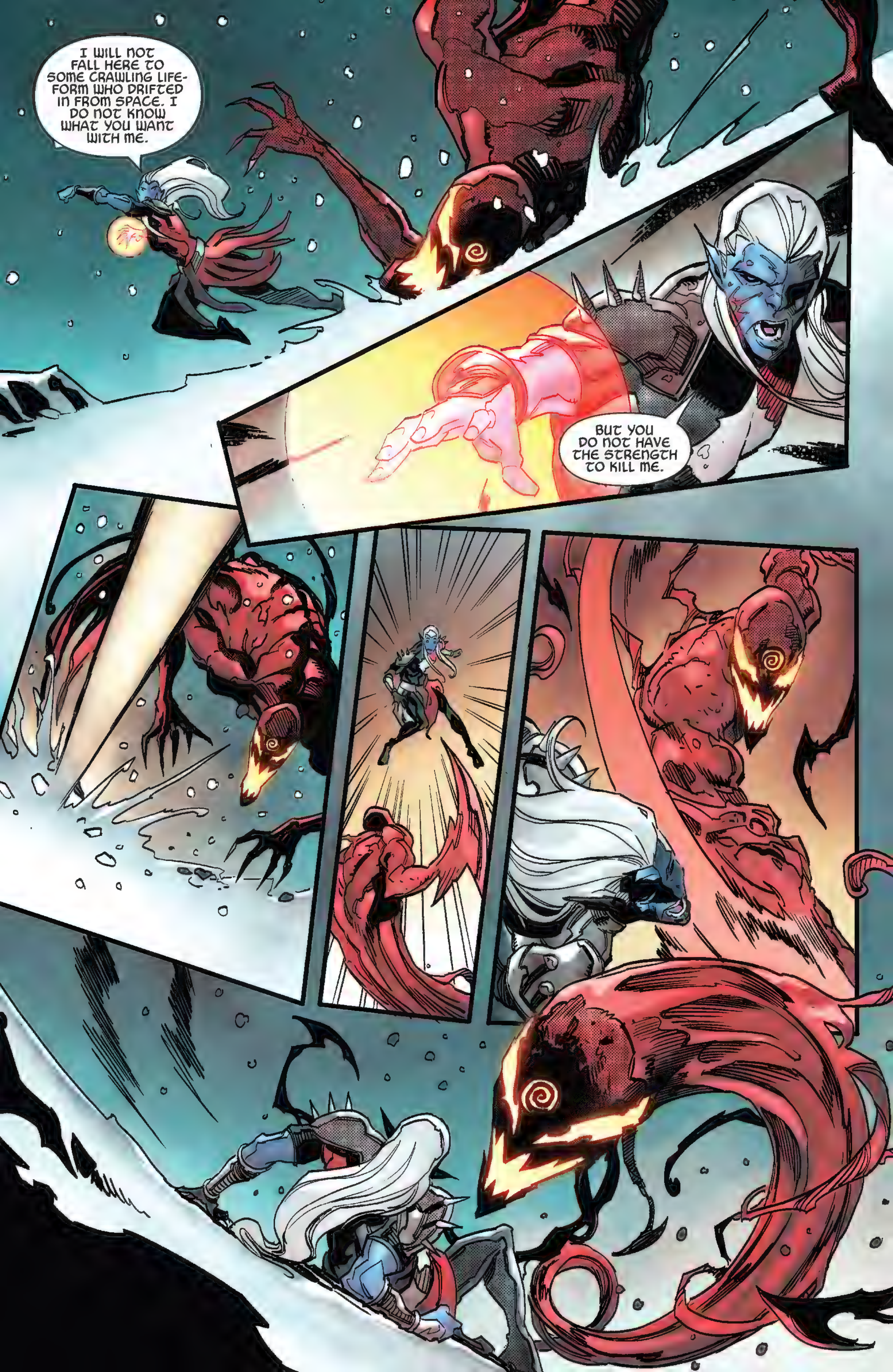

CLETUS, EVEN JUST A VOICE TETHERED TO SOMEONE ELSE, PLOTS TO HOLD ME BACK.
BUT I WILL NOT BE LEASHED. NOT WHEN I KNOW OF ALL THAT LIES AHEAD. I WILL FIND MALEKITH, EVEN IF I HAVE TO SEARCH FOR ALL ETERNITY.
MAYBE YOU DON'T NEED TO WAIT QUITE THAT LONG.
I AM HELA, MISTRESS AND QUEEN OF THIS REALM. AND I KNOW AND SEE ALL WHO SET THEIR FEET UPON HEL-SNOW. I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO THE HELBOUND SEEKING TO ESCAPE BEFORE THEY HAVE PAID FOR THEIR SINS.
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU FIND WHAT YOU SEEK.
AND IN RETURN?
I HAVE SEEN WHERE YOU WILL GO NEXT.
WHEN YOU GET THERE, I WANT YOU TO...

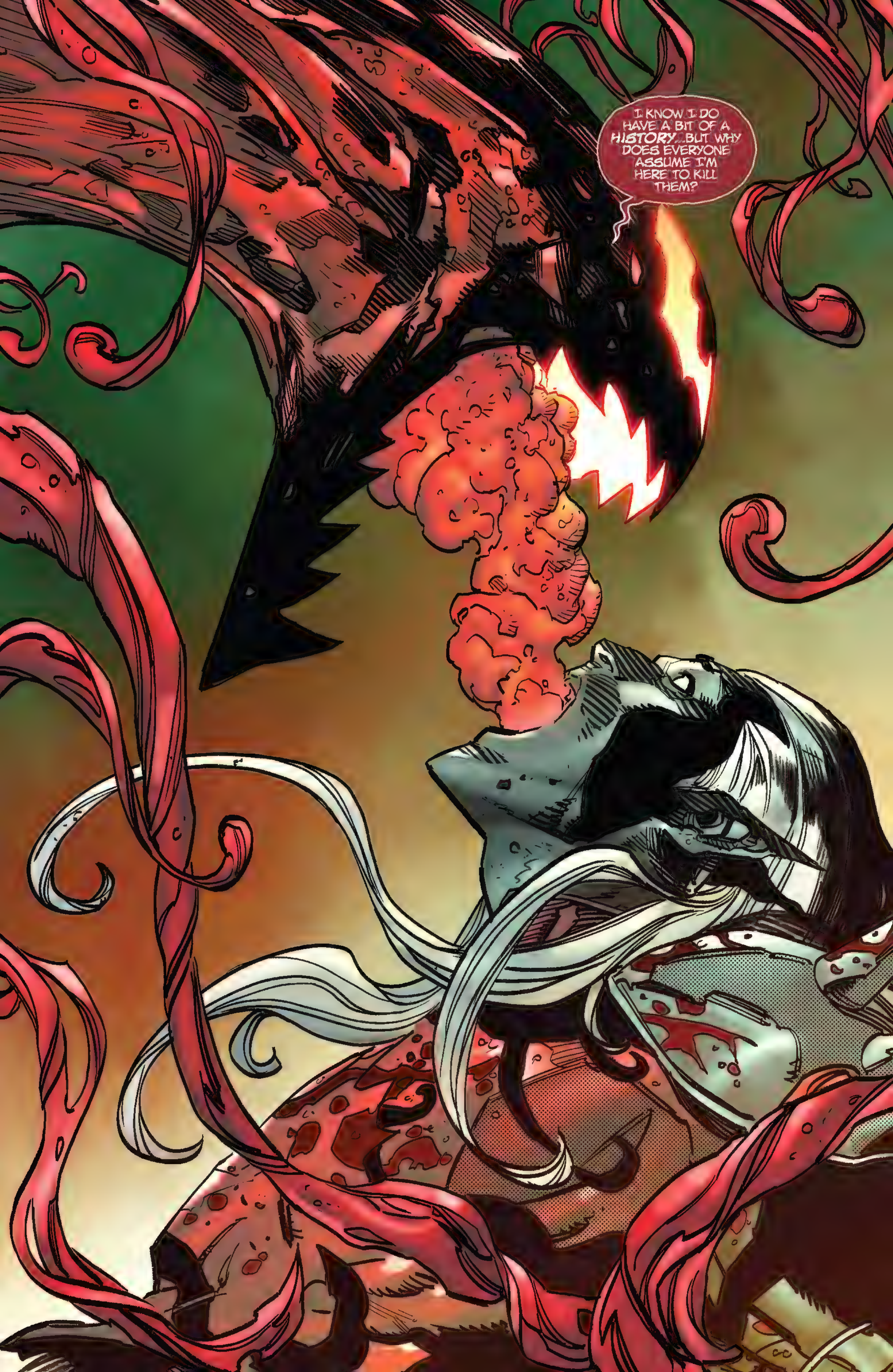

THE GIANTS ABODE, AT HVERGELMIR.
MALEKITH...
HE WON'T LISTEN.
MALEKITH!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH.
WE SHOULD FIND THAT KEY AND GET OUT OF HERE!
STOP! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

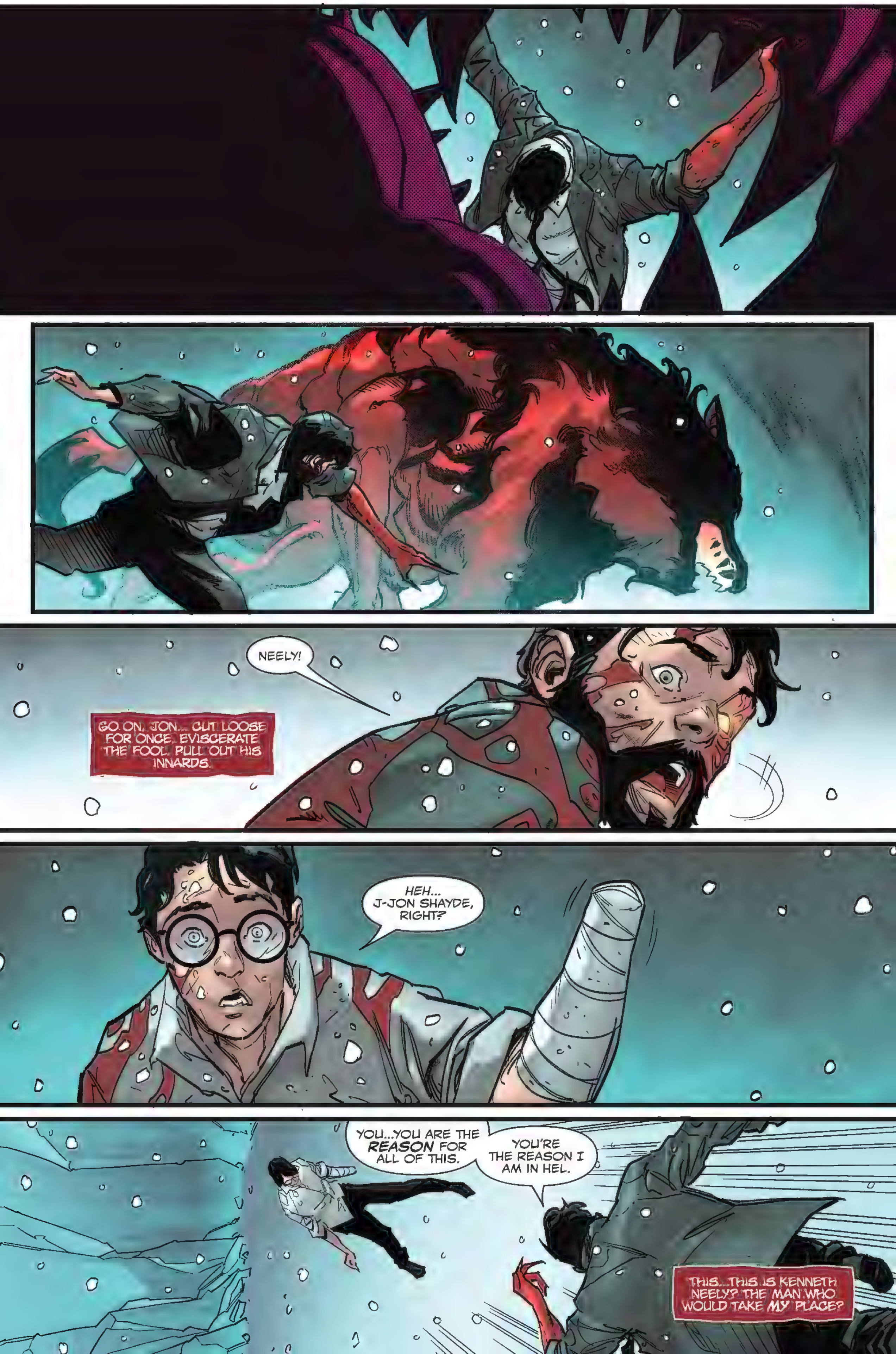

I AM NOT DONE YET!
FOR AN ETERNITY, THEY *TORTURED* ME!
DAY AND NIGHT, OUT IN THE COLD. THEY BENT MY MIND AND BROKE MY BONES.
IF I KILL EVERY LAST DENIZEN OF HEL, IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH!
I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS. THIS WASN'T OUR DEAL.
OH, JON...AND YOU WERE DOING SO WELL UP UNTIL THIS MOMENT.
OH, WHAT IS THIS?
ARE YOU GROWING SOME KIND OF CONSCIENCE, SHAYDE? YOU KNEW FULLY WELL WHO I WAS WHEN YOU SET ME FREE.
NOW YOU REGRET IT?
FINE...I WILL SHOW YOU THE PAIN OF KEEPING REGRETS IN HEL, IF I MUST.

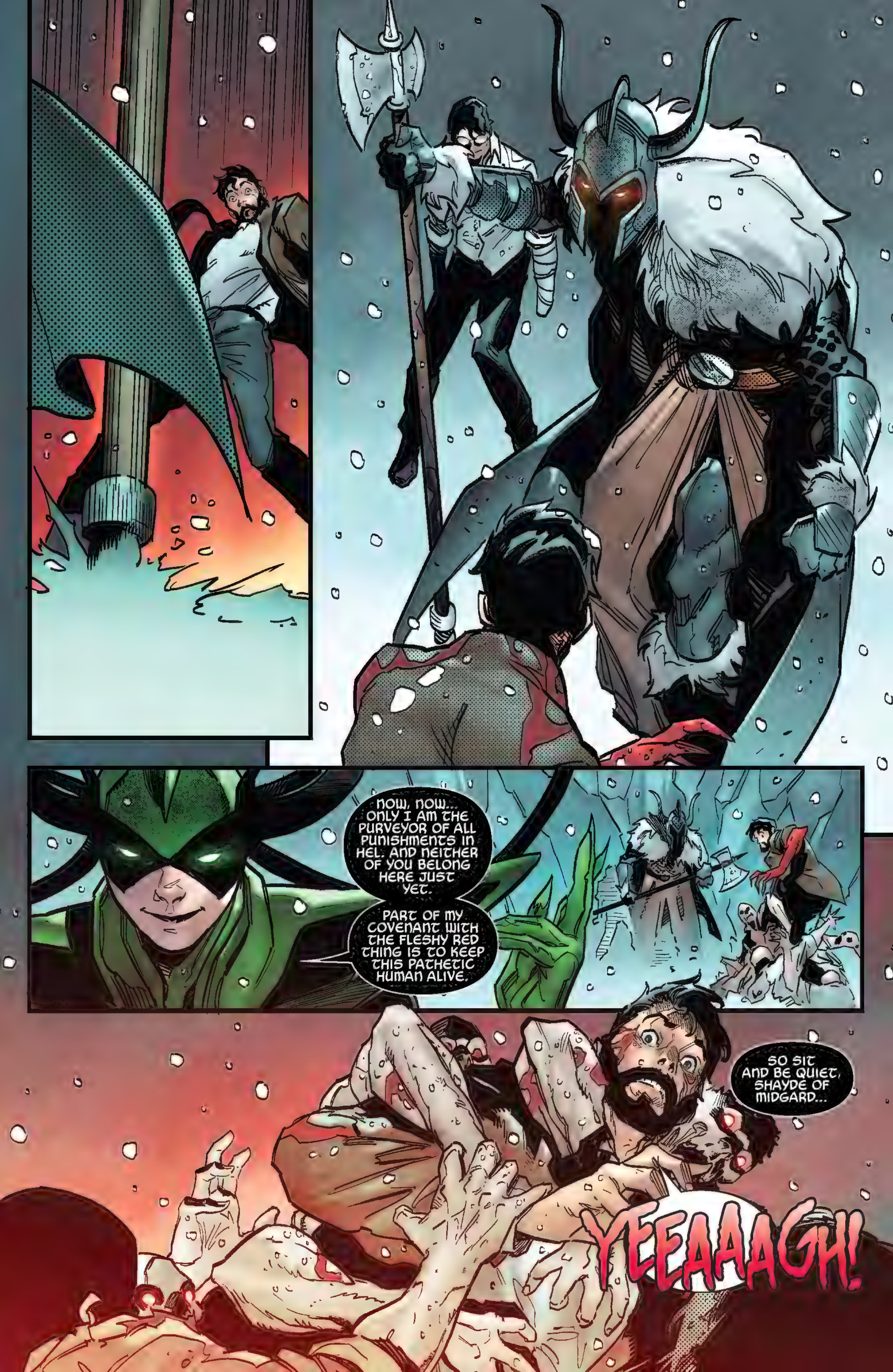

PAIN?
OH, ELF... I AM ABOUT TO SHOW YOU MEANINGS OF PAIN THAT YOU DID NOT KNOW EVEN EXISTED.
A FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR TRYING TO SNEAK OUT BEFORE YOUR TIME, DON'T YOU THINK, MALEKITH?

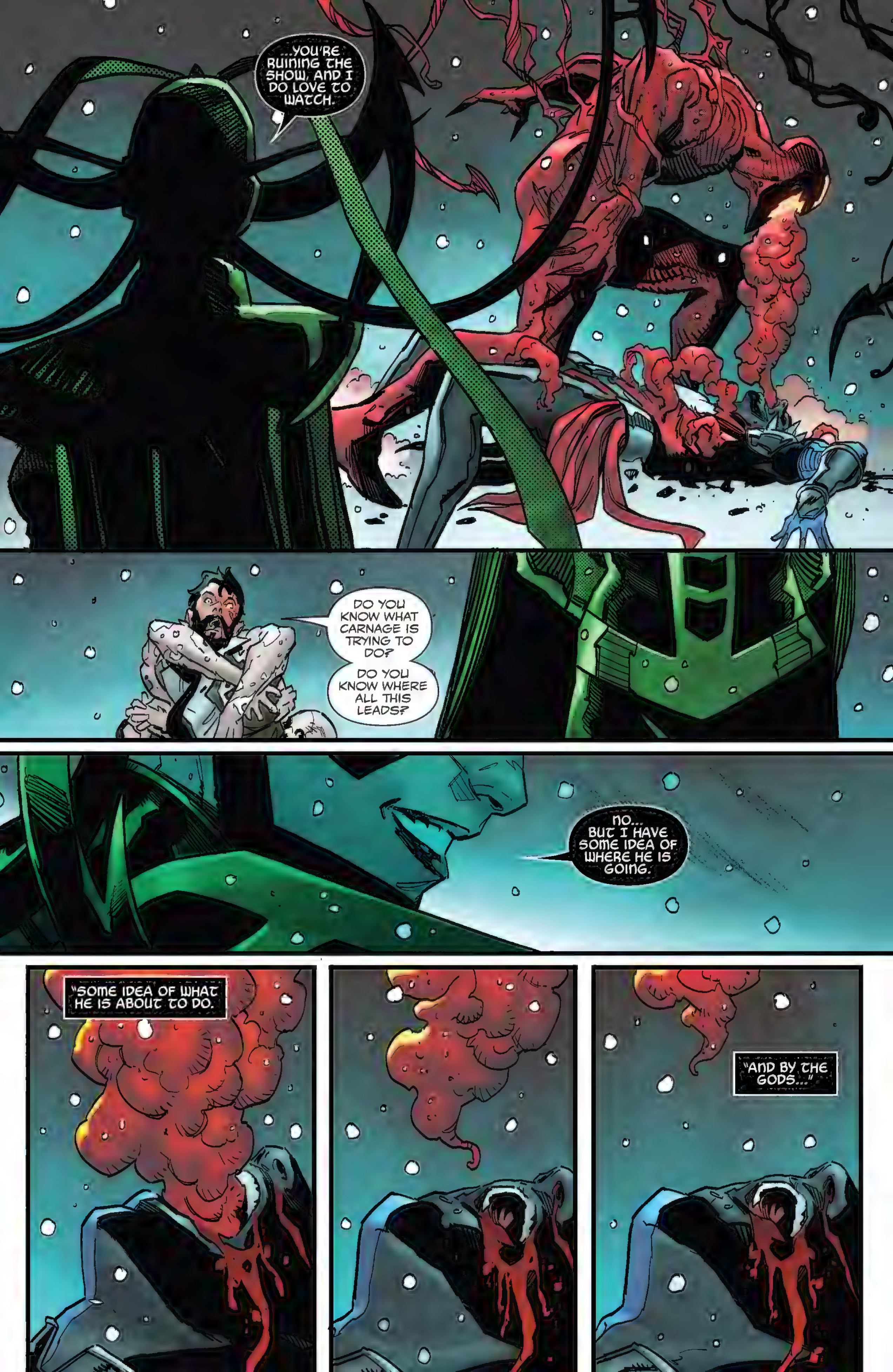

YOU...I HAVE ENCOUNTERED CREATURES LIKE YOU BEFORE.
THE LAST ONE, I USED AS AN INSTRUMENT OF MY WAR.
TRUE, I HAVE BEEN IN HEL FOR FAR TOO LONG AND IT HAS SAPPED MY STRENGTH, SOME.
BUT I HAVE FOUGHT GODS AND FELLED THEM. I HAVE FOUGHT HEROES AND SHOWN THEM DESPAIR.

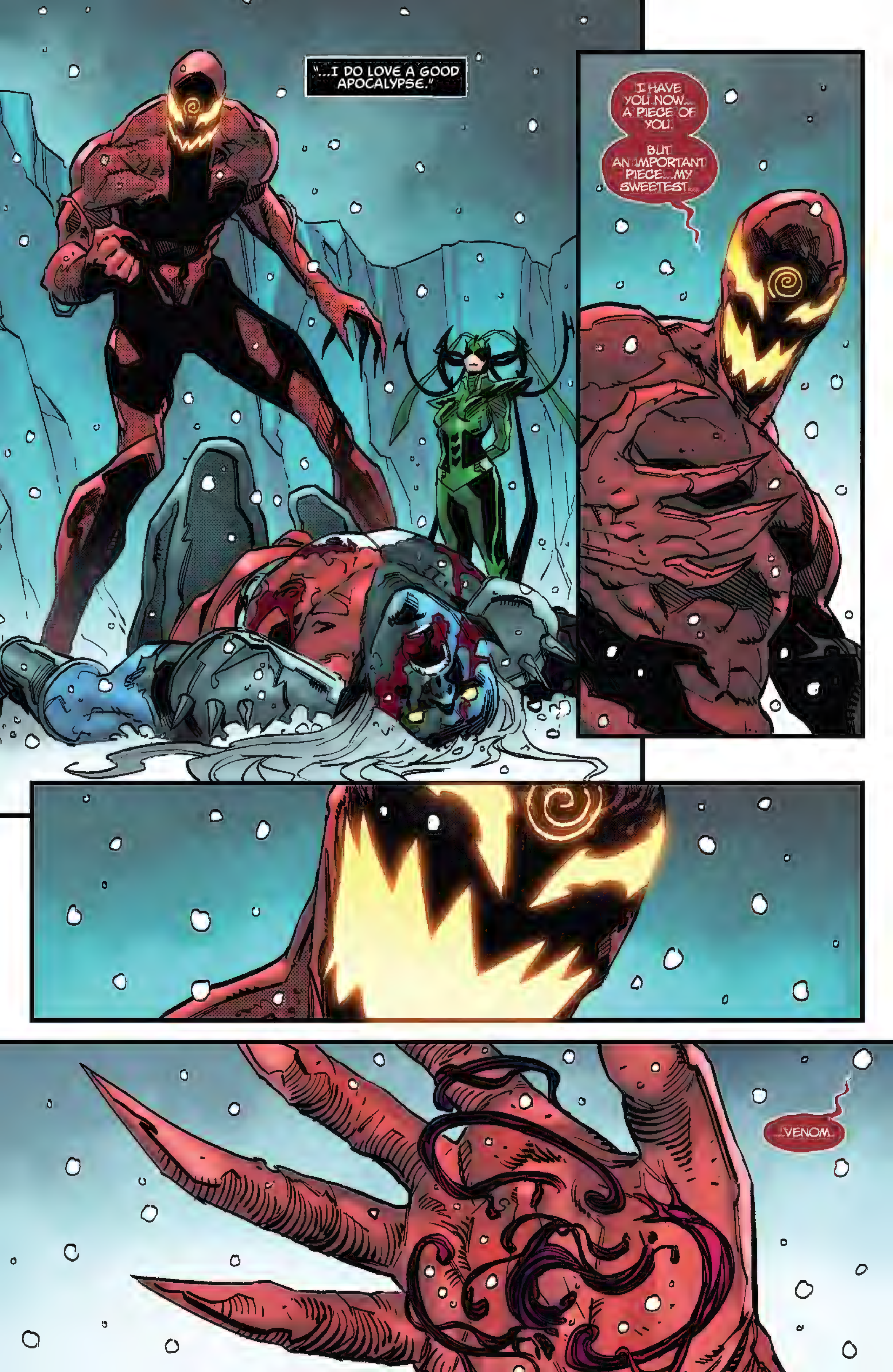

I WILL NOT FALL HERE TO SOME CRAWLING LIFE-FORM WHO DRIFTED IN FROM SPACE. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME.
BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE THE STRENGTH TO KILL ME.


I KNOW I DO HAVE A BIT OF A HISTORY...BUT WHY DOES EVERYONE ASSUME I'M HERE TO KILL THEM?


NEELY!
GO ON, JON... CUT LOOSE FOR ONCE. EVISCERATE THE FOOL. PULL OUT HIS INNARDS.
HEH... J-JON SHAYDE, RIGHT?
YOU...YOU ARE THE *REASON* FOR ALL OF THIS.
YOU'RE THE REASON I AM IN HEL.
THIS...THIS IS KENNETH NEELY? THE MAN WHO WOULD TAKE *MY* PLACE?

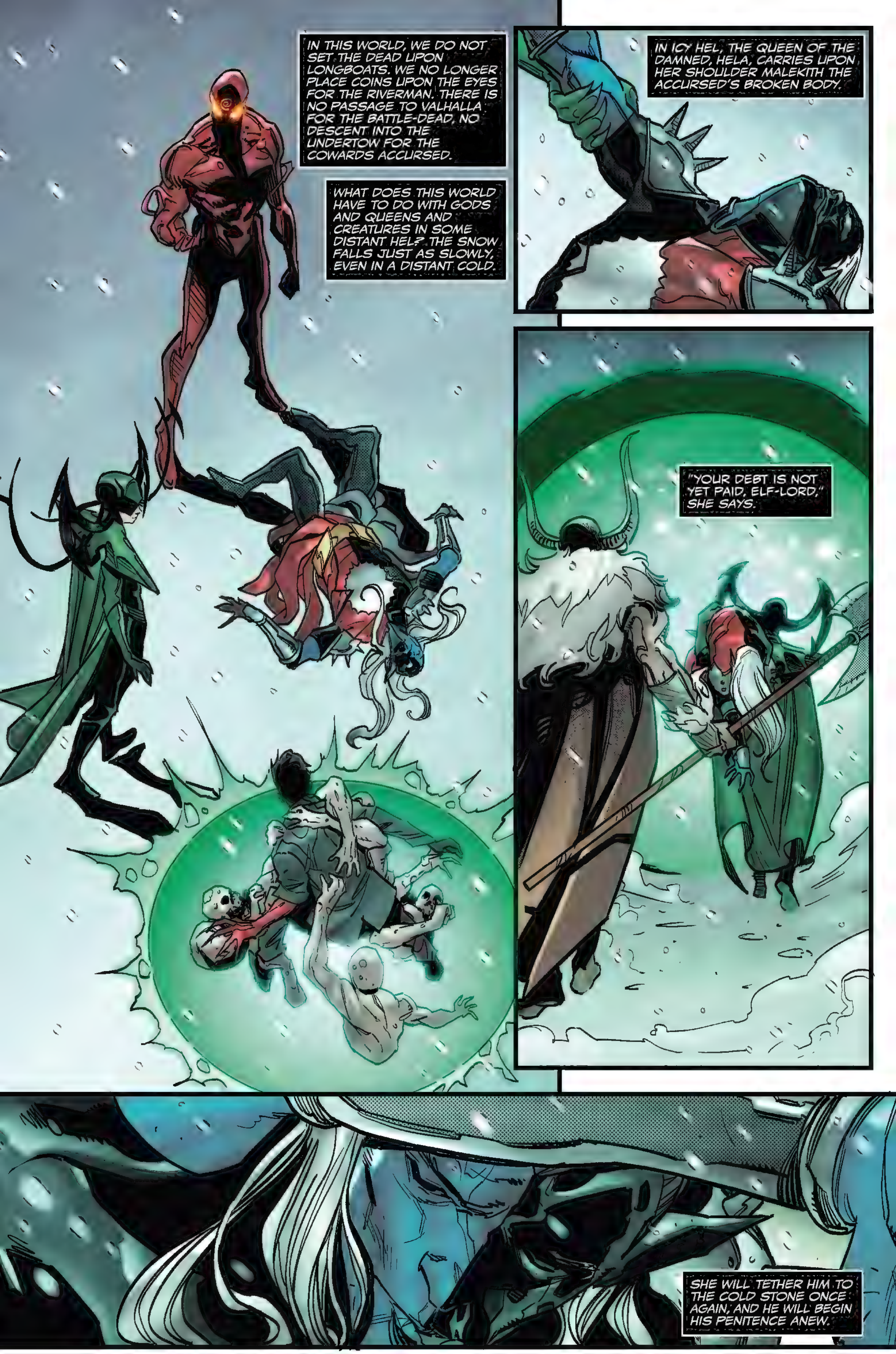

NOW, NOW... ONLY I AM THE PURVEYOR OF ALL PUNISHMENTS IN HEL. AND NEITHER OF YOU BELONG HERE JUST YET.
PART OF MY COVENANT WITH THE FLESHY RED THING IS TO KEEP THIS PATHETIC HUMAN ALIVE.
SO SIT AND BE QUIET, SHAYDE OF MIDGARD...
YEEAAAGH!

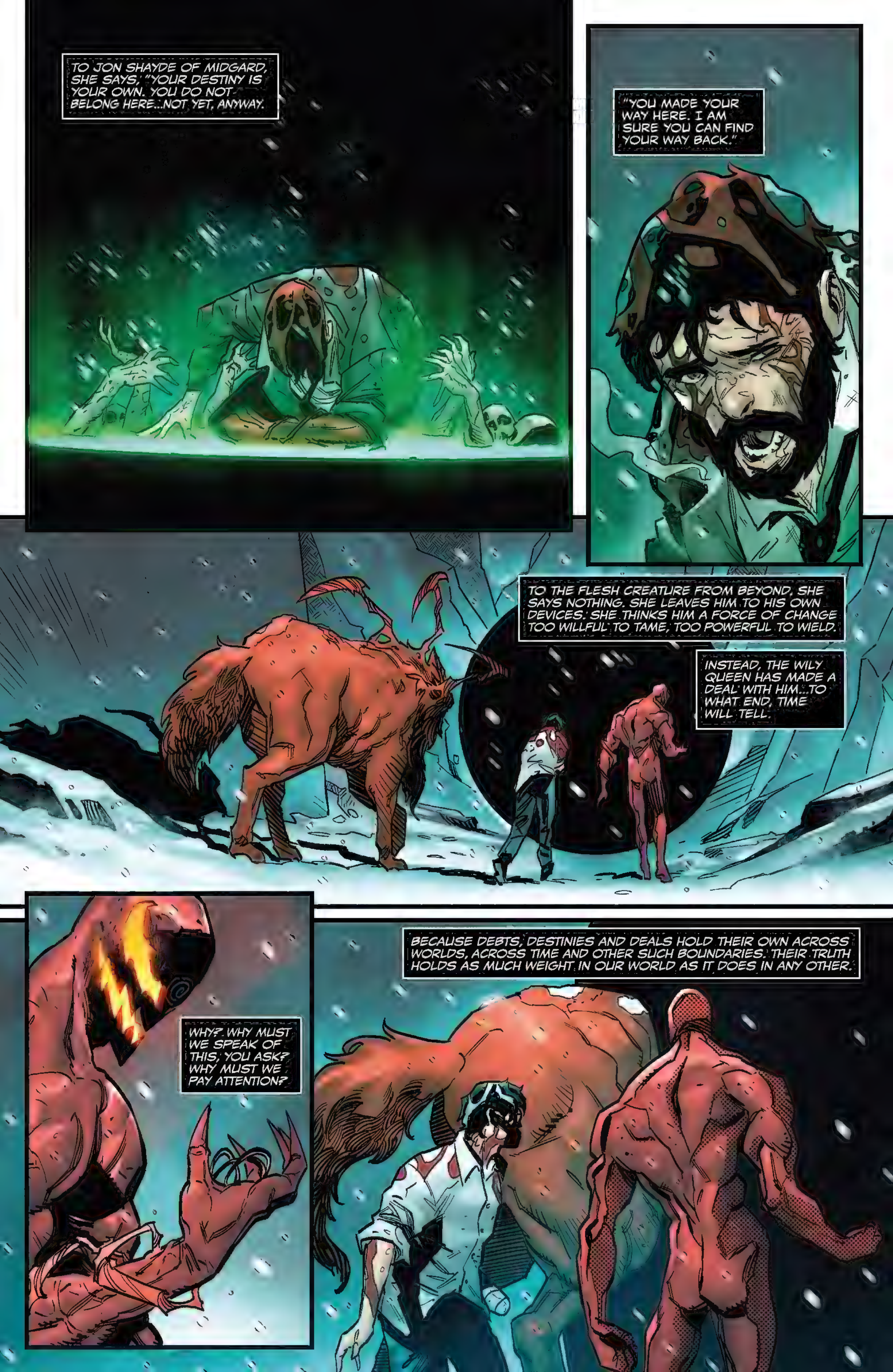

...YOU'RE RUINING THE SHOW, AND I DO LOVE TO WATCH.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT CARNAGE IS TRYING TO DO?
DO YOU KNOW WHERE ALL THIS LEADS?
NO... BUT I HAVE SOME IDEA OF WHERE HE IS GOING.
"SOME IDEA OF WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO DO.
"AND BY THE GODS..."

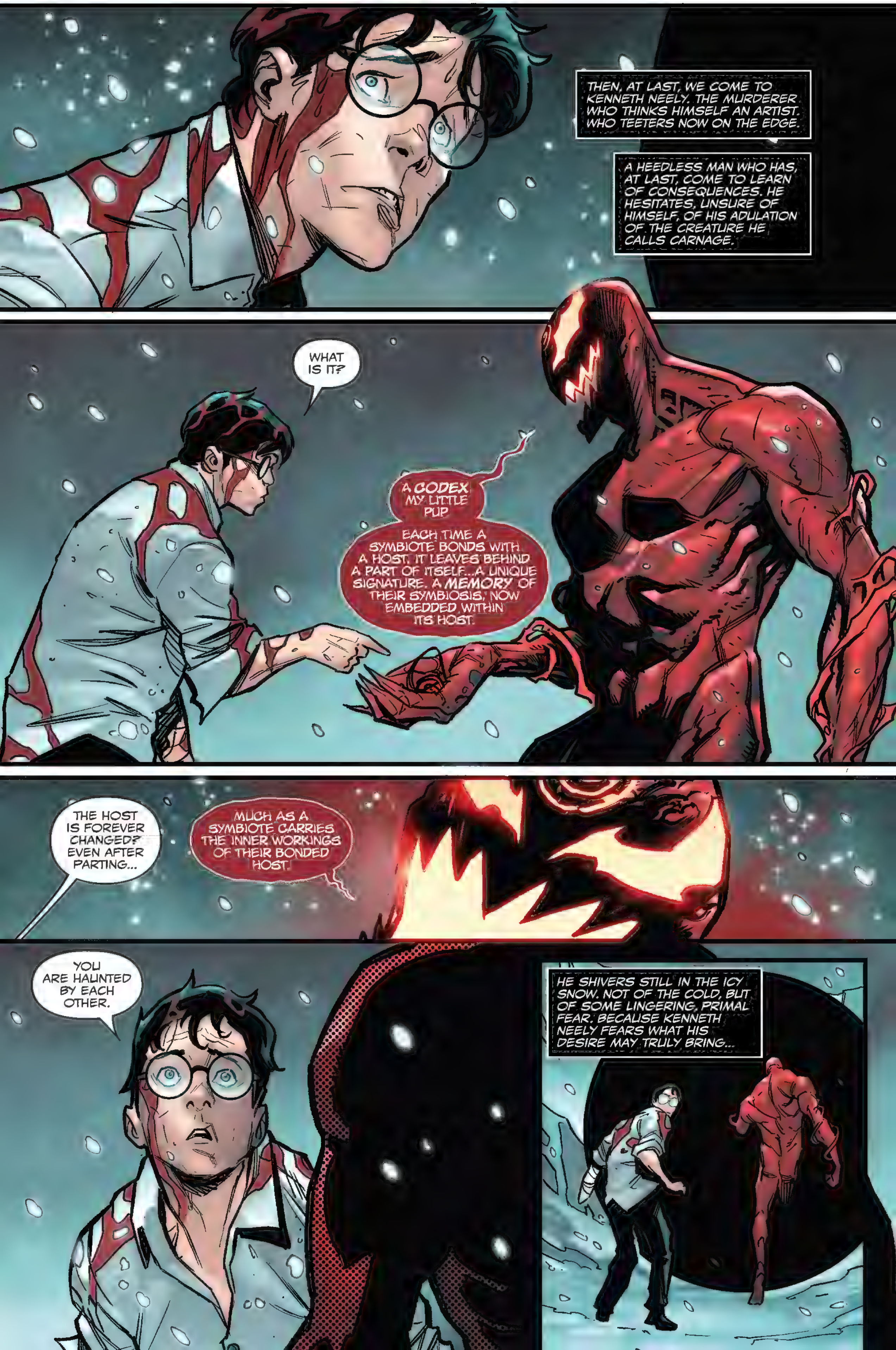

"...I DO LOVE A GOOD APOCALYPSE."
I HAVE YOU NOW... A PIECE OF YOU.
BUT AN IMPORTANT PIECE... MY SWEETEST...
...VENOM.

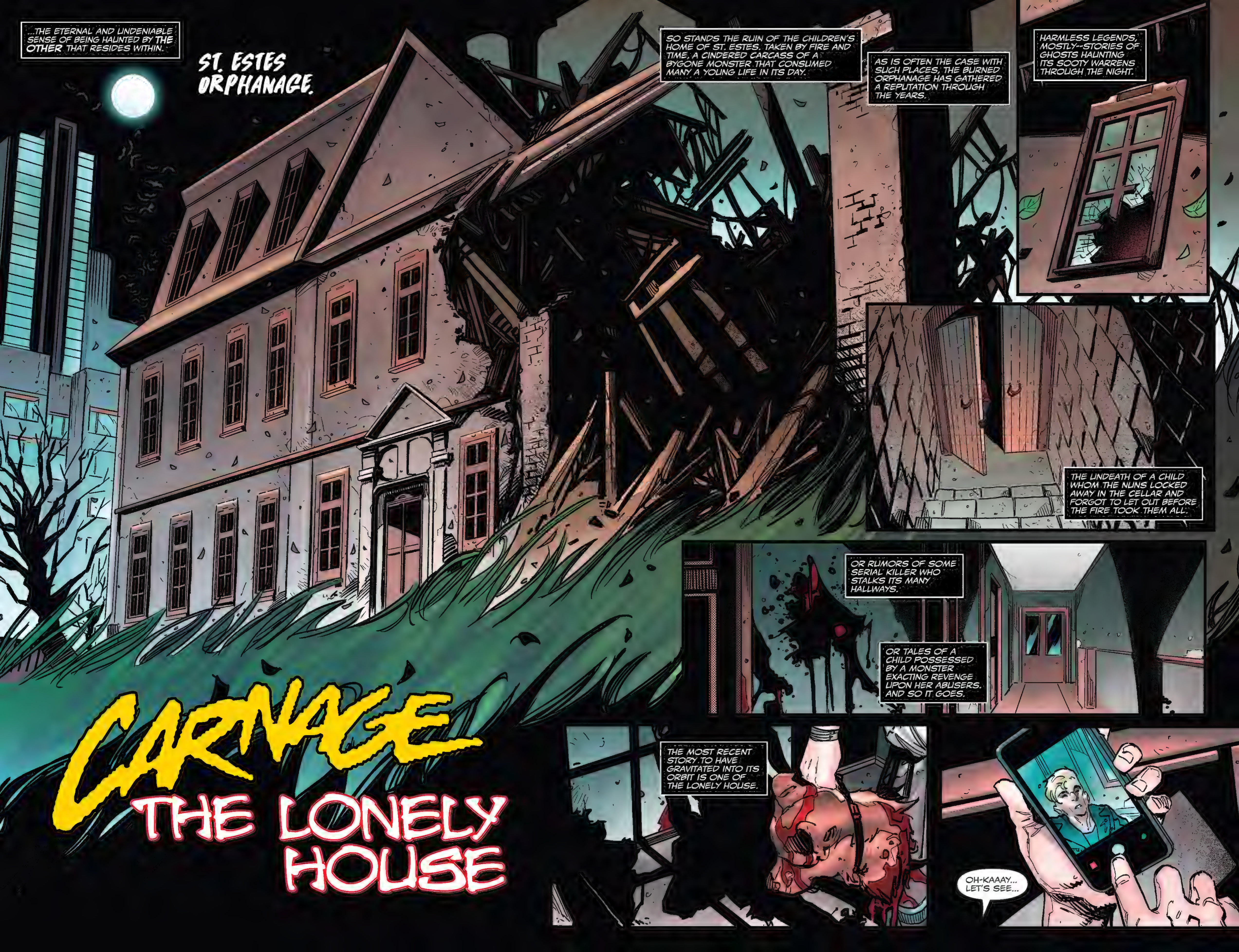
[#6 VARIANT BY] **DECLAN SHALVEY**

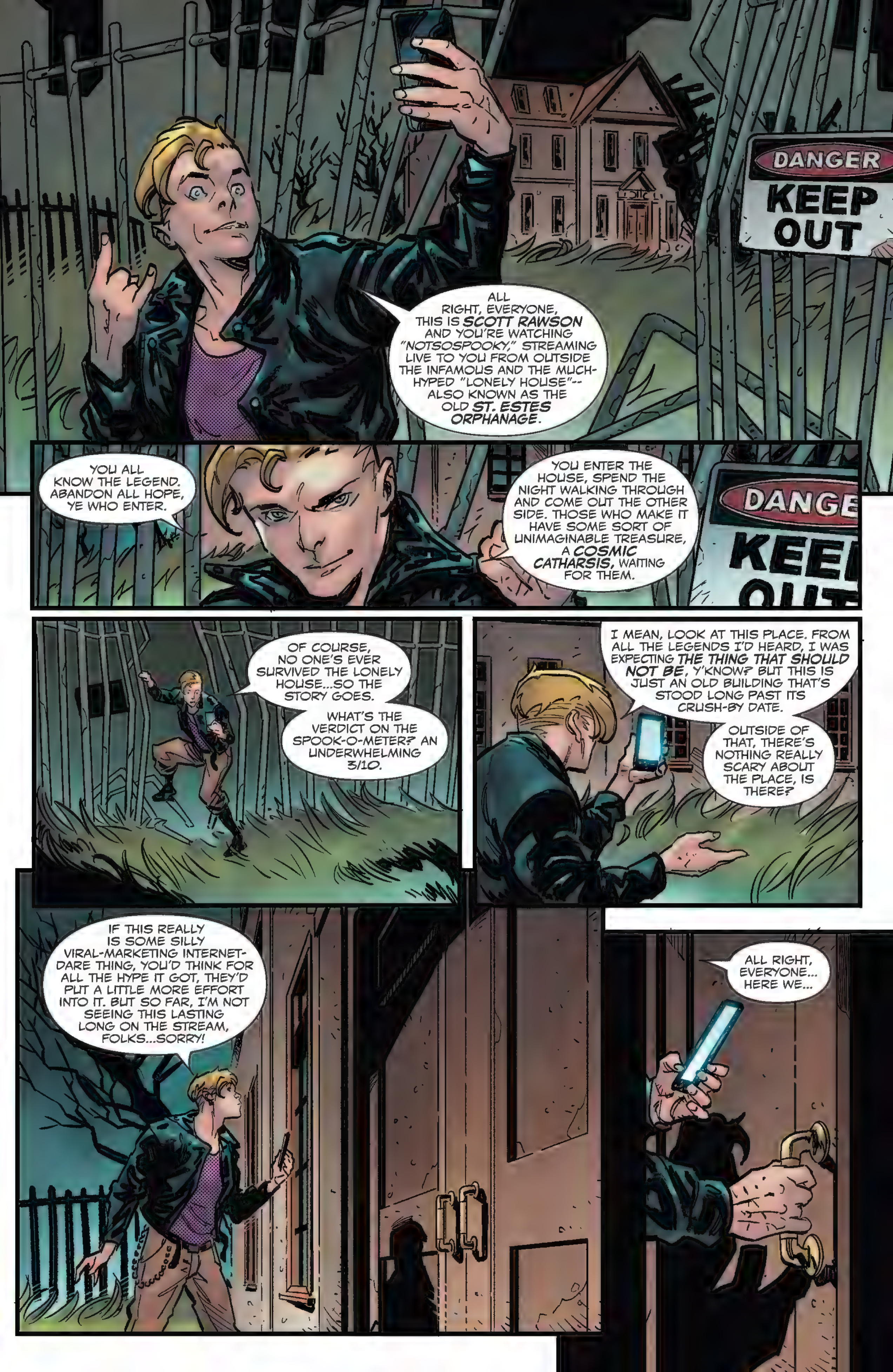
CARNAGE #8 "THE LONELY HOUSE"

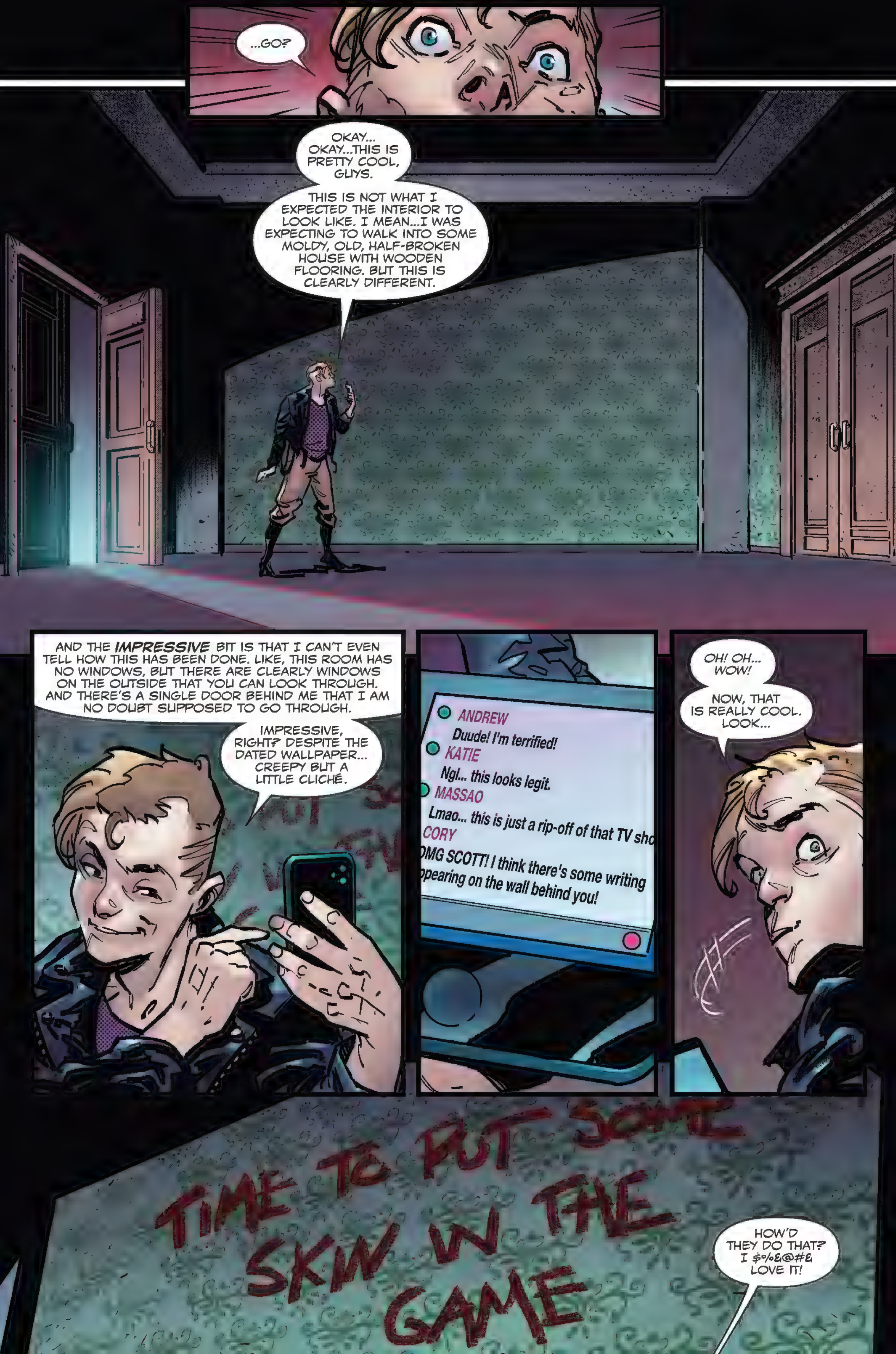

IN THIS WORLD, WE DO NOT SET THE DEAD UPON LONGBOATS. WE NO LONGER PLACE COINS UPON THE EYES FOR THE RIVERMAN. THERE IS NO PASSAGE TO VALHALLA FOR THE BATTLE-DEAD, NO DESCENT INTO THE UNDERTOW FOR THE COWARDS ACCURSED.
WHAT DOES THIS WORLD HAVE TO DO WITH GODS AND QUEENS AND CREATURES IN SOME DISTANT HEL? THE SNOW FALLS JUST AS SLOWLY, EVEN IN A DISTANT COLD.
IN ICY HEL, THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED, HELA, CARRIES UPON HER SHOULDER MALEKITH THE ACCURSED'S BROKEN BODY.
"YOUR DEBT IS NOT YET PAID, ELF-LORD," SHE SAYS.
SHE WILL TETHER HIM TO THE COLD STONE ONCE AGAIN, AND HE WILL BEGIN HIS PENITENCE ANEW.

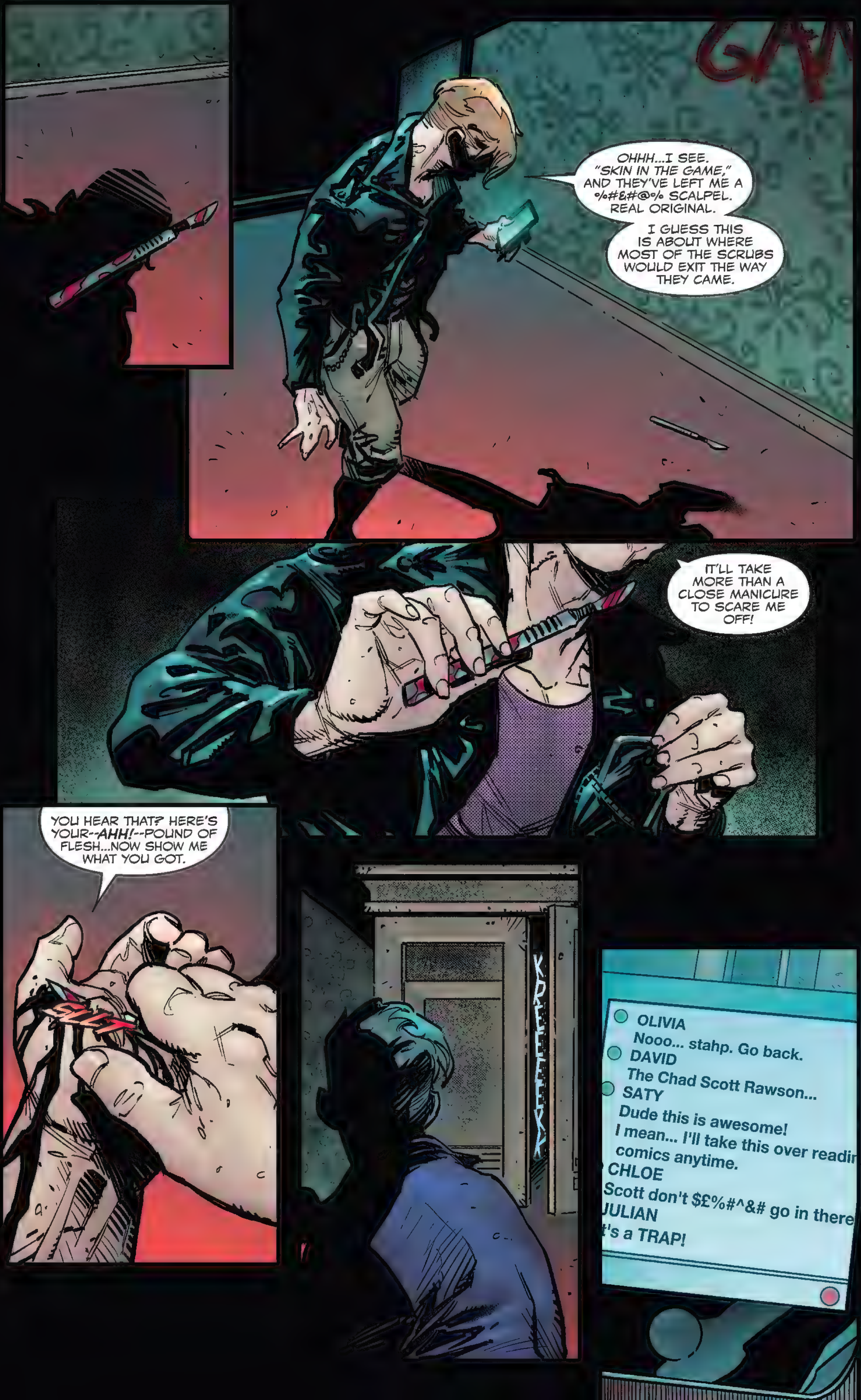

TO JON SHAYDE OF MIDGARD, SHE SAYS, "YOUR DESTINY IS YOUR OWN. YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE...NOT YET, ANYWAY.
"YOU MADE YOUR WAY HERE. I AM SURE YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY BACK."
TO THE FLESH CREATURE FROM BEYOND, SHE SAYS NOTHING. SHE LEAVES HIM TO HIS OWN DEVICES. SHE THINKS HIM A FORCE OF CHANGE TOO WILLFUL TO TAME, TOO POWERFUL TO WIELD.
INSTEAD, THE WILY QUEEN HAS MADE A DEAL WITH HIM...TO WHAT END, TIME WILL TELL.
WHY? WHY MUST WE SPEAK OF THIS, YOU ASK? WHY MUST WE PAY ATTENTION?
BECAUSE DEBTS, DESTINIES AND DEALS HOLD THEIR OWN ACROSS WORLDS, ACROSS TIME AND OTHER SUCH BOUNDARIES. THEIR TRUTH HOLDS AS MUCH WEIGHT IN OUR WORLD AS IT DOES IN ANY OTHER.


THEN, AT LAST, WE COME TO KENNETH NEELY. THE MURDERER WHO THINKS HIMSELF AN ARTIST. WHO TEETERS NOW ON THE EDGE.
A HEEDLESS MAN WHO HAS, AT LAST, COME TO LEARN OF CONSEQUENCES. HE HESITATES, UNSURE OF HIMSELF, OF HIS ADULATION OF THE CREATURE HE CALLS CARNAGE.
WHAT IS IT?
A **CODEX**, MY LITTLE PUP.
EACH TIME A SYMBIOTE BONDS WITH A HOST, IT LEAVES BEHIND A PART OF ITSELF...A UNIQUE SIGNATURE. A **MEMORY** OF THEIR SYMBIOSIS, NOW EMBEDDED WITHIN ITS HOST.
THE HOST IS FOREVER CHANGED? EVEN AFTER PARTING...
MUCH AS A SYMBIOTE CARRIES THE INNER WORKINGS OF THEIR BONDED HOST.
YOU ARE HAUNTED BY EACH OTHER.
HE SHIVERS STILL IN THE ICY SNOW. NOT OF THE COLD, BUT OF SOME LINGERING, PRIMAL FEAR. BECAUSE KENNETH NEELY FEARS WHAT HIS DESIRE MAY TRULY BRING...

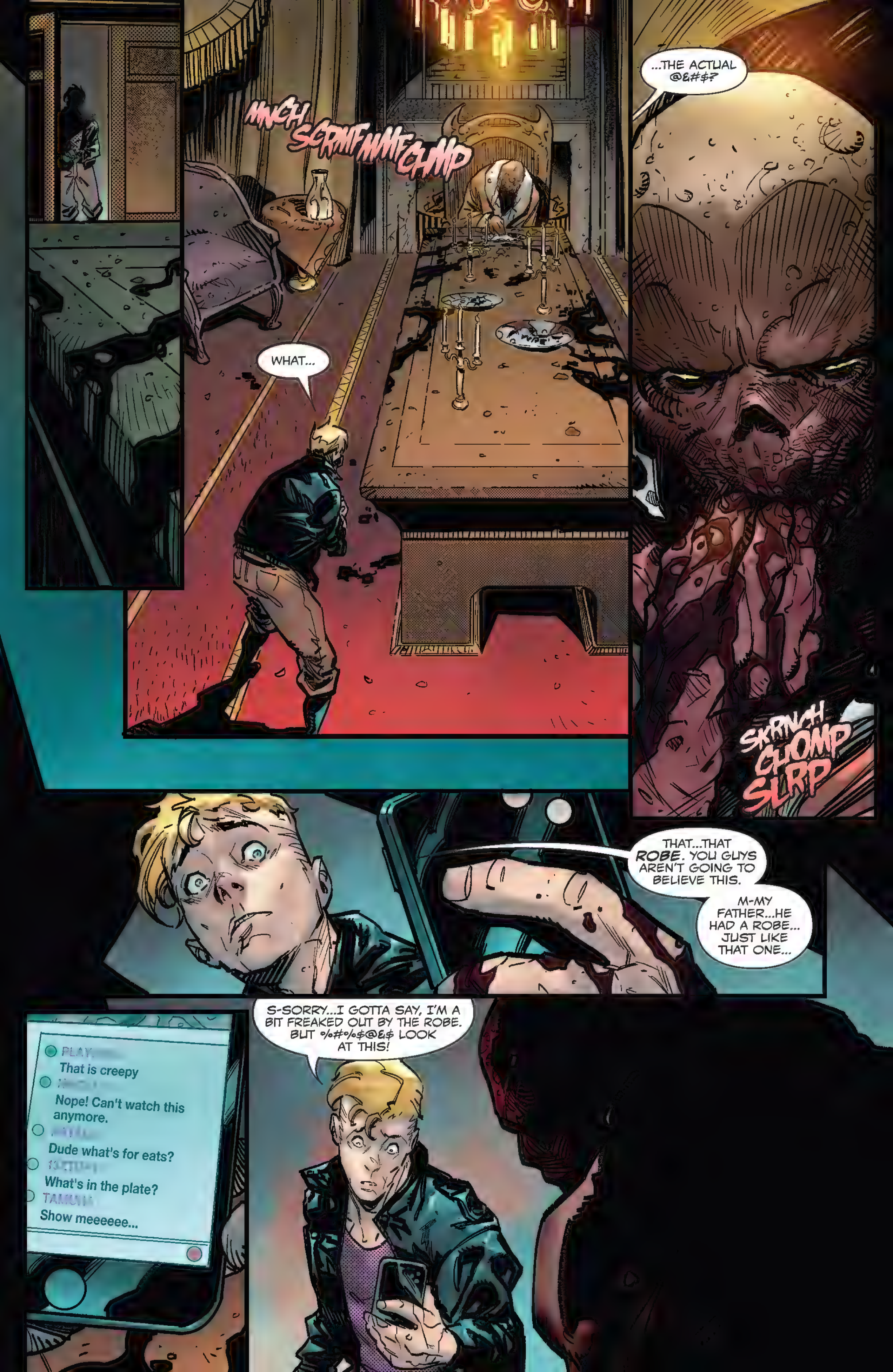

...THE ETERNAL AND UNDENIABLE SENSE OF BEING HAUNTED BY THE OTHER THAT RESIDES WITHIN.
ST. ESTES ORPHANAGE.
SO STANDS THE RUIN OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME OF ST. ESTES. TAKEN BY FIRE AND TIME, A CINDERED CARCASS OF A BYGONE MONSTER THAT CONSUMED MANY A YOUNG LIFE IN ITS DAY.
AS IS OFTEN THE CASE WITH SUCH PLACES, THE BURNED ORPHANAGE HAS GATHERED A REPUTATION THROUGH THE YEARS.
HARMLESS LEGENDS, MOSTLY--STORIES OF GHOSTS HAUNTING ITS SOOTY WARRENS THROUGH THE NIGHT.
THE UNDEATH OF A CHILD WHOM THE NUNS LOCKED AWAY IN THE CELLAR AND FORGOT TO LET OUT BEFORE THE FIRE TOOK THEM ALL.
OR RUMORS OF SOME SERIAL KILLER WHO STALKS ITS MANY HALLWAYS.
OR TALES OF A CHILD POSSESSED BY A MONSTER EXACTING REVENGE UPON HER ABUSERS. AND SO IT GOES.
CARNAGE
THE LONELY HOUSE
THE MOST RECENT STORY TO HAVE GRAVITATED INTO ITS ORBIT IS ONE OF THE LONELY HOUSE.
OH-KAAAY... LET'S SEE...


DANGER
KEEP OUT
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE, THIS IS **SCOTT RAWSON** AND YOU'RE WATCHING "NOTSOSPOOKY," STREAMING LIVE TO YOU FROM OUTSIDE THE INFAMOUS AND THE MUCH-HYPED "LONELY HOUSE"--ALSO KNOWN AS THE OLD **ST. ESTES ORPHANAGE**.
YOU ALL KNOW THE LEGEND. ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER.
YOU ENTER THE HOUSE, SPEND THE NIGHT WALKING THROUGH AND COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE. THOSE WHO MAKE IT HAVE SOME SORT OF UNIMAGINABLE TREASURE, A **COSMIC CATHARSIS,** WAITING FOR THEM.
OF COURSE, NO ONE'S EVER SURVIVED THE LONELY HOUSE...SO THE STORY GOES.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT ON THE SPOOK-O-METER? AN UNDERWHELMING 3/10.
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS PLACE. FROM ALL THE LEGENDS I'D HEARD, I WAS EXPECTING ***THE THING THAT SHOULD NOT BE***, Y'KNOW? BUT THIS IS JUST AN OLD BUILDING THAT'S STOOD LONG PAST ITS CRUSH-BY DATE.
OUTSIDE OF THAT, THERE'S NOTHING REALLY SCARY ABOUT THE PLACE, IS THERE?
IF THIS REALLY IS SOME SILLY VIRAL-MARKETING INTERNET-DARE THING, YOU'D THINK FOR ALL THE HYPE IT GOT, THEY'D PUT A LITTLE MORE EFFORT INTO IT. BUT SO FAR, I'M NOT SEEING THIS LASTING LONG ON THE STREAM, FOLKS...SORRY!
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE... HERE WE...


...GO?
OKAY... OKAY...THIS IS PRETTY COOL, GUYS.
THIS IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED THE INTERIOR TO LOOK LIKE. I MEAN...I WAS EXPECTING TO WALK INTO SOME MOLDY, OLD, HALF-BROKEN HOUSE WITH WOODEN FLOORING. BUT THIS IS CLEARLY DIFFERENT.
AND THE *IMPRESSIVE* BIT IS THAT I CAN'T EVEN TELL HOW THIS HAS BEEN DONE. LIKE, THIS ROOM HAS NO WINDOWS, BUT THERE ARE CLEARLY WINDOWS ON THE OUTSIDE THAT YOU CAN LOOK THROUGH. AND THERE'S A SINGLE DOOR BEHIND ME THAT I AM NO DOUBT SUPPOSED TO GO THROUGH.
IMPRESSIVE, RIGHT? DESPITE THE DATED WALLPAPER... CREEPY BUT A LITTLE CLICHÉ.
ANDREW
Duude! I'm terrified!
KATIE
Ngl... this looks legit.
MASSAO
Lmao... this is just a rip-off of that TV sho
CORY
OMG SCOTT! I think there's some writing
ppearing on the wall behind you!
OH! OH... WOW!
NOW, THAT IS REALLY COOL. LOOK...
TIME TO PUT SOME SKIN IN THE GAME
HOW'D THEY DO THAT? I $%&@#& LOVE IT!


GAN
OHHH...I SEE. "SKIN IN THE GAME," AND THEY'VE LEFT ME A %#£#@%% SCALPEL. REAL ORIGINAL.
I GUESS THIS IS ABOUT WHERE MOST OF THE SCRUBS WOULD EXIT THE WAY THEY CAME.
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A CLOSE MANICURE TO SCARE ME OFF!
YOU HEAR THAT? HERE'S YOUR--*AHH!*--POUND OF FLESH...NOW SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT.
SLIT
KREEEEK

OLIVIA
Nooo... stahp. Go back.
DAVID
The Chad Scott Rawson...
SATY
Dude this is awesome!
I mean... I'll take this over readi
comics anytime.
CHLOE
Scott don't $£%#^&# go in there
ULIAN
t's a TRAP!


MNCH SCRMFNMMFCHMP
WHAT...
...THE ACTUAL @&#$?
SKRNCH CHOMP SLRP
THAT...THAT *ROBE*. YOU GUYS AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE THIS.
M-MY FATHER...HE HAD A ROBE... JUST LIKE THAT ONE...
S-SORRY...I GOTTA SAY, I'M A BIT FREAKED OUT BY THE ROBE. BUT %#%$@&$ LOOK AT THIS!

PLAY

That is creepy

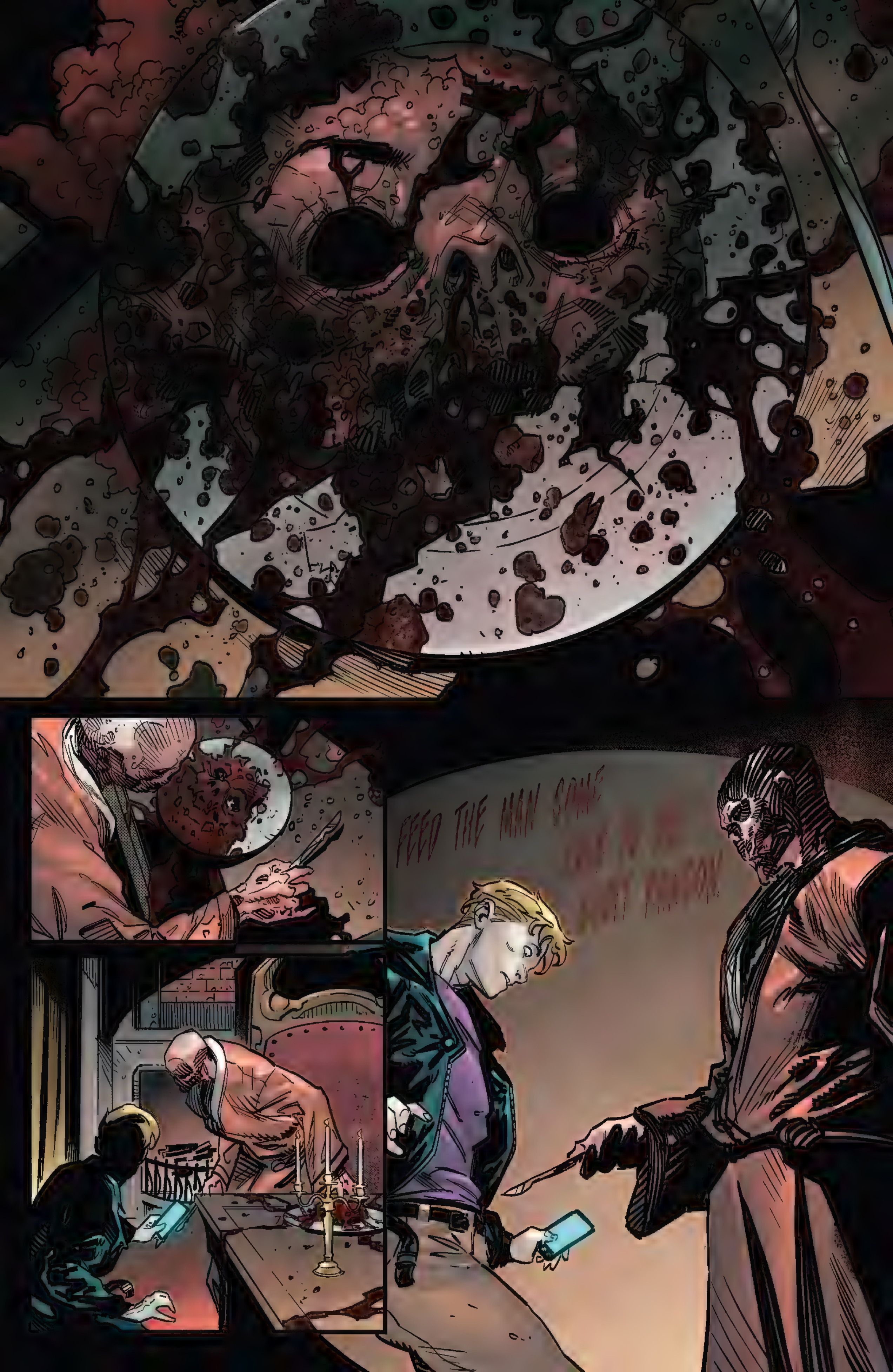
Nope! Can't watch this anymore.

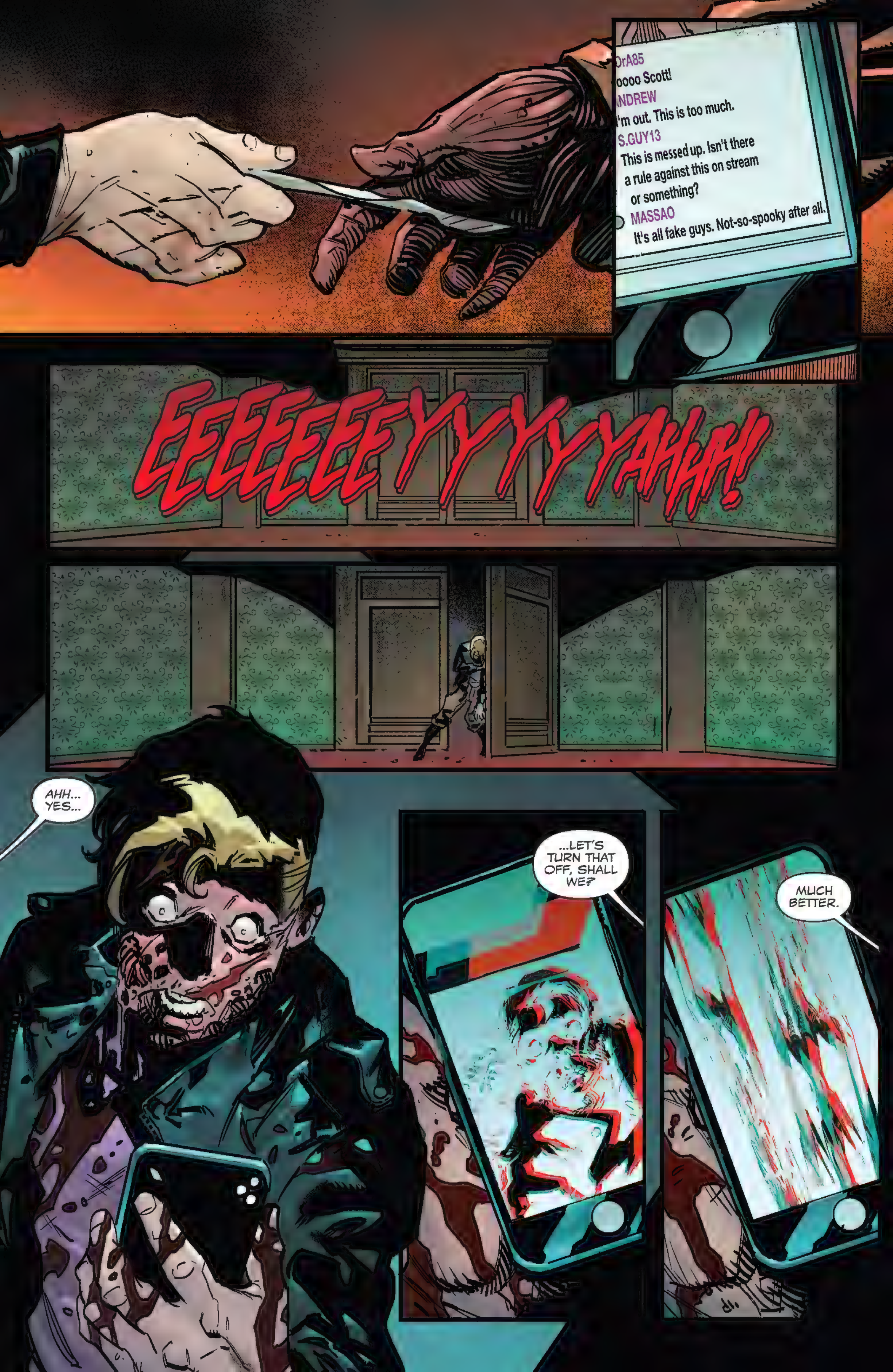
Dude what's for eats?

What's in the plate?

TAMUNA

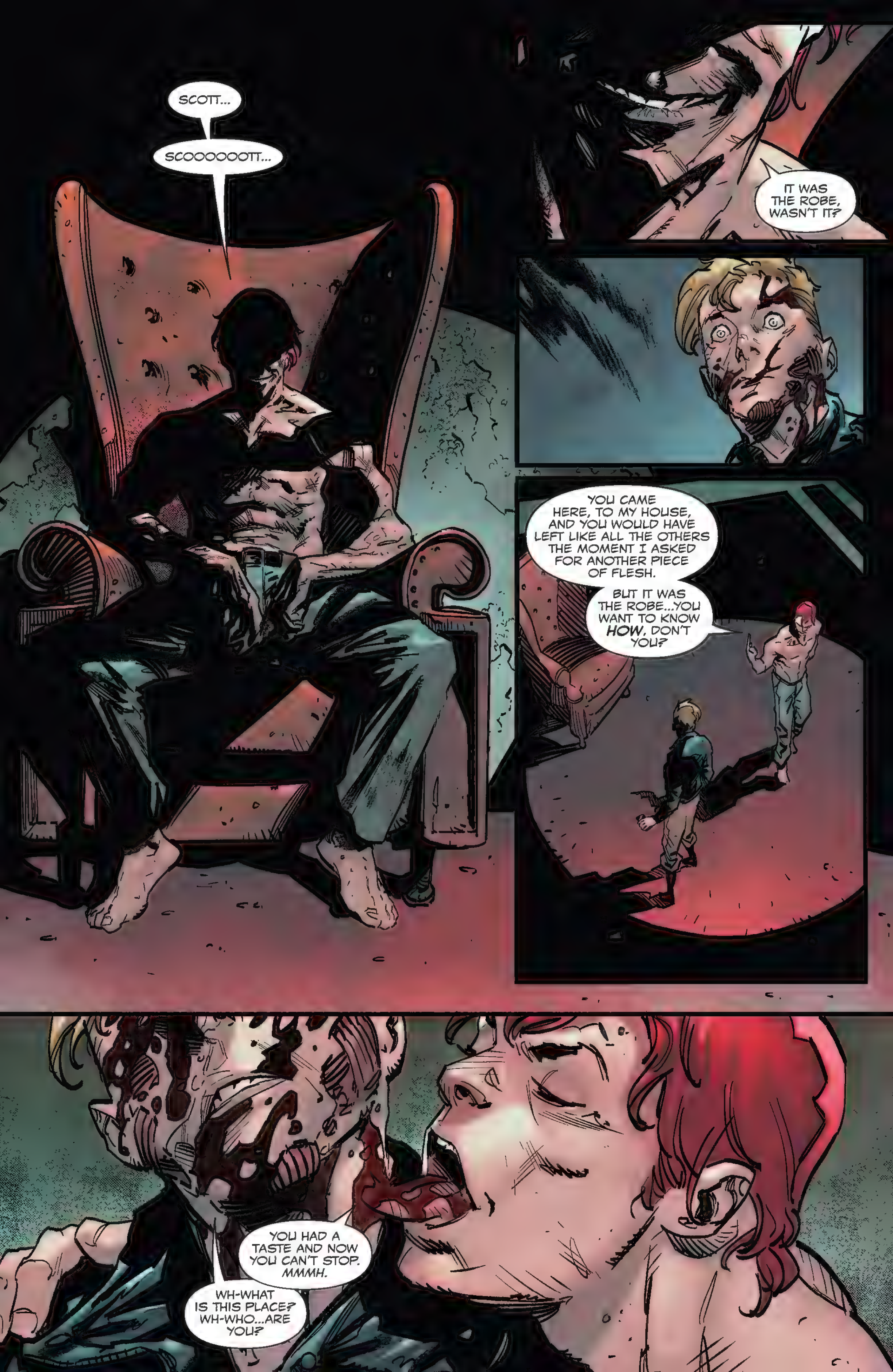
Show meeeeee...

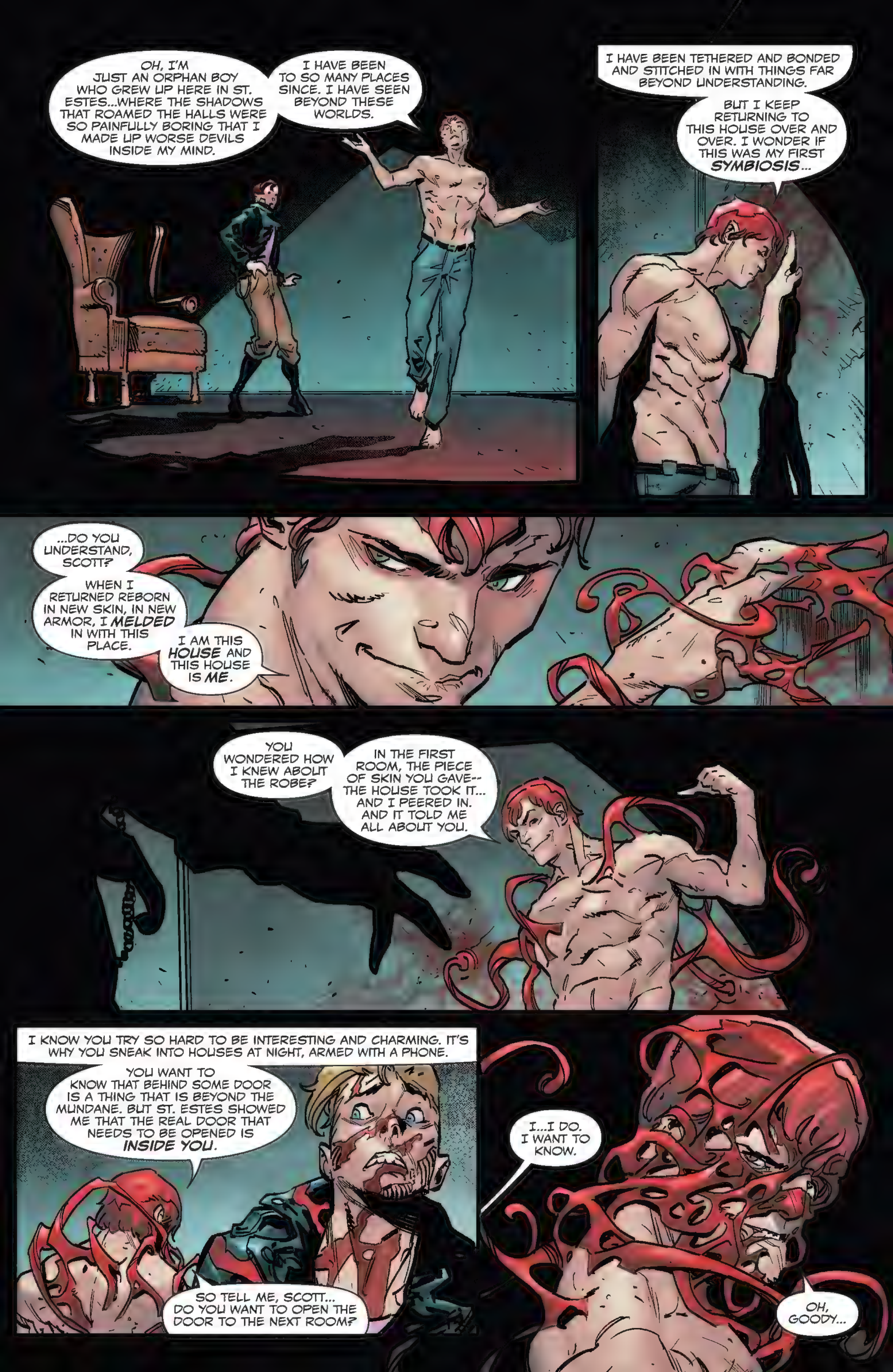

FEED THE MAN SOME

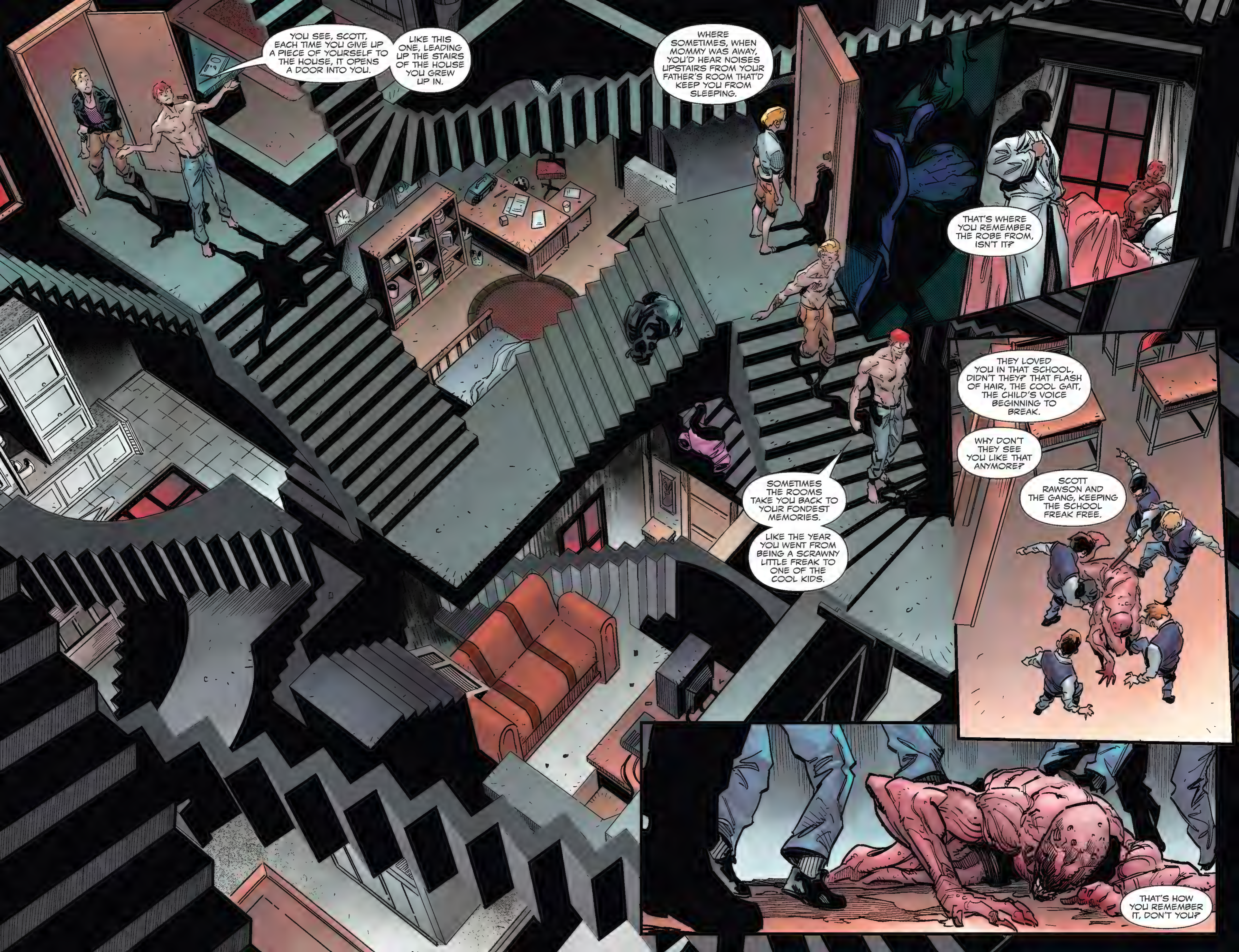


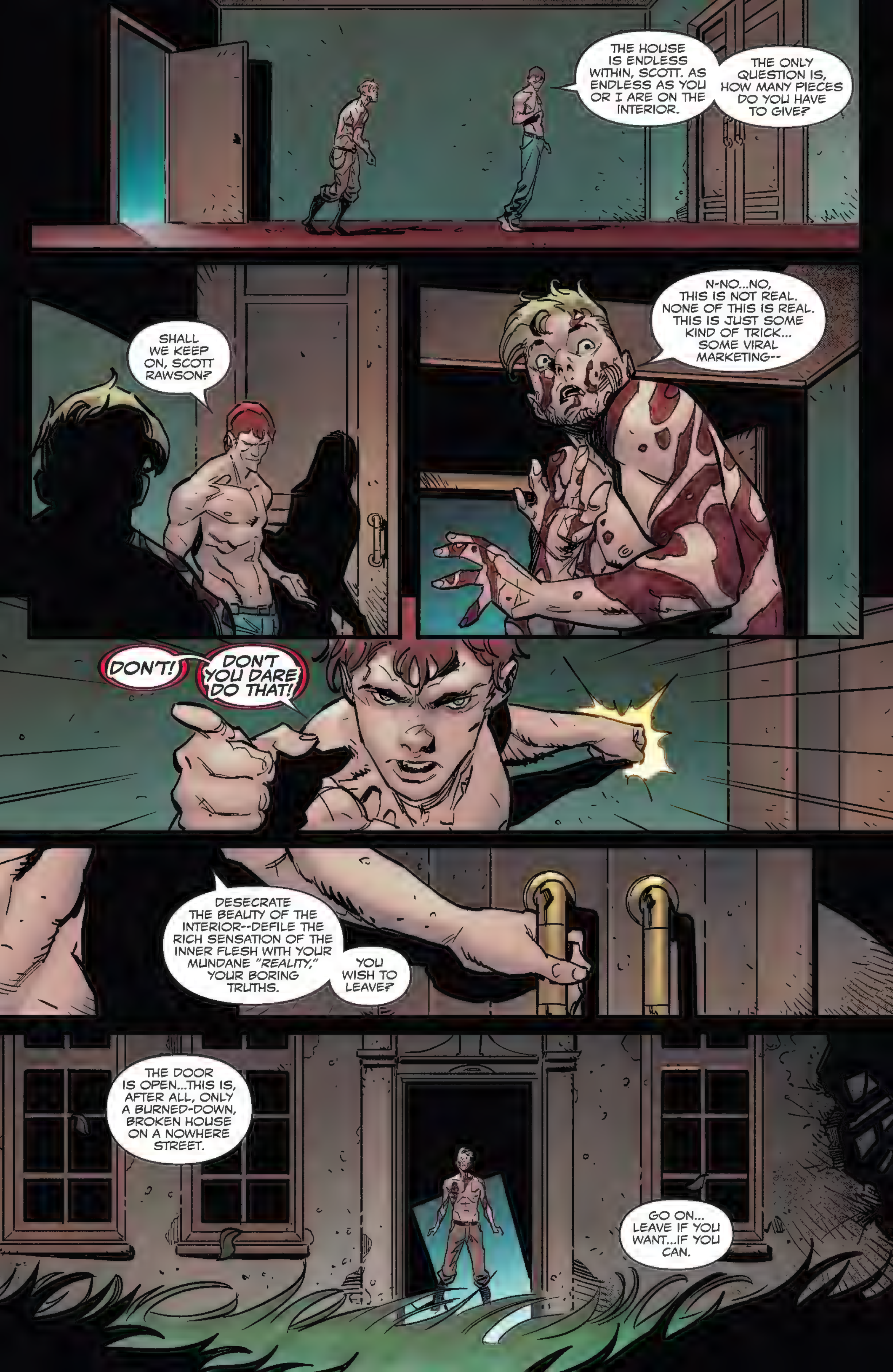
OrA85
oooo Scott!
NDREW
'm out. This is too much.
S.GUY13
This is messed up. Isn't there a rule against this on stream or something?
MASSAO
It's all fake guys. Not-so-spooky after all.

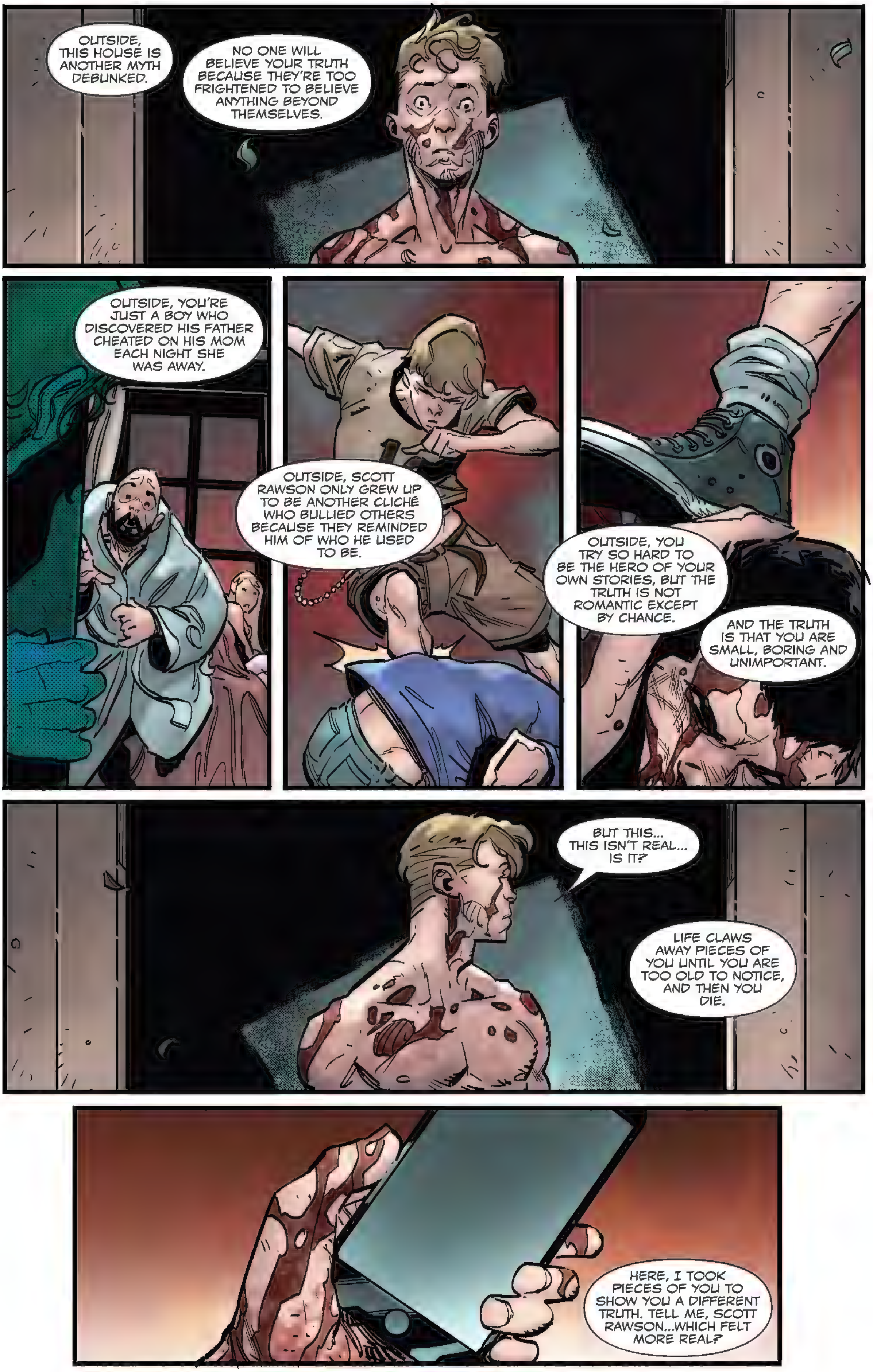
EEEEEEEYYYYYAHHH!
AHH... YES...
...LET'S TURN THAT OFF, SHALL WE?
MUCH BETTER.

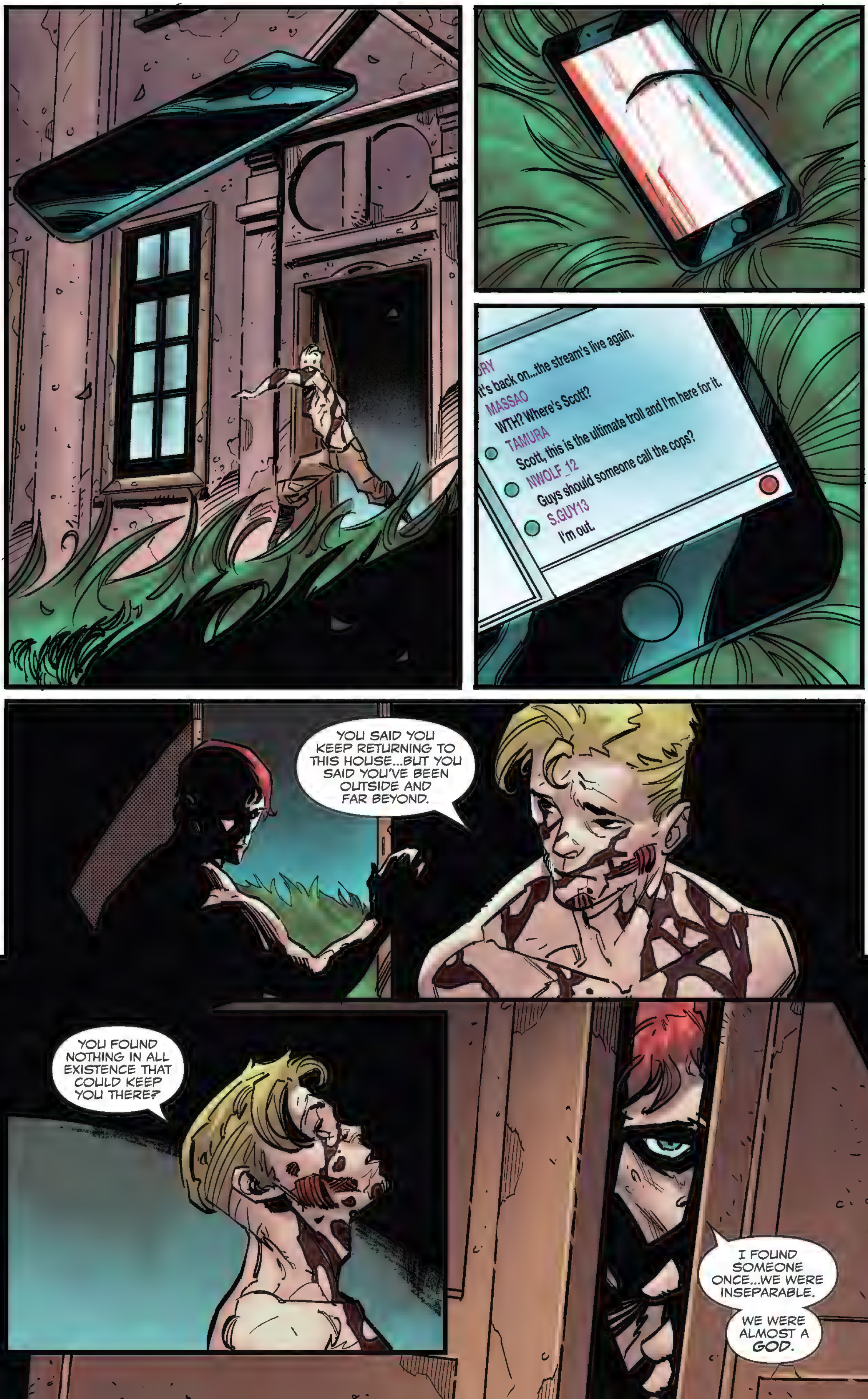

SCOTT...
SCOOOOOOOTT...
IT WAS THE ROBE, WASN'T IT?
YOU CAME HERE, TO MY HOUSE, AND YOU WOULD HAVE LEFT LIKE ALL THE OTHERS THE MOMENT I ASKED FOR ANOTHER PIECE OF FLESH.
BUT IT WAS THE ROBE...YOU WANT TO KNOW *HOW*, DON'T YOU?
YOU HAD A TASTE AND NOW YOU CAN'T STOP. *MMMH.*
WH-WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WH-WHO...ARE YOU?


OH, I'M JUST AN ORPHAN BOY WHO GREW UP HERE IN ST. ESTES...WHERE THE SHADOWS THAT ROAMED THE HALLS WERE SO PAINFULLY BORING THAT I MADE UP WORSE DEVILS INSIDE MY MIND.
I HAVE BEEN TO SO MANY PLACES SINCE. I HAVE SEEN BEYOND THESE WORLDS.
I HAVE BEEN TETHERED AND BONDED AND STITCHED IN WITH THINGS FAR BEYOND UNDERSTANDING.
BUT I KEEP RETURNING TO THIS HOUSE OVER AND OVER. I WONDER IF THIS WAS MY FIRST **SYMBIOSIS**...
...DO YOU UNDERSTAND, SCOTT?
WHEN I RETURNED REBORN IN NEW SKIN, IN NEW ARMOR, I *MELDED* IN WITH THIS PLACE.
I AM THIS *HOUSE* AND THIS HOUSE IS *ME*.
YOU WONDERED HOW I KNEW ABOUT THE ROBE?
IN THE FIRST ROOM, THE PIECE OF SKIN YOU GAVE-- THE HOUSE TOOK IT... AND I PEERED IN. AND IT TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU.
I KNOW YOU TRY SO HARD TO BE INTERESTING AND CHARMING. IT'S WHY YOU SNEAK INTO HOUSES AT NIGHT, ARMED WITH A PHONE.
YOU WANT TO KNOW THAT BEHIND SOME DOOR IS A THING THAT IS BEYOND THE MUNDANE. BUT ST. ESTES SHOWED ME THAT THE REAL DOOR THAT NEEDS TO BE OPENED IS *INSIDE YOU*.
SO TELL ME, SCOTT... DO YOU WANT TO OPEN THE DOOR TO THE NEXT ROOM?
I...I DO. I WANT TO KNOW.
OH, GOODY...


YOU SEE, SCOTT, EACH TIME YOU GIVE UP A PIECE OF YOURSELF TO THE HOUSE, IT OPENS A DOOR INTO YOU.
LIKE THIS ONE, LEADING UP THE STAIRS OF THE HOUSE YOU GREW UP IN.
WHERE SOMETIMES, WHEN MOMMY WAS AWAY, YOU'D HEAR NOISES UPSTAIRS FROM YOUR FATHER'S ROOM THAT'D KEEP YOU FROM SLEEPING.
THAT'S WHERE YOU REMEMBER THE ROBE FROM, ISN'T IT?
SOMETIMES THE ROOMS TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR FONDEST MEMORIES.
LIKE THE YEAR YOU WENT FROM BEING A SCRAWNY LITTLE FREAK TO ONE OF THE COOL KIDS.
THEY LOVED YOU IN THAT SCHOOL, DIDN'T THEY? THAT FLASH OF HAIR, THE COOL GAIT, THE CHILD'S VOICE BEGINNING TO BREAK.
WHY DON'T THEY SEE YOU LIKE THAT ANYMORE?
SCOTT RAWSON AND THE GANG, KEEPING THE SCHOOL FREAK FREE.
THAT'S HOW YOU REMEMBER IT, DON'T YOU?


THE HOUSE IS ENDLESS WITHIN, SCOTT. AS ENDLESS AS YOU OR I ARE ON THE INTERIOR.
THE ONLY QUESTION IS, HOW MANY PIECES DO YOU HAVE TO GIVE?
SHALL WE KEEP ON, SCOTT RAWSON?
N-NO...NO, THIS IS NOT REAL. NONE OF THIS IS REAL. THIS IS JUST SOME KIND OF TRICK... SOME VIRAL MARKETING--
DON'T!
DON'T YOU DARE DO THAT!
DESECRATE THE BEAUTY OF THE INTERIOR--DEFILE THE RICH SENSATION OF THE INNER FLESH WITH YOUR MUNDANE "REALITY," YOUR BORING TRUTHS.
YOU WISH TO LEAVE?
THE DOOR IS OPEN...THIS IS, AFTER ALL, ONLY A BURNED-DOWN, BROKEN HOUSE ON A NOWHERE STREET.
GO ON... LEAVE IF YOU WANT...IF YOU CAN.


OUTSIDE, THIS HOUSE IS ANOTHER MYTH DEBUNKED.
NO ONE WILL BELIEVE YOUR TRUTH BECAUSE THEY'RE TOO FRIGHTENED TO BELIEVE ANYTHING BEYOND THEMSELVES.
OUTSIDE, YOU'RE JUST A BOY WHO DISCOVERED HIS FATHER CHEATED ON HIS MOM EACH NIGHT SHE WAS AWAY.
OUTSIDE, SCOTT RAWSON ONLY GREW UP TO BE ANOTHER CLICHÉ WHO BULLIED OTHERS BECAUSE THEY REMINDED HIM OF WHO HE USED TO BE.
OUTSIDE, YOU TRY SO HARD TO BE THE HERO OF YOUR OWN STORIES, BUT THE TRUTH IS NOT ROMANTIC EXCEPT BY CHANCE.
AND THE TRUTH IS THAT YOU ARE SMALL, BORING AND UNIMPORTANT.
BUT THIS... THIS ISN'T REAL... IS IT?
LIFE CLAWS AWAY PIECES OF YOU UNTIL YOU ARE TOO OLD TO NOTICE, AND THEN YOU DIE.
HERE, I TOOK PIECES OF YOU TO SHOW YOU A DIFFERENT TRUTH. TELL ME, SCOTT RAWSON...WHICH FELT MORE REAL?



RY

t's back on...the stream's live again.

MASSAO

WTH? Where's Scott?

TAMURA

Scott, this is the ultimate troll and I'm here for it.

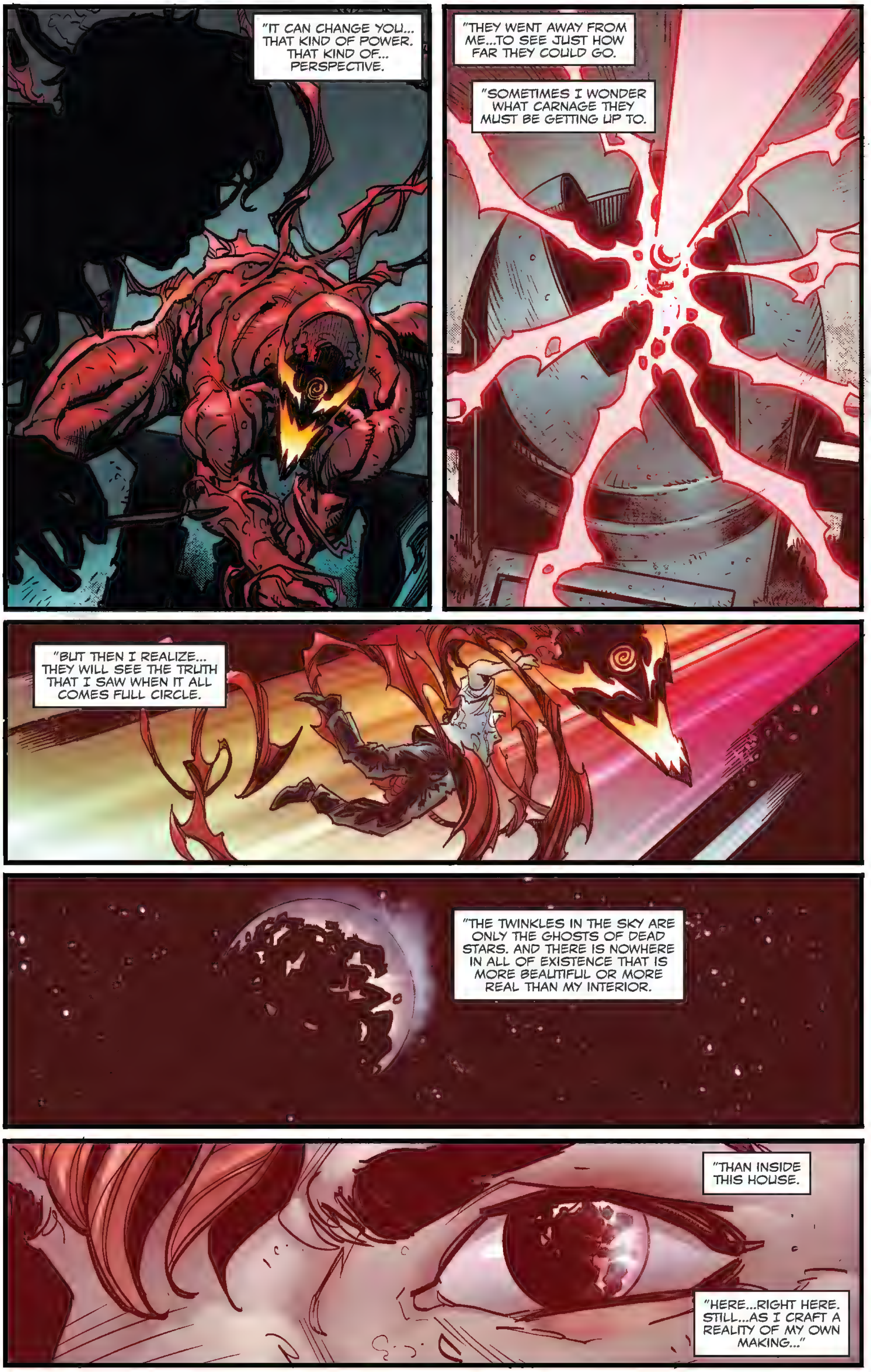
NWOLF_12

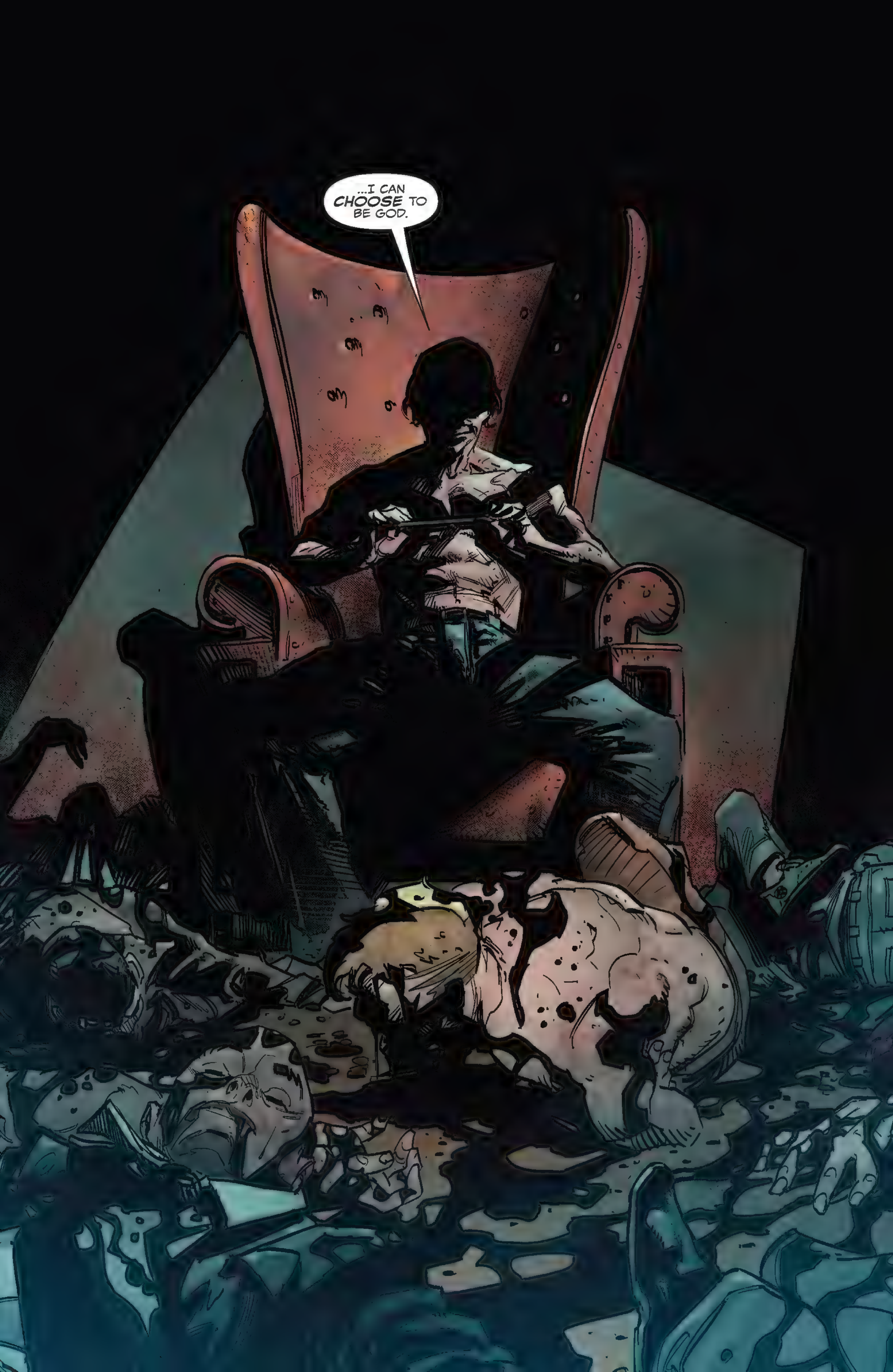
Guys should someone call the cops?

S.GUY13

I'm out.

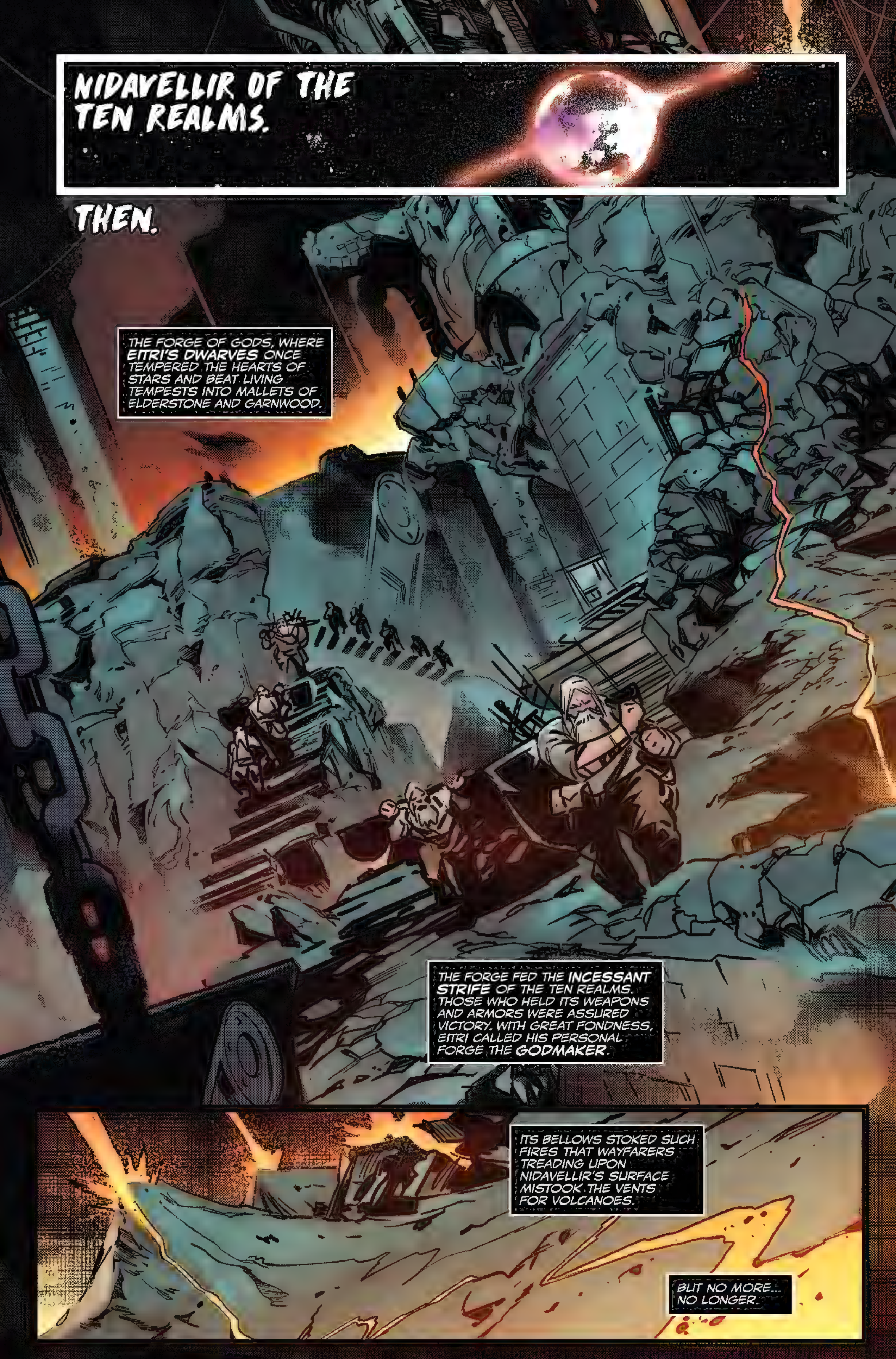
YOU SAID YOU KEEP RETURNING TO THIS HOUSE...BUT YOU SAID YOU'VE BEEN OUTSIDE AND FAR BEYOND.
YOU FOUND NOTHING IN ALL EXISTENCE THAT COULD KEEP YOU THERE?
I FOUND SOMEONE ONCE...WE WERE INSEPARABLE.
WE WERE ALMOST A *GOD*.

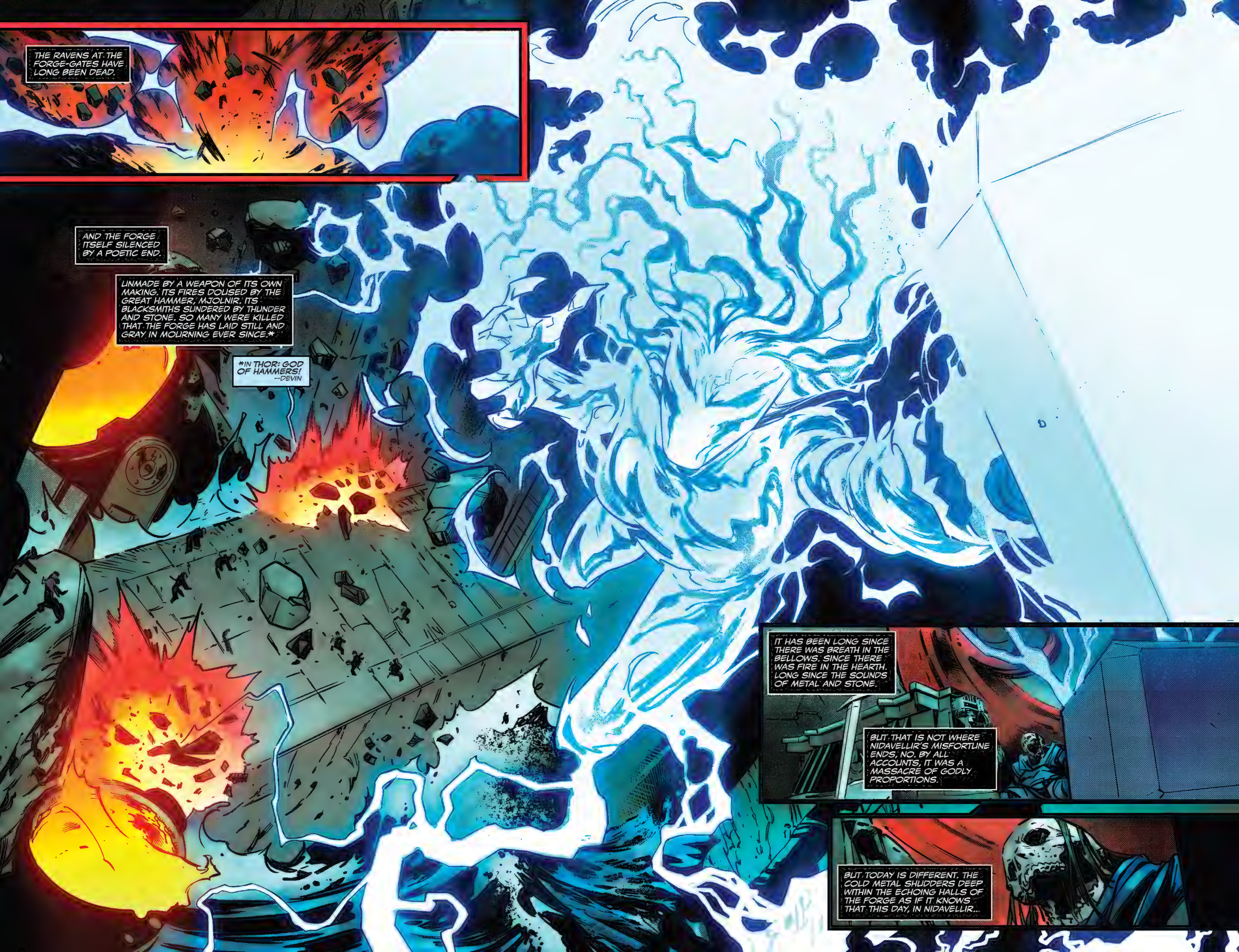

"IT CAN CHANGE YOU... THAT KIND OF POWER. THAT KIND OF... PERSPECTIVE.
"THEY WENT AWAY FROM ME...TO SEE JUST HOW FAR THEY COULD GO.
"SOMETIMES I WONDER WHAT CARNAGE THEY MUST BE GETTING UP TO.
"BUT THEN I REALIZE... THEY WILL SEE THE TRUTH THAT I SAW WHEN IT ALL COMES FULL CIRCLE.
"THE TWINKLES IN THE SKY ARE ONLY THE GHOSTS OF DEAD STARS. AND THERE IS NOWHERE IN ALL OF EXISTENCE THAT IS MORE BEAUTIFUL OR MORE REAL THAN MY INTERIOR.
"THAN INSIDE THIS HOUSE.
"HERE...RIGHT HERE. STILL...AS I CRAFT A REALITY OF MY OWN MAKING..."

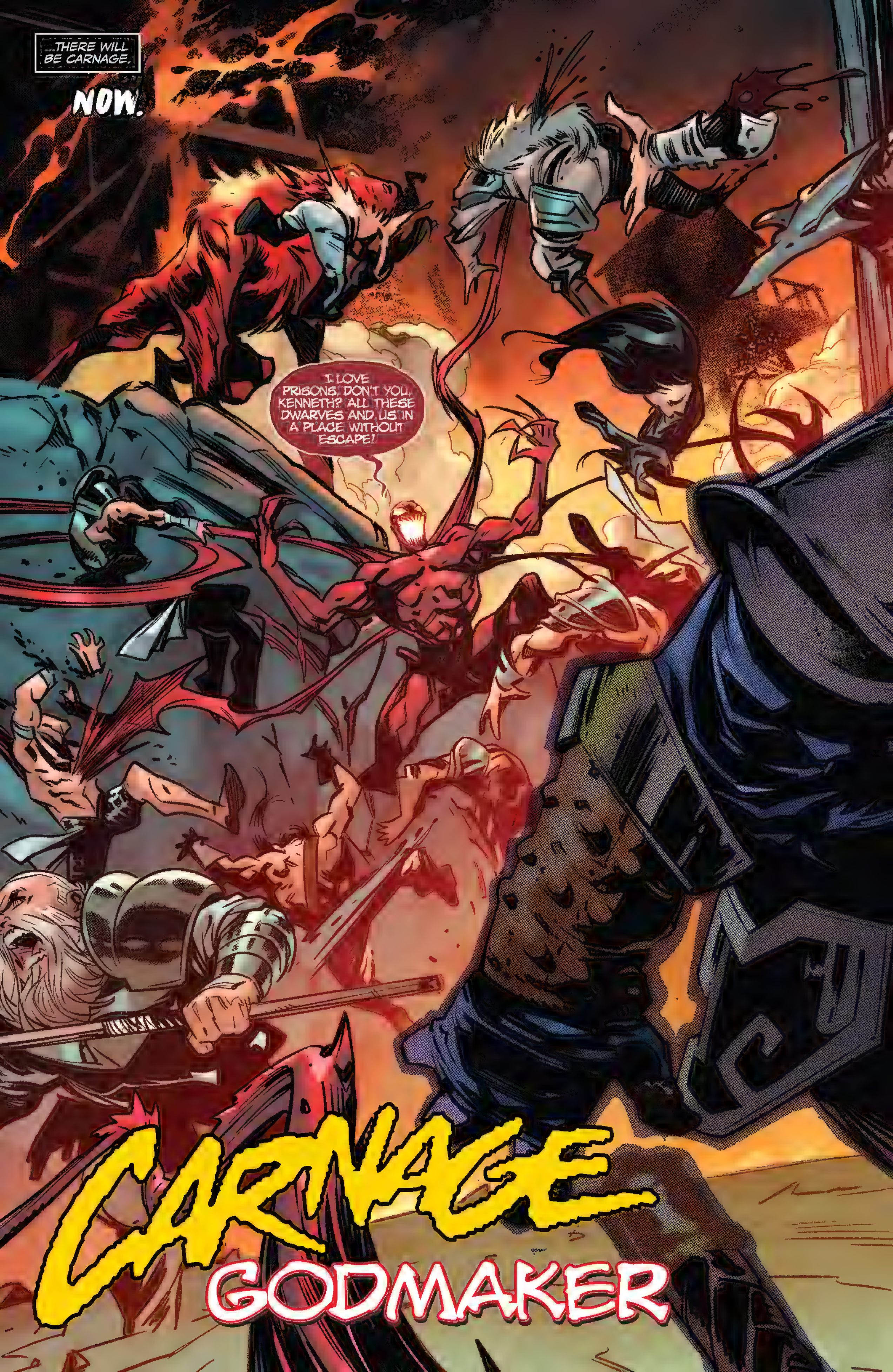

...I CAN CHOOSE TO BE GOD.

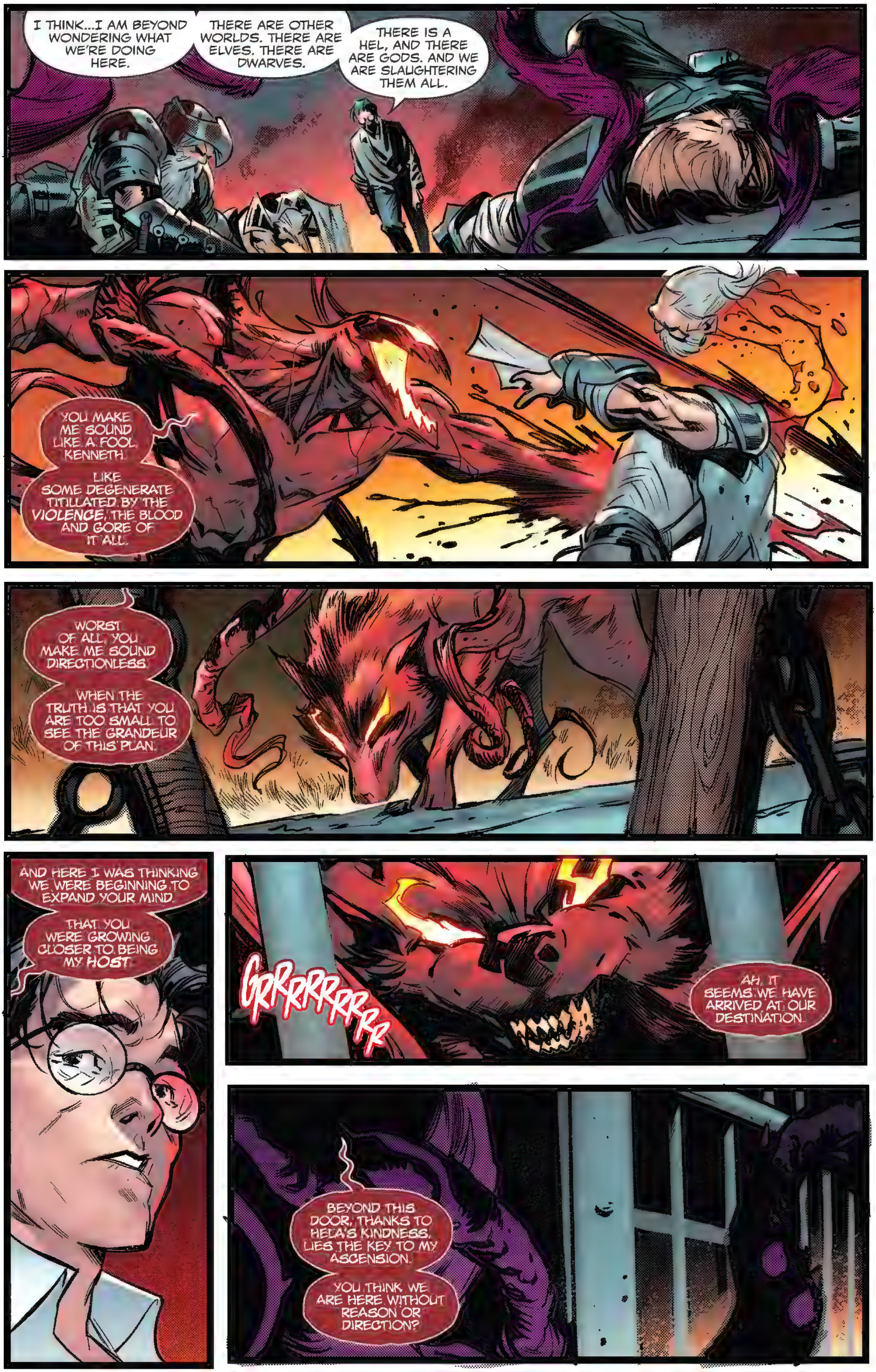
[#6 NYCC VARIANT BY] **PEACH MOMOKO**

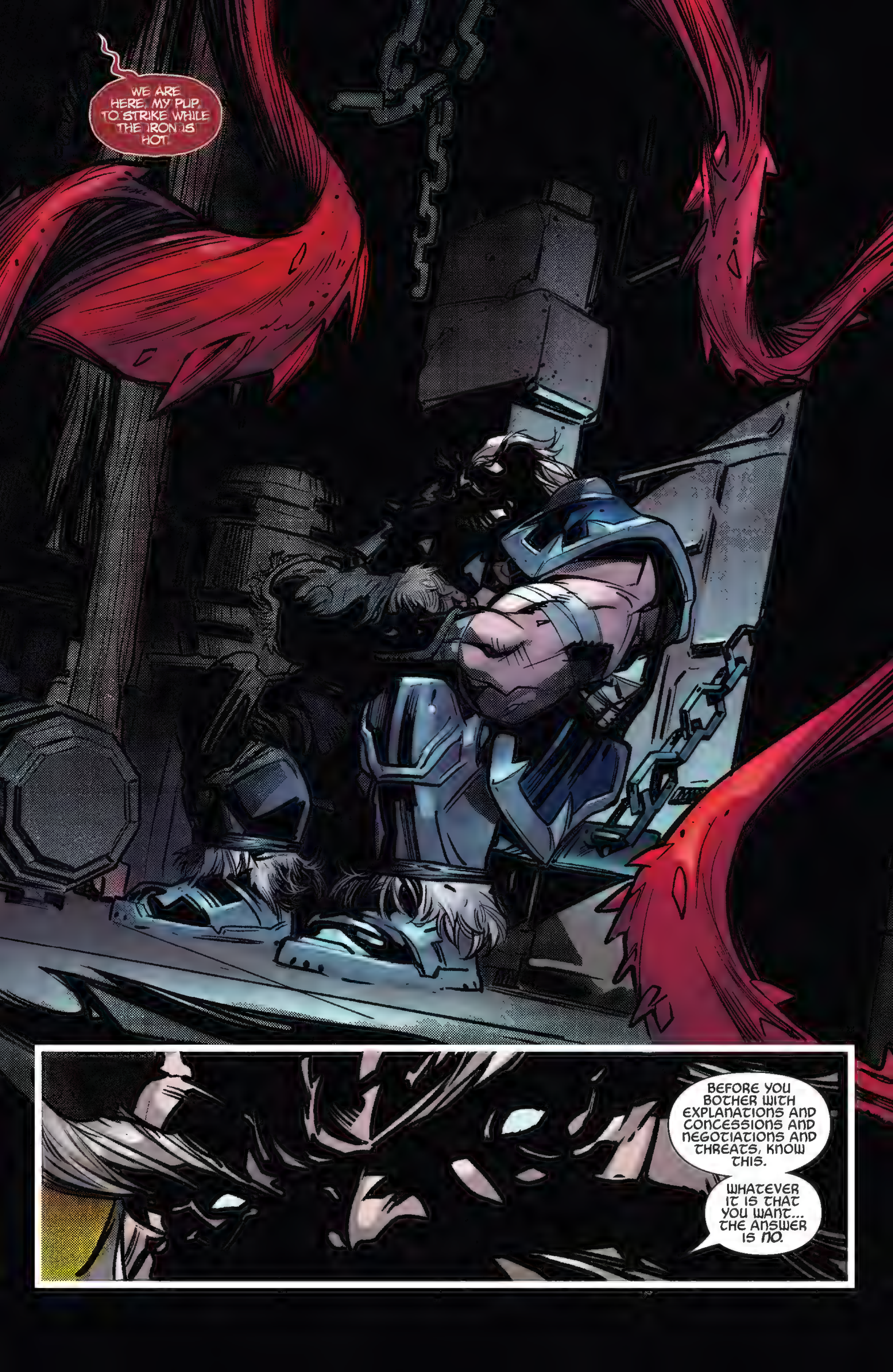
CARNAGE #9 “GODMAKER”

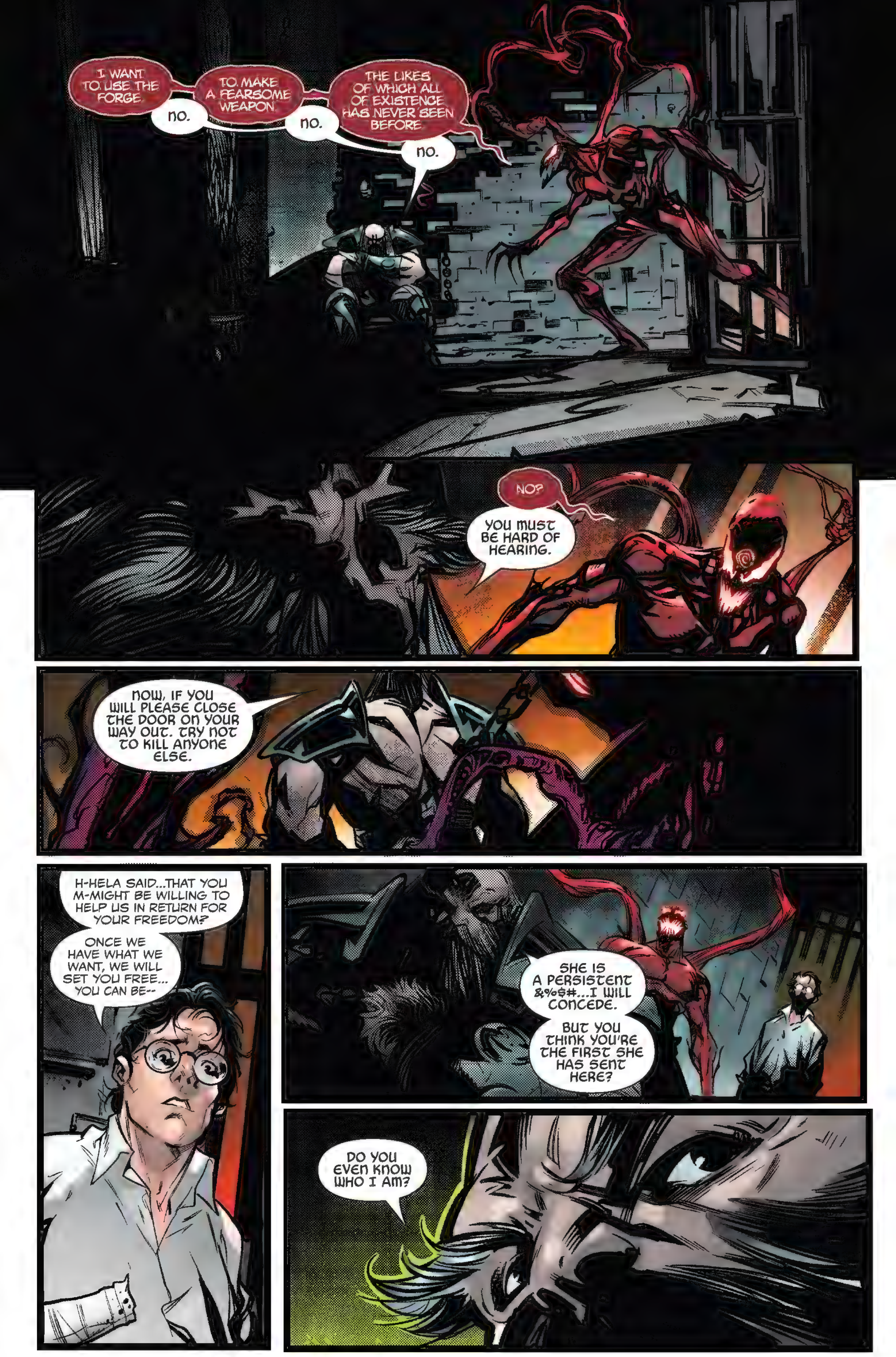

NIDAVELLIR OF THE TEN REALMS.
THEN.
THE FORGE OF GODS, WHERE EITRI'S DWARVES ONCE TEMPERED THE HEARTS OF STARS AND BEAT LIVING TEMPESTS INTO MALLETS OF ELDERSTONE AND GARNWOOD.
THE FORGE FED THE INCESSANT STRIFE OF THE TEN REALMS. THOSE WHO HELD ITS WEAPONS AND ARMORS WERE ASSURED VICTORY. WITH GREAT FONDNESS, EITRI CALLED HIS PERSONAL FORGE THE GODMAKER.
ITS BELLOWS STOKED SUCH FIRES THAT WAYFARERS TREADING UPON NIDAVELLIR'S SURFACE MISTOOK THE VENTS FOR VOLCANOES.
BUT NO MORE... NO LONGER.

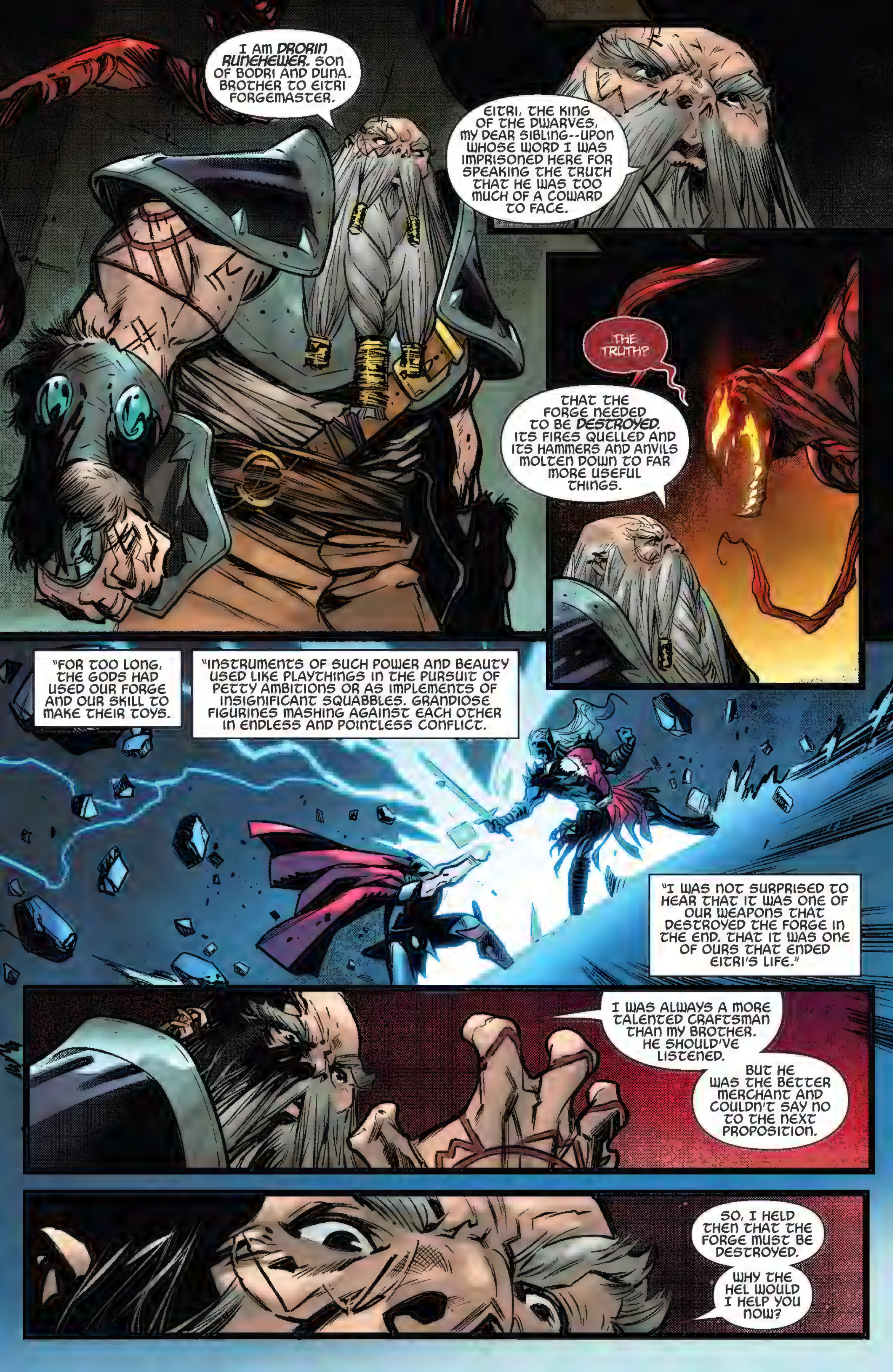

THE RAVENS AT THE FORGE-GATES HAVE LONG BEEN DEAD.
AND THE FORGE ITSELF SILENCED BY A POETIC END.
UNMADE BY A WEAPON OF ITS OWN MAKING. ITS FIRES DOUSED BY THE GREAT HAMMER, MJOLNIR. ITS BLACKSMITHS SUNDERED BY THUNDER AND STONE. SO MANY WERE KILLED THAT THE FORGE HAS LAID STILL AND GRAY IN MOURNING EVER SINCE.*
*IN THOR: GOD OF HAMMERS! --DEVIN
IT HAS BEEN LONG SINCE THERE WAS BREATH IN THE BELLOWS. SINCE THERE WAS FIRE IN THE HEARTH. LONG SINCE THE SOUNDS OF METAL AND STONE.
BUT THAT IS NOT WHERE NIDAVELLIR'S MISFORTUNE ENDS, NO. BY ALL ACCOUNTS, IT WAS A MASSACRE OF GODLY PROPORTIONS.
BUT TODAY IS DIFFERENT. THE COLD METAL SHUDDERS DEEP WITHIN THE ECHOING HALLS OF THE FORGE AS IF IT KNOWS THAT THIS DAY, IN NIDAVELLIR...

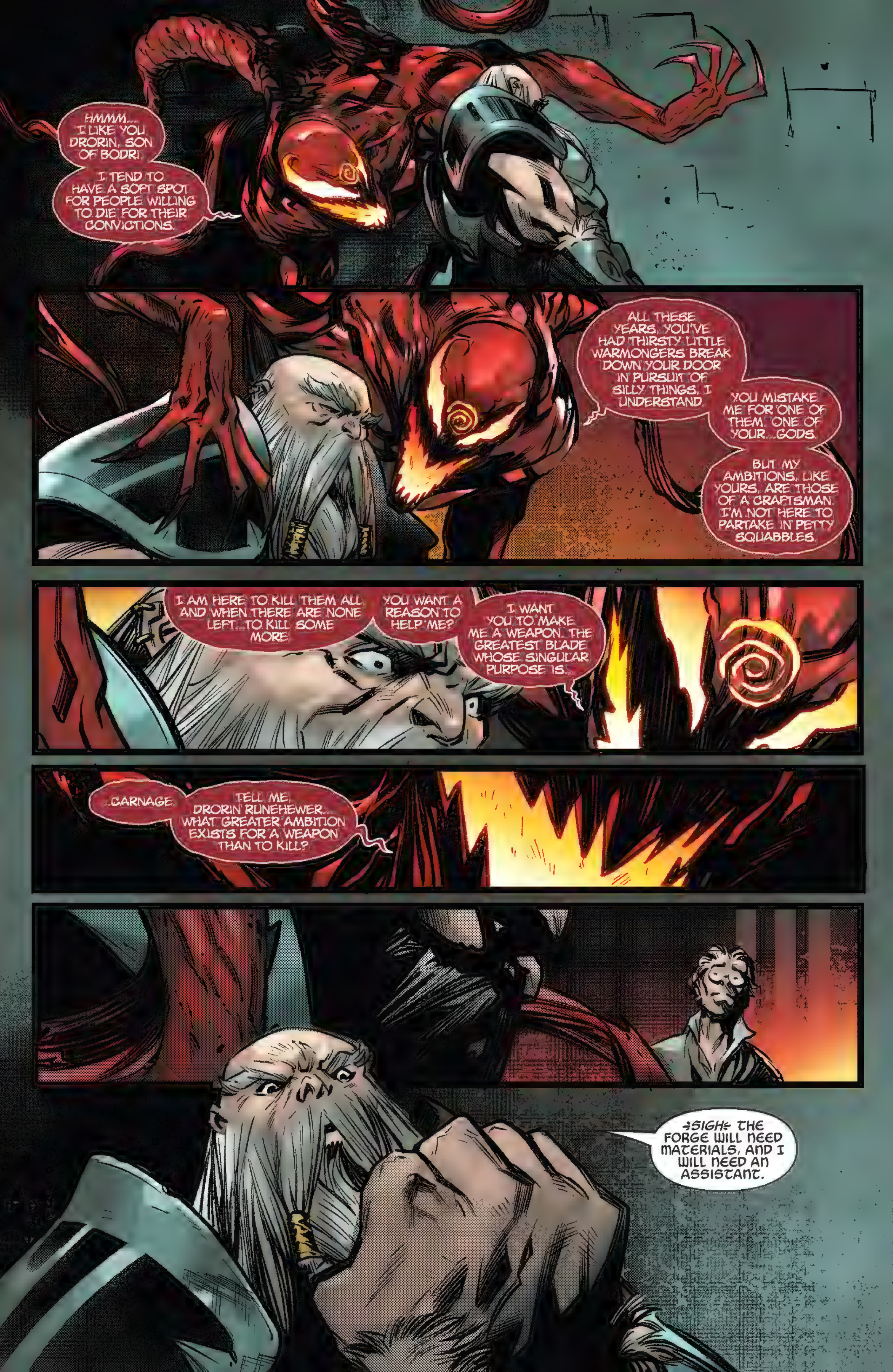

...THERE WILL BE CARNAGE.
NOW.
I LOVE PRISONS. DON'T YOU, KENNETH? ALL THESE DWARVES AND US IN A PLACE WITHOUT ESCAPE!
CARNAGE
GODMAKER

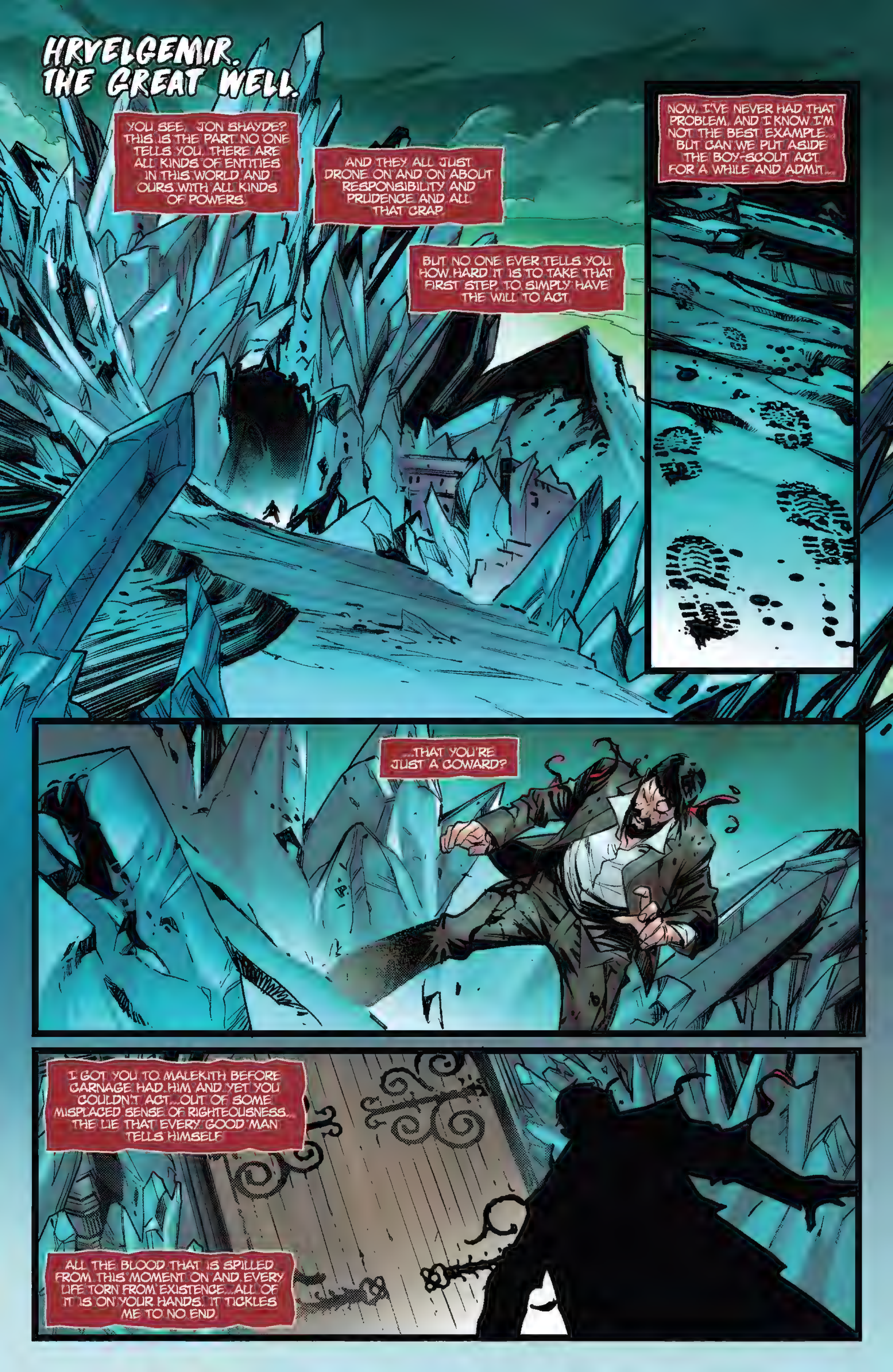

I THINK...I AM BEYOND WONDERING WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE.
THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS. THERE ARE ELVES. THERE ARE DWARVES.
THERE IS A HEL, AND THERE ARE GODS. AND WE ARE SLAUGHTERING THEM ALL.
YOU MAKE ME SOUND LIKE A FOOL, KENNETH.
LIKE SOME DEGENERATE TITILLATED BY THE *VIOLENCE*, THE BLOOD AND GORE OF IT ALL.
WORST OF ALL, YOU MAKE ME SOUND DIRECTIONLESS.
WHEN THE TRUTH IS THAT YOU ARE TOO SMALL TO SEE THE GRANDEUR OF THIS PLAN.
AND HERE I WAS THINKING WE WERE BEGINNING TO EXPAND YOUR MIND.
THAT YOU WERE GROWING CLOSER TO BEING MY *HOST*.
GRRRRRRRRR
AH, IT SEEMS WE HAVE ARRIVED AT OUR DESTINATION.
BEYOND THIS DOOR, THANKS TO HELA'S KINDNESS, LIES THE KEY TO MY ASCENSION.
YOU THINK WE ARE HERE WITHOUT REASON OR DIRECTION?

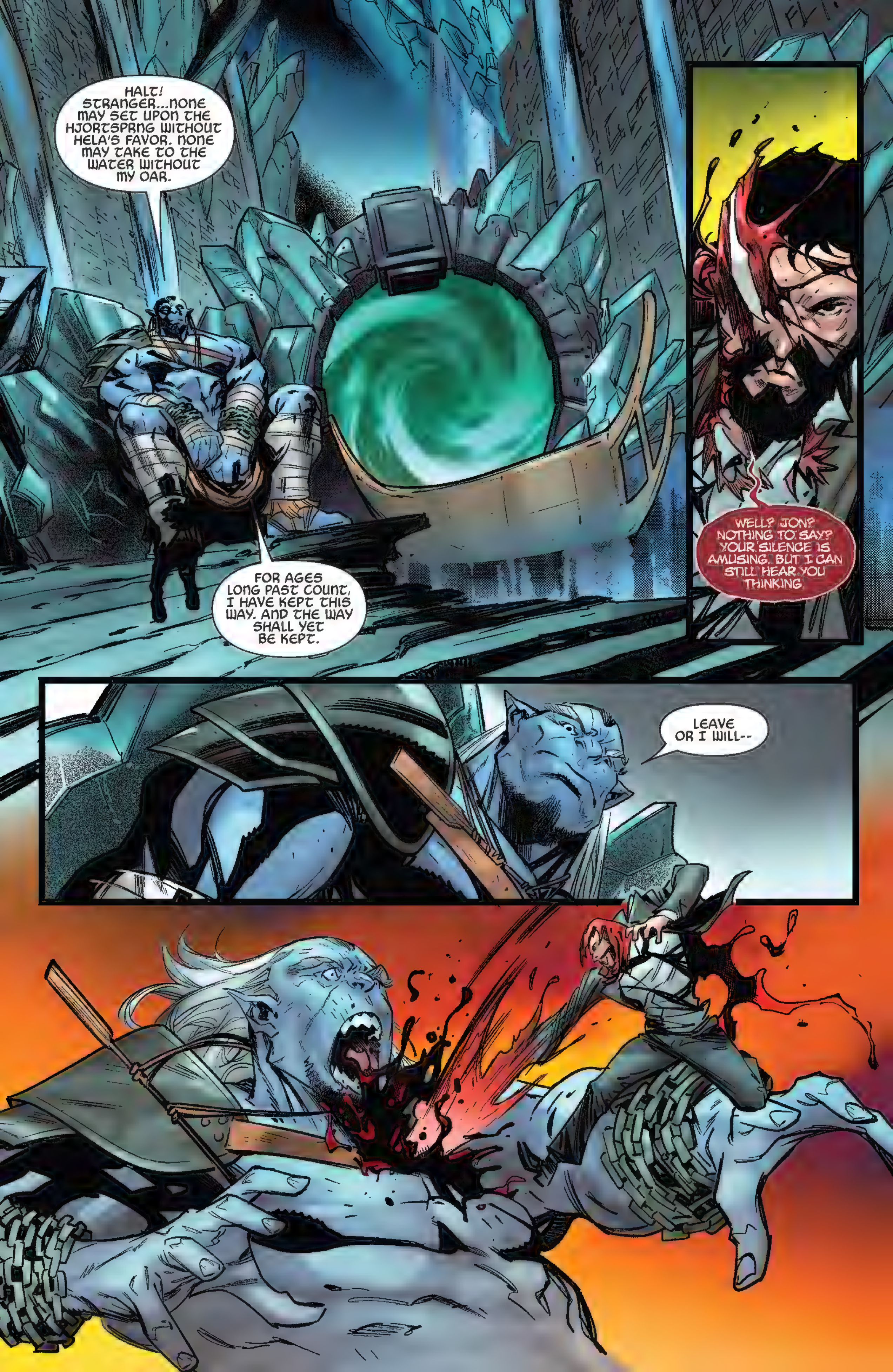

WE ARE HERE, MY PUP, TO STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.
BEFORE YOU BOTHER WITH EXPLANATIONS AND CONCESSIONS AND NEGOTIATIONS AND THREATS, KNOW THIS.
WHATEVER IT IS THAT YOU WANT... THE ANSWER IS *NO*.

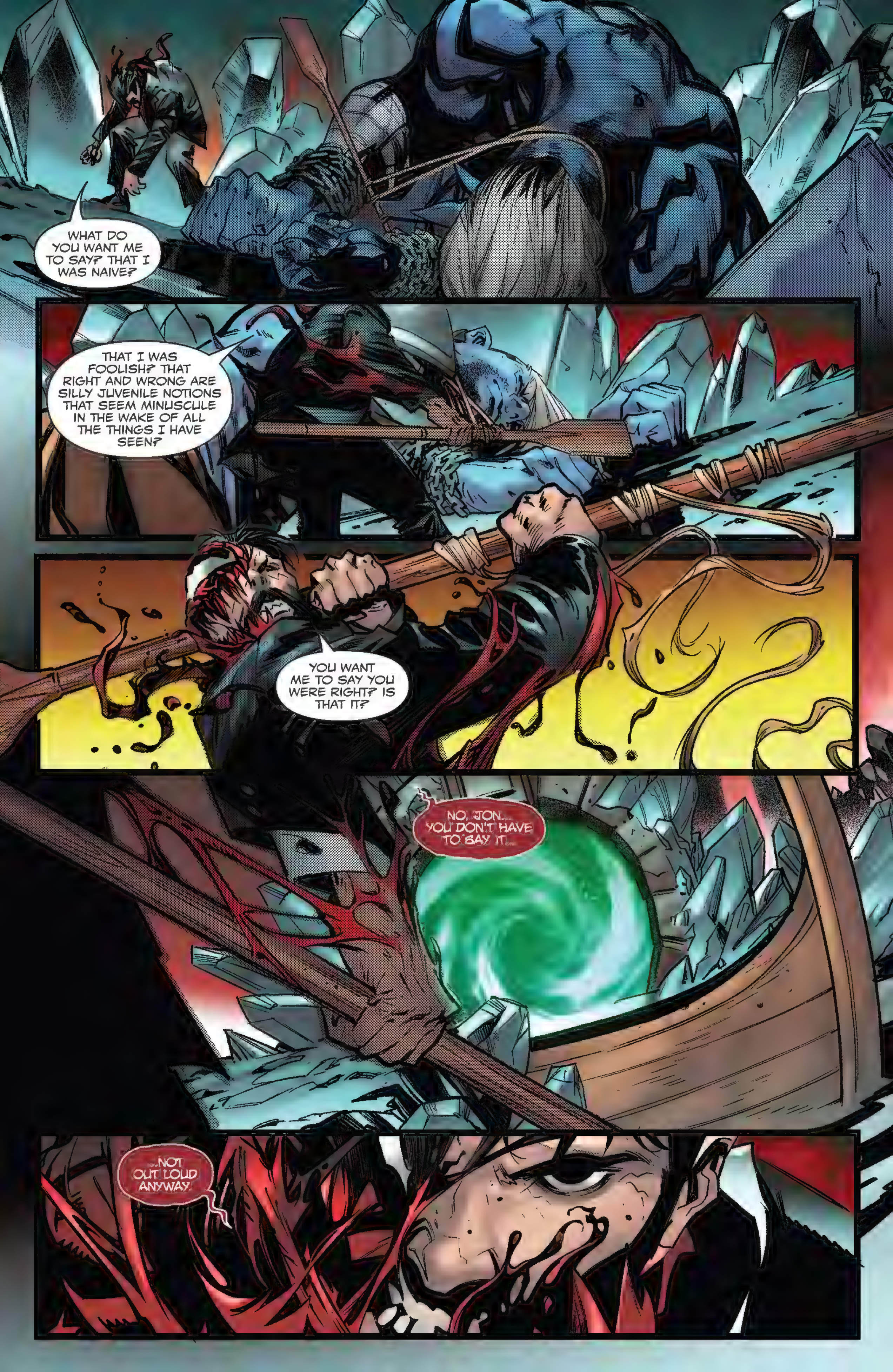

I WANT TO USE THE FORGE.
no.
TO MAKE A FEARSOME WEAPON.
no.
THE LIKES OF WHICH ALL OF EXISTENCE HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
no.
NO?
YOU MUST BE HARD OF HEARING.
NOW, IF YOU WILL PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT. TRY NOT TO KILL ANYONE ELSE.
H-HELA SAID...THAT YOU M-MIGHT BE WILLING TO HELP US IN RETURN FOR YOUR FREEDOM?
ONCE WE HAVE WHAT WE WANT, WE WILL SET YOU FREE... YOU CAN BE--
SHE IS A PERSISTENT &%$#...I WILL CONCEDE.
BUT YOU THINK YOU'RE THE FIRST SHE HAS SENT HERE?
DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO I AM?

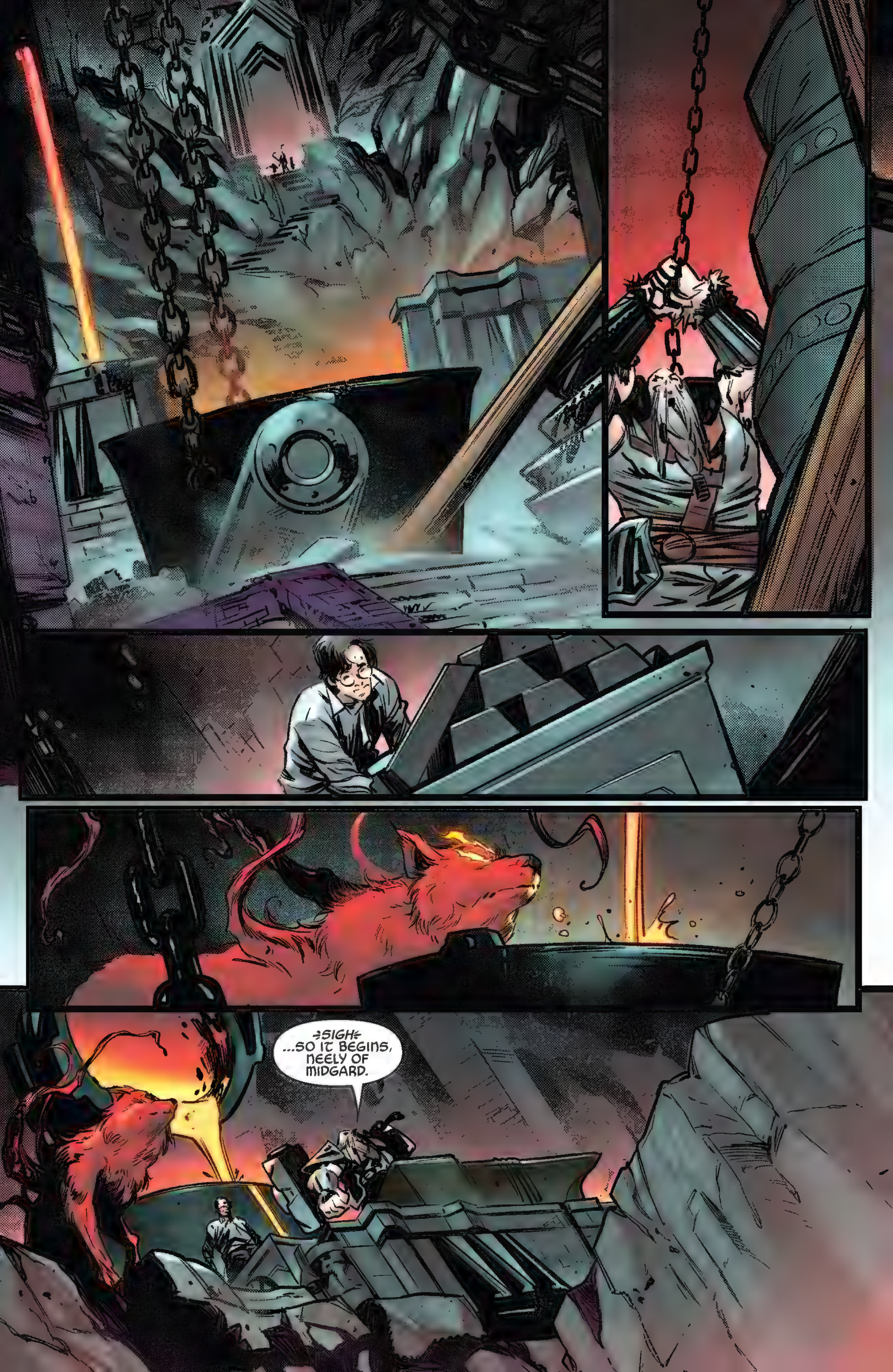

I AM DRORIN RUNEHEWER. SON OF BODRI AND DUNA. BROTHER TO EITRI FORGEMASTER.
EITRI, THE KING OF THE DWARVES, MY DEAR SIBLING--UPON WHOSE WORD I WAS IMPRISONED HERE FOR SPEAKING THE TRUTH THAT HE WAS TOO MUCH OF A COWARD TO FACE.
THE TRUTH?
THAT THE FORGE NEEDED TO BE DESTROYED. ITS FIRES QUELLED AND ITS HAMMERS AND ANVILS MOLTEN DOWN TO FAR MORE USEFUL THINGS.
"FOR TOO LONG, THE GODS HAD USED OUR FORGE AND OUR SKILL TO MAKE THEIR TOYS.
"INSTRUMENTS OF SUCH POWER AND BEAUTY USED LIKE PLAYTHINGS IN THE PURSUIT OF PETTY AMBITIONS OR AS IMPLEMENTS OF INSIGNIFICANT SQUABBLES. GRANDIOSE FIGURINES MASHING AGAINST EACH OTHER IN ENDLESS AND POINTLESS CONFLICT.
"I WAS NOT SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT IT WAS ONE OF OUR WEAPONS THAT DESTROYED THE FORGE IN THE END. THAT IT WAS ONE OF OURS THAT ENDED EITRI'S LIFE."
I WAS ALWAYS A MORE TALENTED CRAFTSMAN THAN MY BROTHER. HE SHOULD'VE LISTENED.
BUT HE WAS THE BETTER MERCHANT AND COULDN'T SAY NO TO THE NEXT PROPOSITION.
SO, I HELD THEN THAT THE FORGE MUST BE DESTROYED.
WHY THE HEL WOULD I HELP YOU NOW?

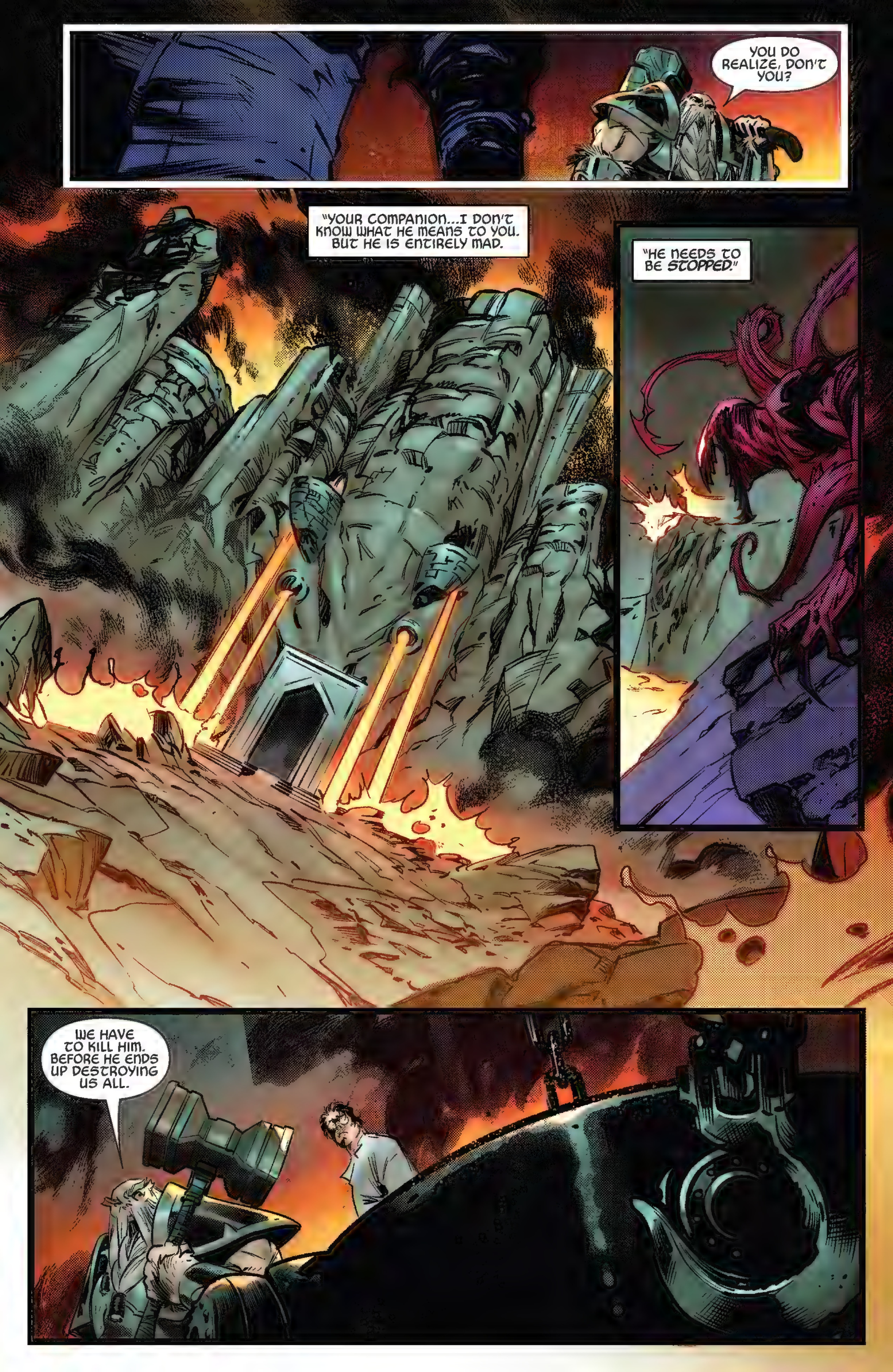

HMMM... I LIKE YOU DRORIN, SON OF BODRI.
I TEND TO HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR PEOPLE WILLING TO DIE FOR THEIR CONVICTIONS.
ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'VE HAD THIRSTY LITTLE WARMONGERS BREAK DOWN YOUR DOOR IN PURSUIT OF SILLY THINGS. I UNDERSTAND.
YOU MISTAKE ME FOR ONE OF THEM. ONE OF YOUR...GODS.
BUT MY AMBITIONS, LIKE YOURS, ARE THOSE OF A CRAFTSMAN. I'M NOT HERE TO PARTAKE IN PETTY SQUABBLES.
I AM HERE TO KILL THEM ALL AND WHEN THERE ARE NONE LEFT...TO KILL SOME MORE.
YOU WANT A REASON TO HELP ME?
I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A WEAPON. THE GREATEST BLADE WHOSE SINGULAR PURPOSE IS...
...CARNAGE.
TELL ME, DRORIN RUNEHEWER... WHAT GREATER AMBITION EXISTS FOR A WEAPON THAN TO KILL?
⫶SIGH⫶ THE FORGE WILL NEED MATERIALS, AND I WILL NEED AN ASSISTANT.

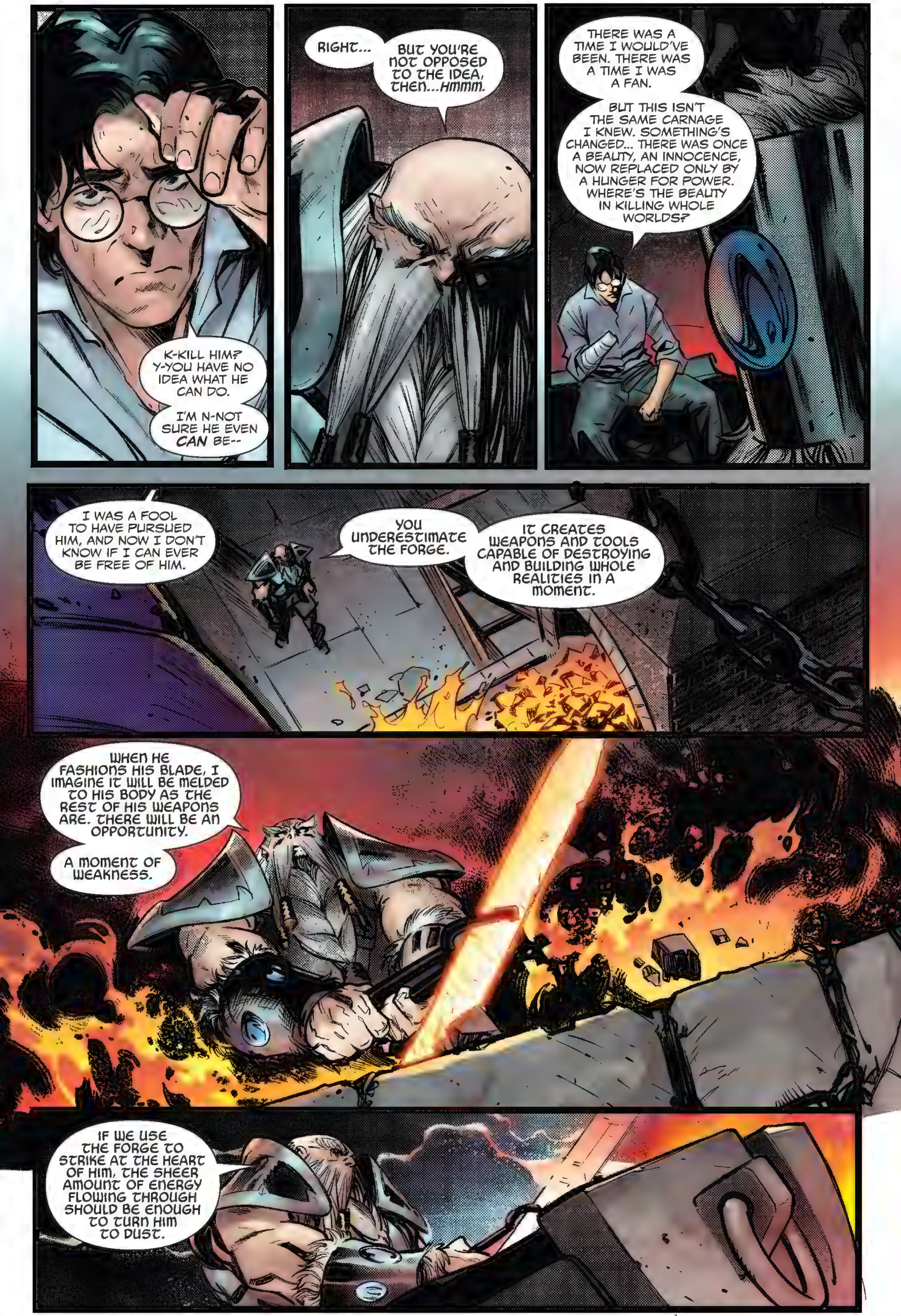

HRVELGEMIR. THE GREAT WELL.
YOU SEE, JON SHAYDE? THIS IS THE PART NO ONE TELLS YOU. THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF ENTITIES IN THIS WORLD AND OURS WITH ALL KINDS OF POWERS.
AND THEY ALL JUST DRONE ON AND ON ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY AND PRUDENCE AND ALL THAT CRAP.
BUT NO ONE EVER TELLS YOU HOW HARD IT IS TO TAKE THAT FIRST STEP, TO SIMPLY HAVE THE WILL TO ACT.
NOW, I'VE NEVER HAD THAT PROBLEM, AND I KNOW I'M NOT THE BEST EXAMPLE... BUT CAN WE PUT ASIDE THE BOY-SCOUT ACT FOR A WHILE AND ADMIT...
...THAT YOU'RE JUST A COWARD?
I GOT YOU TO MALEKITH BEFORE CARNAGE HAD HIM AND YET YOU COULDN'T ACT...OUT OF SOME MISPLACED SENSE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS... THE LIE THAT EVERY GOOD MAN TELLS HIMSELF.
ALL THE BLOOD THAT IS SPILLED FROM THIS MOMENT ON AND EVERY LIFE TORN FROM EXISTENCE...ALL OF IT IS ON YOUR HANDS. IT TICKLES ME TO NO END.

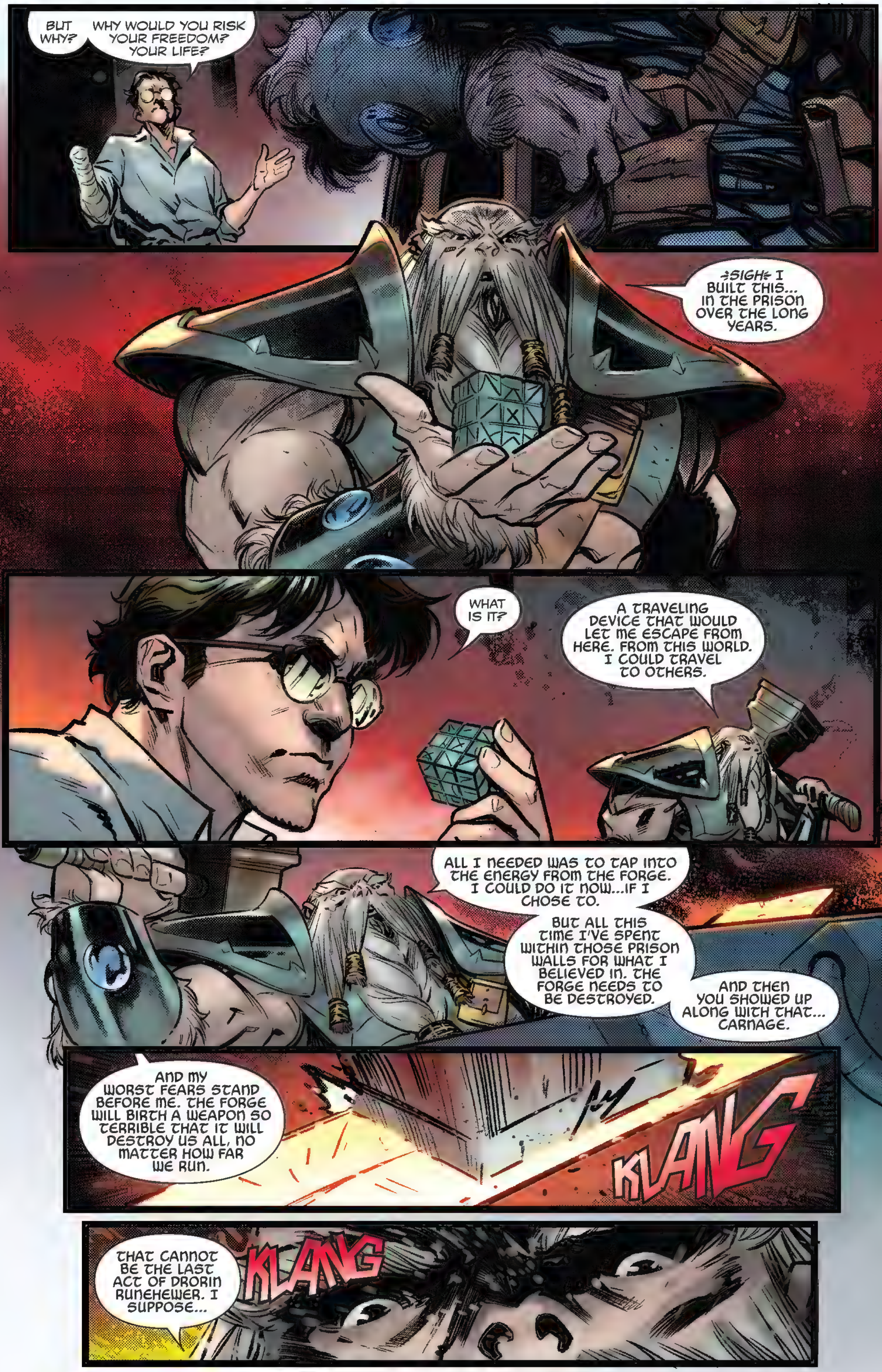

HALT! STRANGER...NONE MAY SET UPON THE HJORTSPRNG WITHOUT HELA'S FAVOR. NONE MAY TAKE TO THE WATER WITHOUT MY OAR.
FOR AGES LONG PAST COUNT, I HAVE KEPT THIS WAY. AND THE WAY SHALL YET BE KEPT.
WELL? JON? NOTHING TO SAY? YOUR SILENCE IS AMUSING. BUT I CAN STILL HEAR YOU THINKING.
LEAVE OR I WILL--

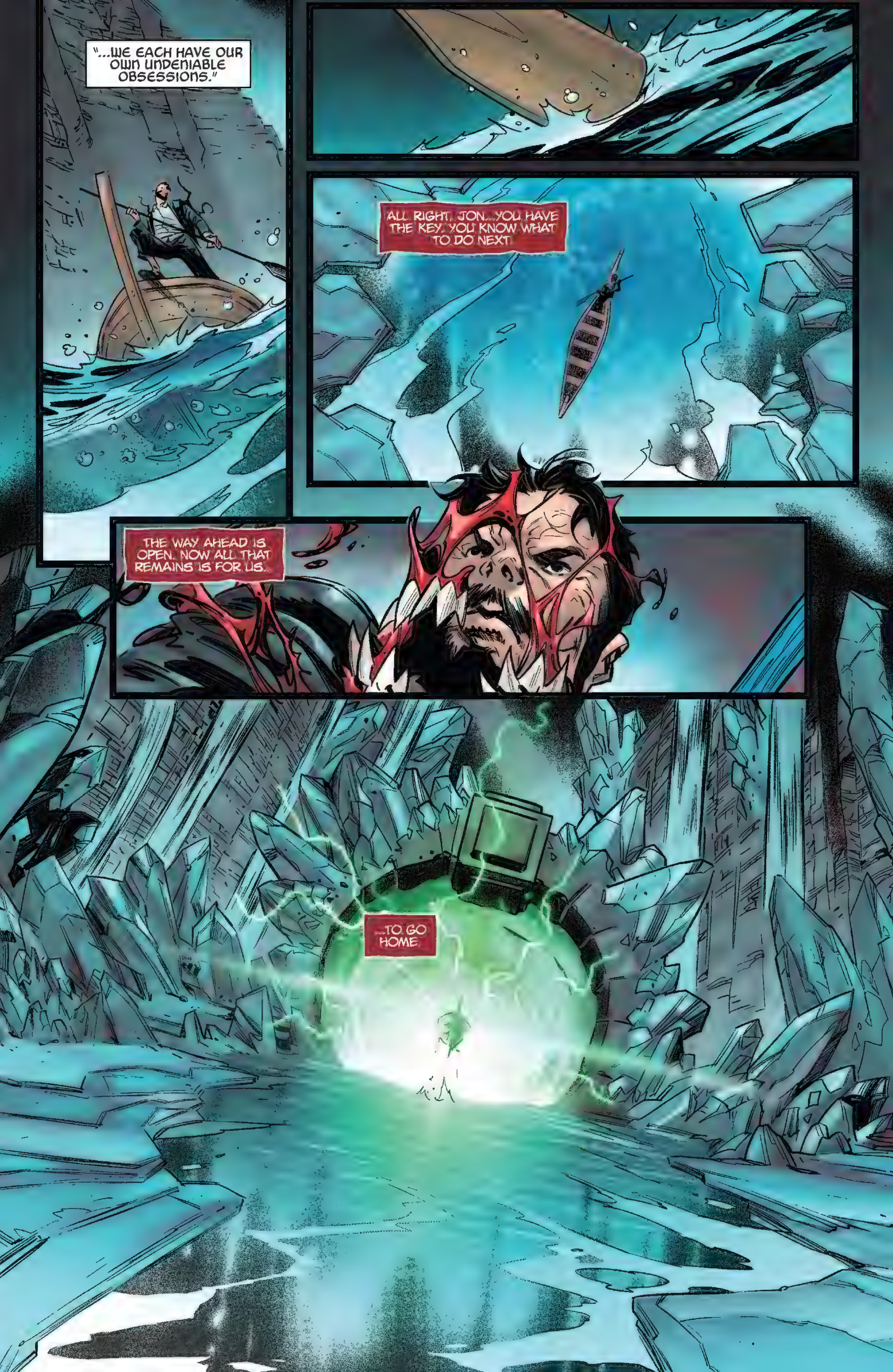

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY? THAT I WAS NAIVE?
THAT I WAS FOOLISH? THAT RIGHT AND WRONG ARE SILLY JUVENILE NOTIONS THAT SEEM MINUSCULE IN THE WAKE OF ALL THE THINGS I HAVE SEEN?
YOU WANT ME TO SAY YOU WERE RIGHT? IS THAT IT?
NO, JON... YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT...
...NOT OUT LOUD ANYWAY.

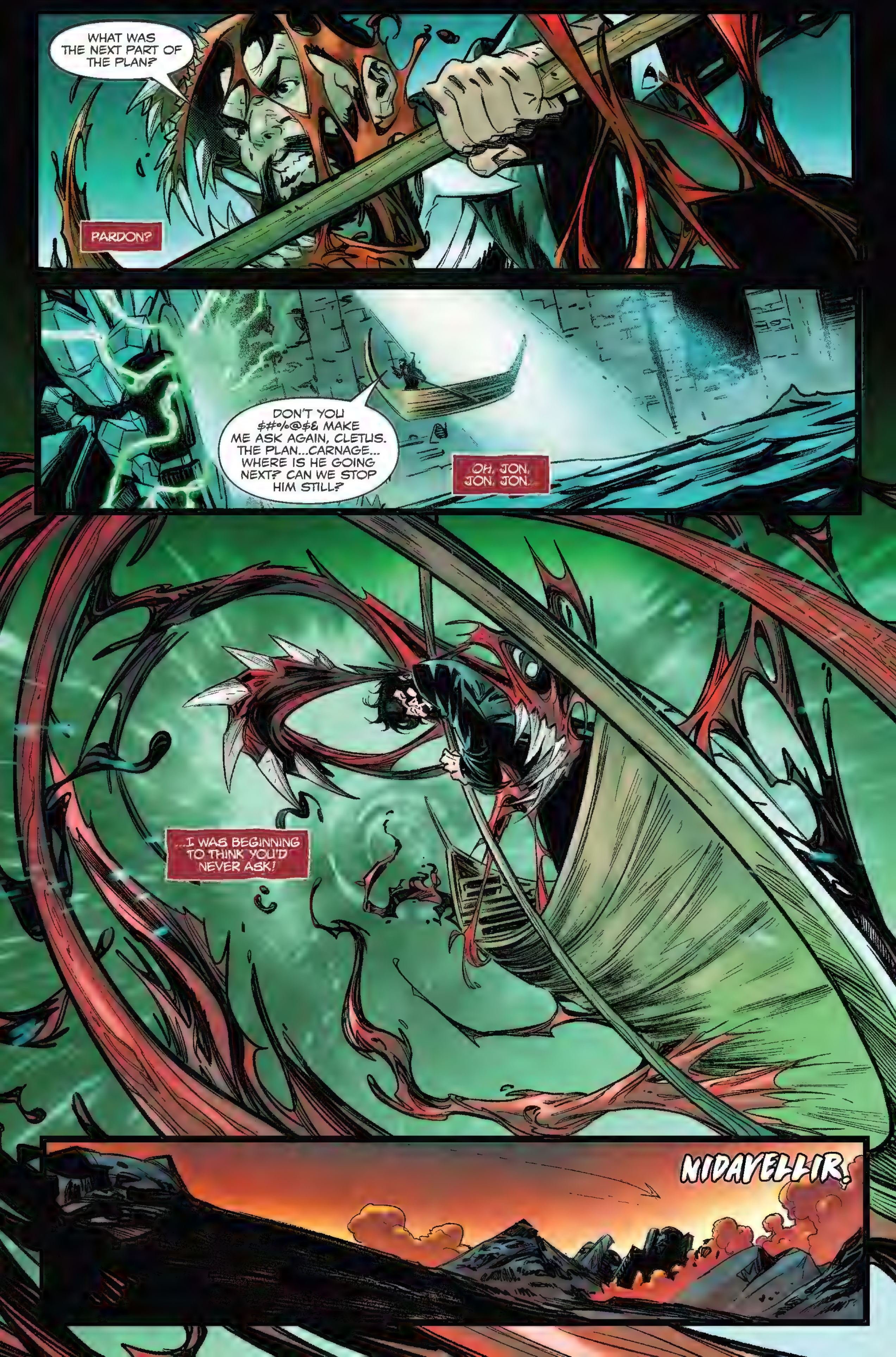

SIGH ...SO IT BEGINS, NEELY OF MIDGARD.

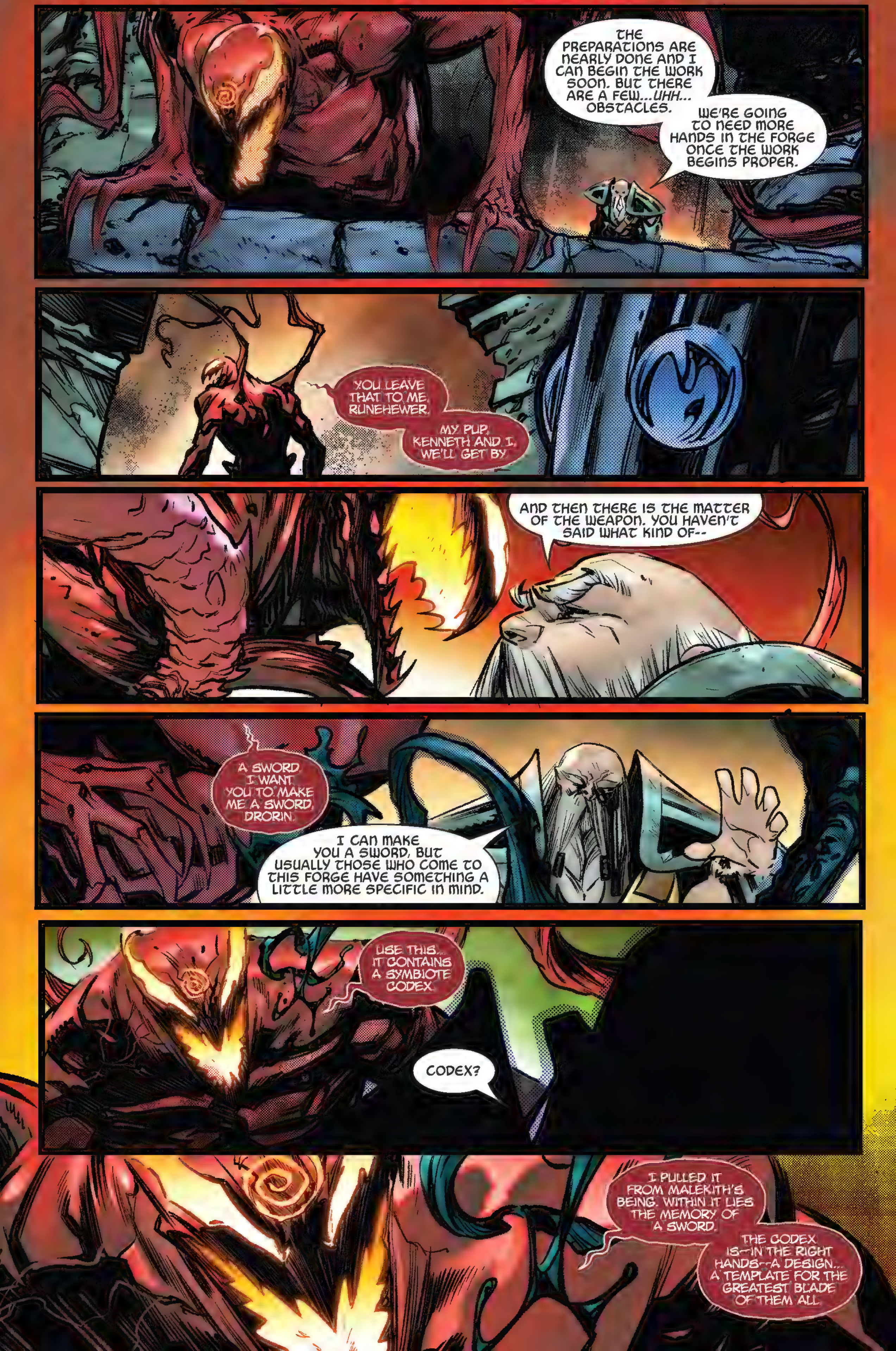

YOU DO REALIZE, DON'T YOU?
"YOUR COMPANION...I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE MEANS TO YOU. BUT HE IS ENTIRELY MAD.
"HE NEEDS TO BE *STOPPED*."
WE HAVE TO KILL HIM. BEFORE HE ENDS UP DESTROYING US ALL.

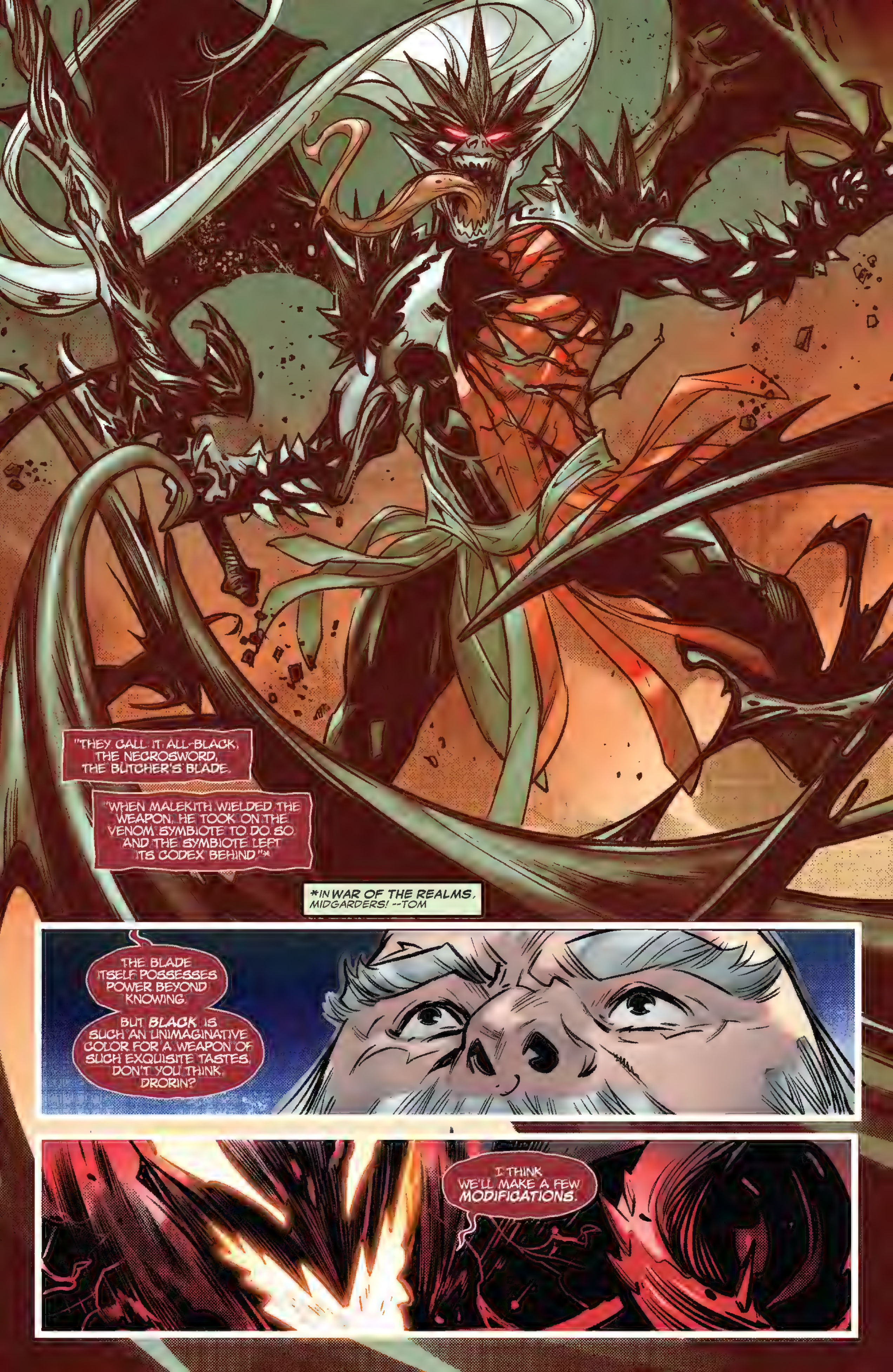

K-KILL HIM? Y-YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE CAN DO.
I'M N-NOT SURE HE EVEN *CAN* BE--
RIGHT...
BUT YOU'RE NOT OPPOSED TO THE IDEA, THEN... *HMMM.*
THERE WAS A TIME I WOULD'VE BEEN. THERE WAS A TIME I WAS A FAN.
BUT THIS ISN'T THE SAME CARNAGE I KNEW. SOMETHING'S CHANGED... THERE WAS ONCE A BEAUTY, AN INNOCENCE, NOW REPLACED ONLY BY A HUNGER FOR POWER. WHERE'S THE BEAUTY IN KILLING WHOLE WORLDS?
I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE PURSUED HIM, AND NOW I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN EVER BE FREE OF HIM.
YOU UNDERESTIMATE THE FORGE.
IT CREATES WEAPONS AND TOOLS CAPABLE OF DESTROYING AND BUILDING WHOLE REALITIES IN A MOMENT.
WHEN HE FASHIONS HIS BLADE, I IMAGINE IT WILL BE MELDED TO HIS BODY AS THE REST OF HIS WEAPONS ARE. THERE WILL BE AN OPPORTUNITY.
A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS.
IF WE USE THE FORGE TO STRIKE AT THE HEART OF HIM, THE SHEER AMOUNT OF ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO TURN HIM TO DUST.


BUT WHY?
WHY WOULD YOU RISK YOUR FREEDOM? YOUR LIFE?
SIGH I BUILT THIS... IN THE PRISON OVER THE LONG YEARS.
WHAT IS IT?
A TRAVELING DEVICE THAT WOULD LET ME ESCAPE FROM HERE. FROM THIS WORLD. I COULD TRAVEL TO OTHERS.
ALL I NEEDED WAS TO TAP INTO THE ENERGY FROM THE FORGE. I COULD DO IT NOW...IF I CHOSE TO.
BUT ALL THIS TIME I'VE SPENT WITHIN THOSE PRISON WALLS FOR WHAT I BELIEVED IN. THE FORGE NEEDS TO BE DESTROYED.
AND THEN YOU SHOWED UP ALONG WITH THAT... CARNAGE.
AND MY WORST FEARS STAND BEFORE ME. THE FORGE WILL BIRTH A WEAPON SO TERRIBLE THAT IT WILL DESTROY US ALL, NO MATTER HOW FAR WE RUN.
KLANG
THAT CANNOT BE THE LAST ACT OF DRORIN RUNEHEWER. I SUPPOSE...
KLANG


"...WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN UNDENIABLE OBSESSIONS."
ALL RIGHT, JON... YOU HAVE THE KEY. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT.
THE WAY AHEAD IS OPEN. NOW ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR US...
...TO GO HOME.

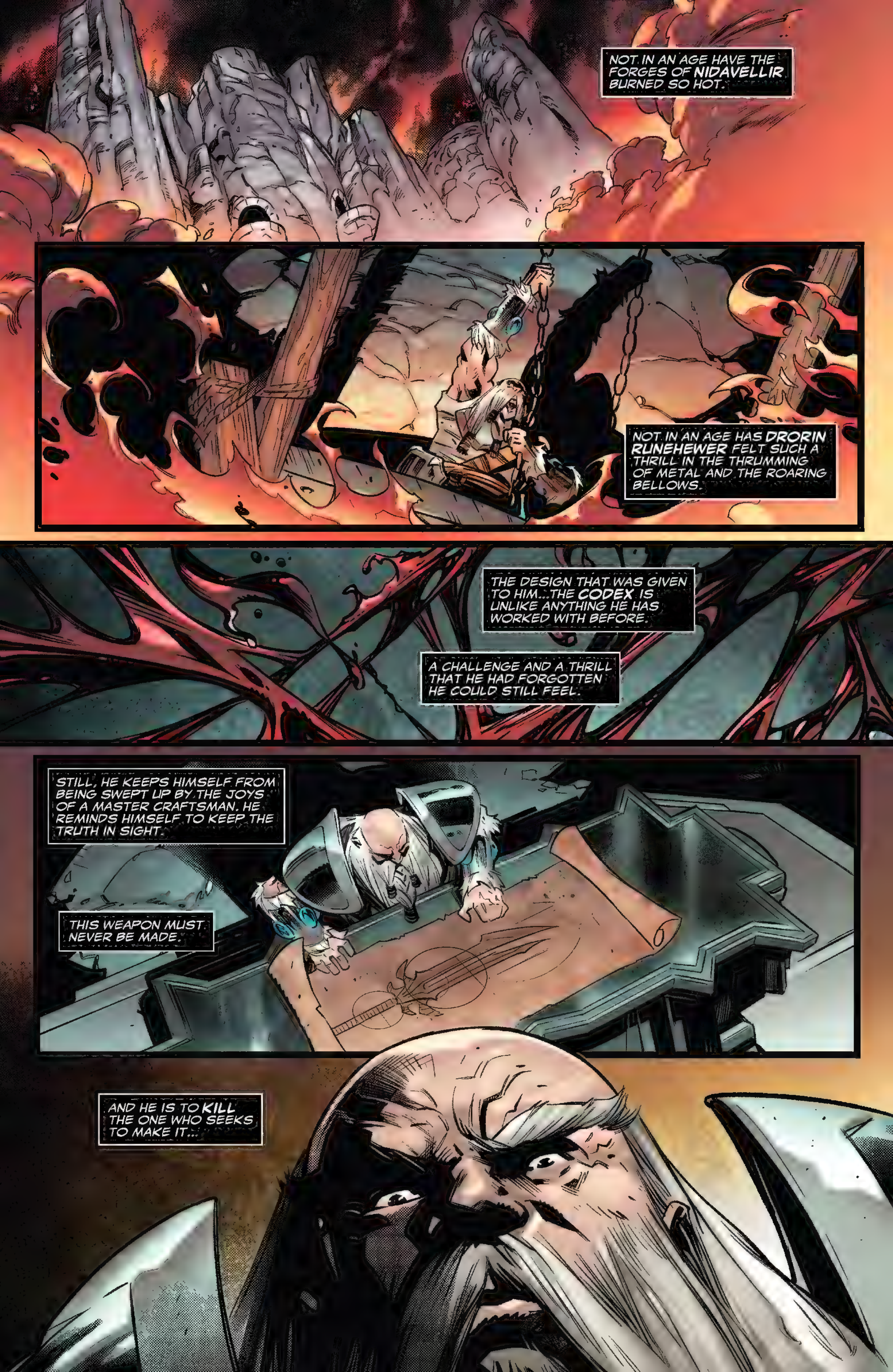

WHAT WAS THE NEXT PART OF THE PLAN?
PARDON?
DON'T YOU $#%@$& MAKE ME ASK AGAIN, CLETUS. THE PLAN...CARNAGE... WHERE IS HE GOING NEXT? CAN WE STOP HIM STILL?
OH, JON, JON, JON.
...I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'D NEVER ASK!
NIDAVELLIR.

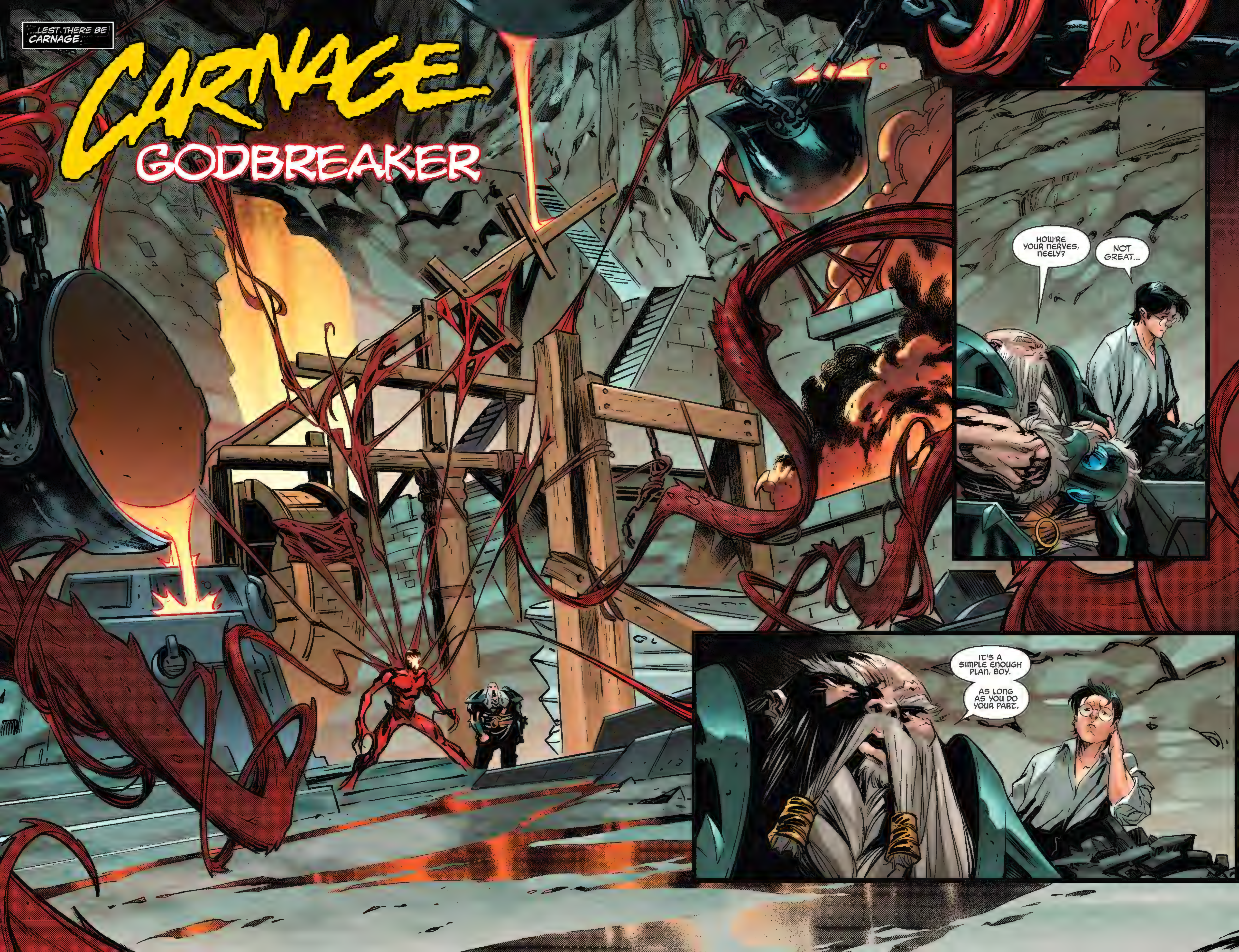

THE PREPARATIONS ARE NEARLY DONE AND I CAN BEGIN THE WORK SOON. BUT THERE ARE A FEW...*UHH...* OBSTACLES.
WE'RE GOING TO NEED MORE HANDS IN THE FORGE ONCE THE WORK BEGINS PROPER.
YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME, RUNEHEWER.
MY PUP, KENNETH AND I, WE'LL GET BY.
AND THEN THERE IS THE MATTER OF THE WEAPON. YOU HAVEN'T SAID WHAT KIND OF--
A SWORD. I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A SWORD, DRORIN.
I CAN MAKE YOU A SWORD, BUT USUALLY THOSE WHO COME TO THIS FORGE HAVE SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC IN MIND.
USE THIS. IT CONTAINS A SYMBIOTE CODEX.
CODEX?
I PULLED IT FROM MALEKITH'S BEING. WITHIN IT LIES THE MEMORY OF A SWORD.
THE CODEX IS--IN THE RIGHT HANDS--A DESIGN... A TEMPLATE FOR THE GREATEST BLADE OF THEM ALL.

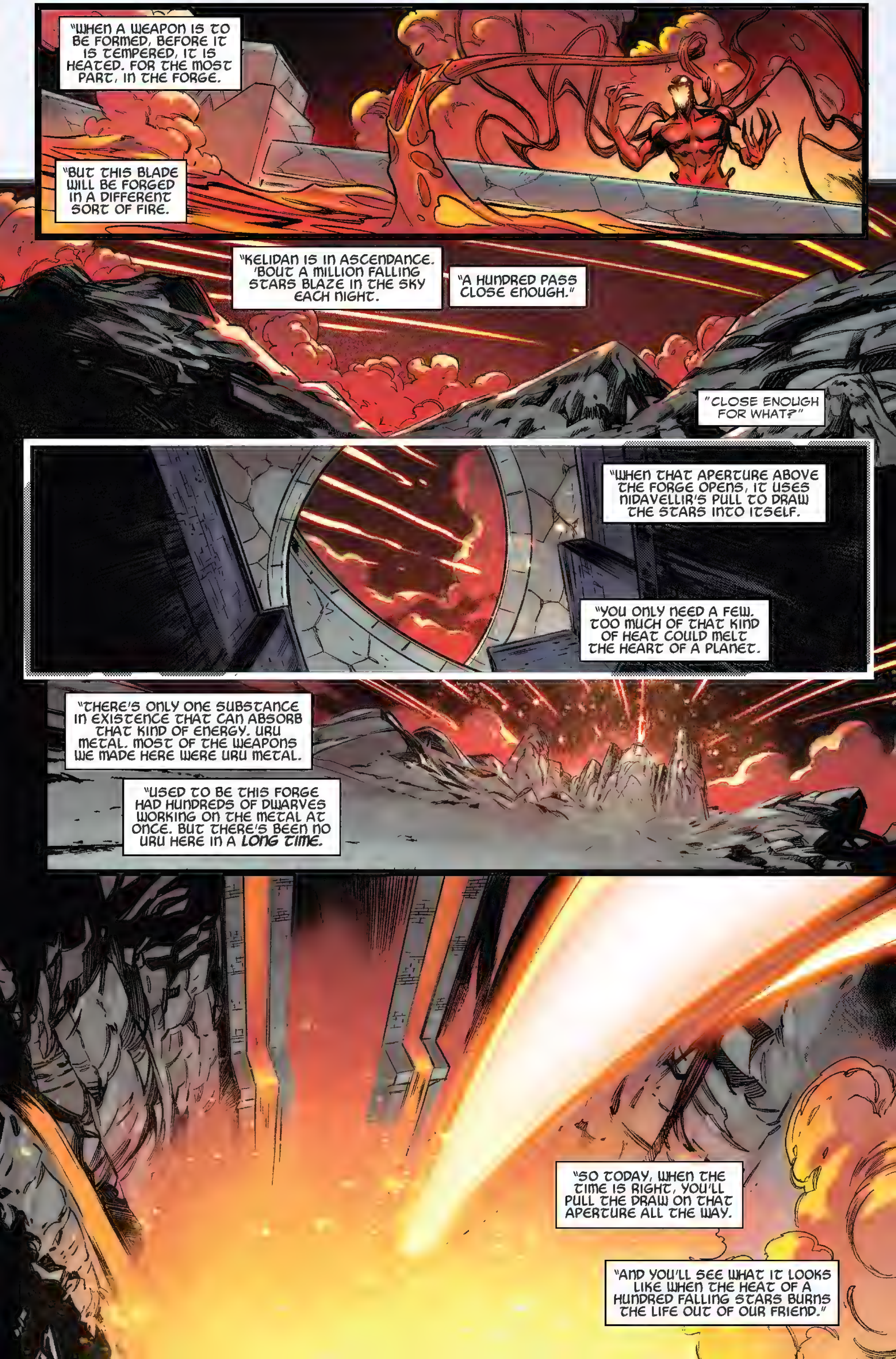

"THEY CALL IT ALL-BLACK, THE NECROSWORD, THE BUTCHER'S BLADE.
"WHEN MALEKITH WIELDED THE WEAPON, HE TOOK ON THE VENOM SYMBIOTE TO DO SO AND THE SYMBIOTE LEFT ITS CODEX BEHIND."*
*IN *WAR OF THE REALMS*, MIDGARDERS! --TOM
THE BLADE ITSELF POSSESSES POWER BEYOND KNOWING.
BUT **BLACK** IS SUCH AN UNIMAGINATIVE COLOR FOR A WEAPON OF SUCH EXQUISITE TASTES, DON'T YOU THINK, DRORIN?
I THINK WE'LL MAKE A FEW *MODIFICATIONS*.

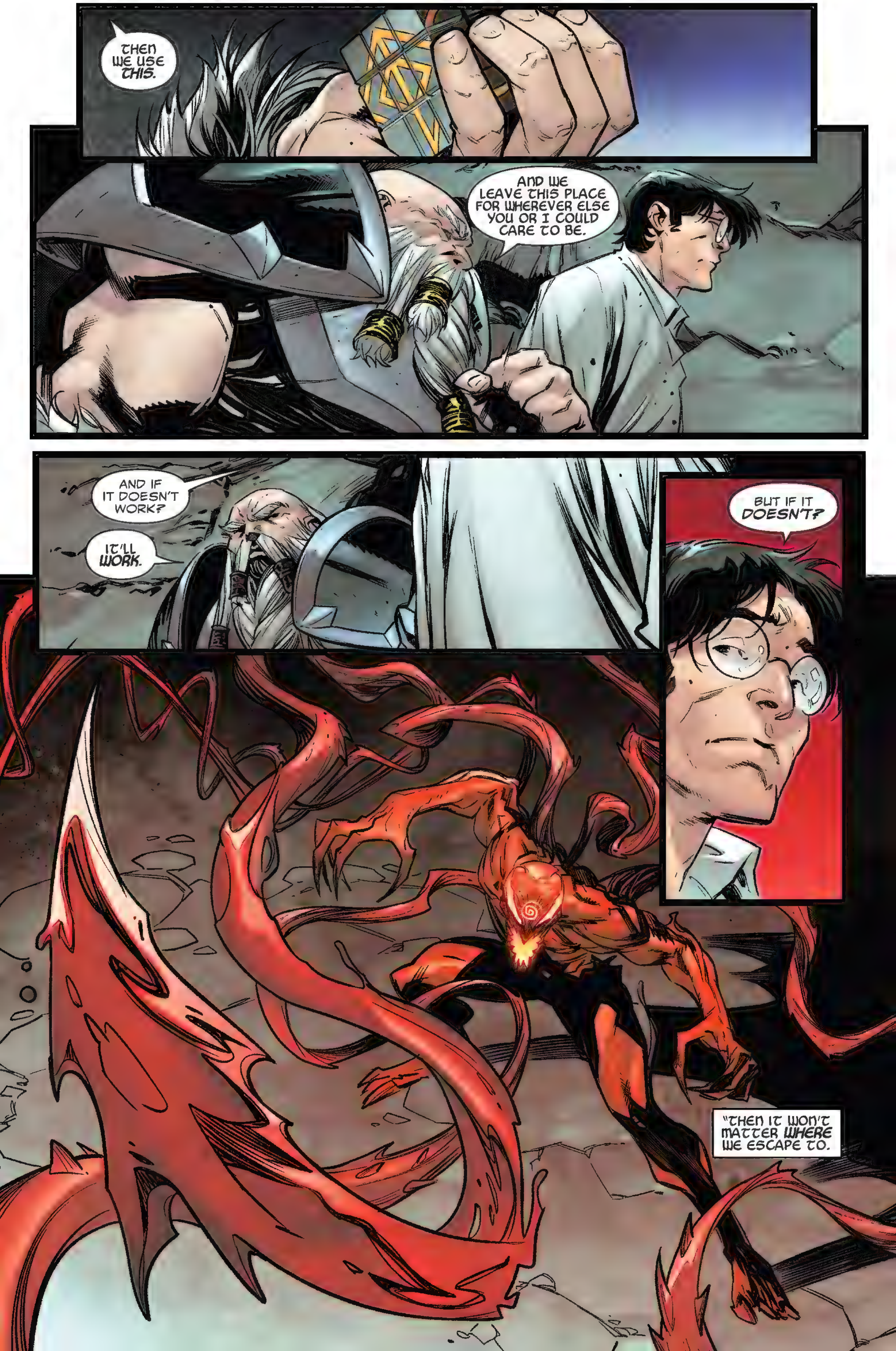
[#7 MIRACLEMAN VARIANT BY] **LEINIL FRANCIS YU**

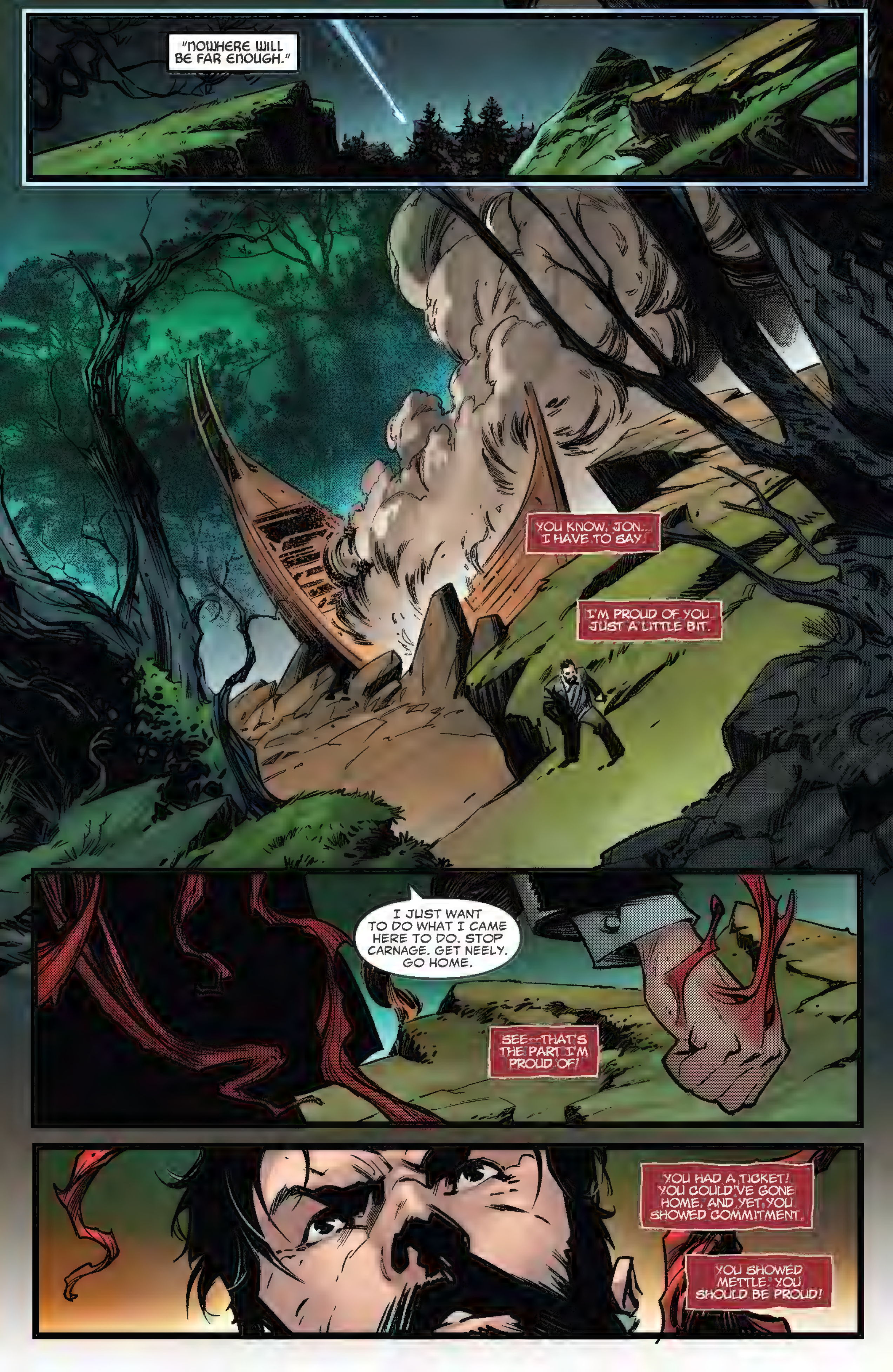
CARNAGE #10 "GODBREAKER"

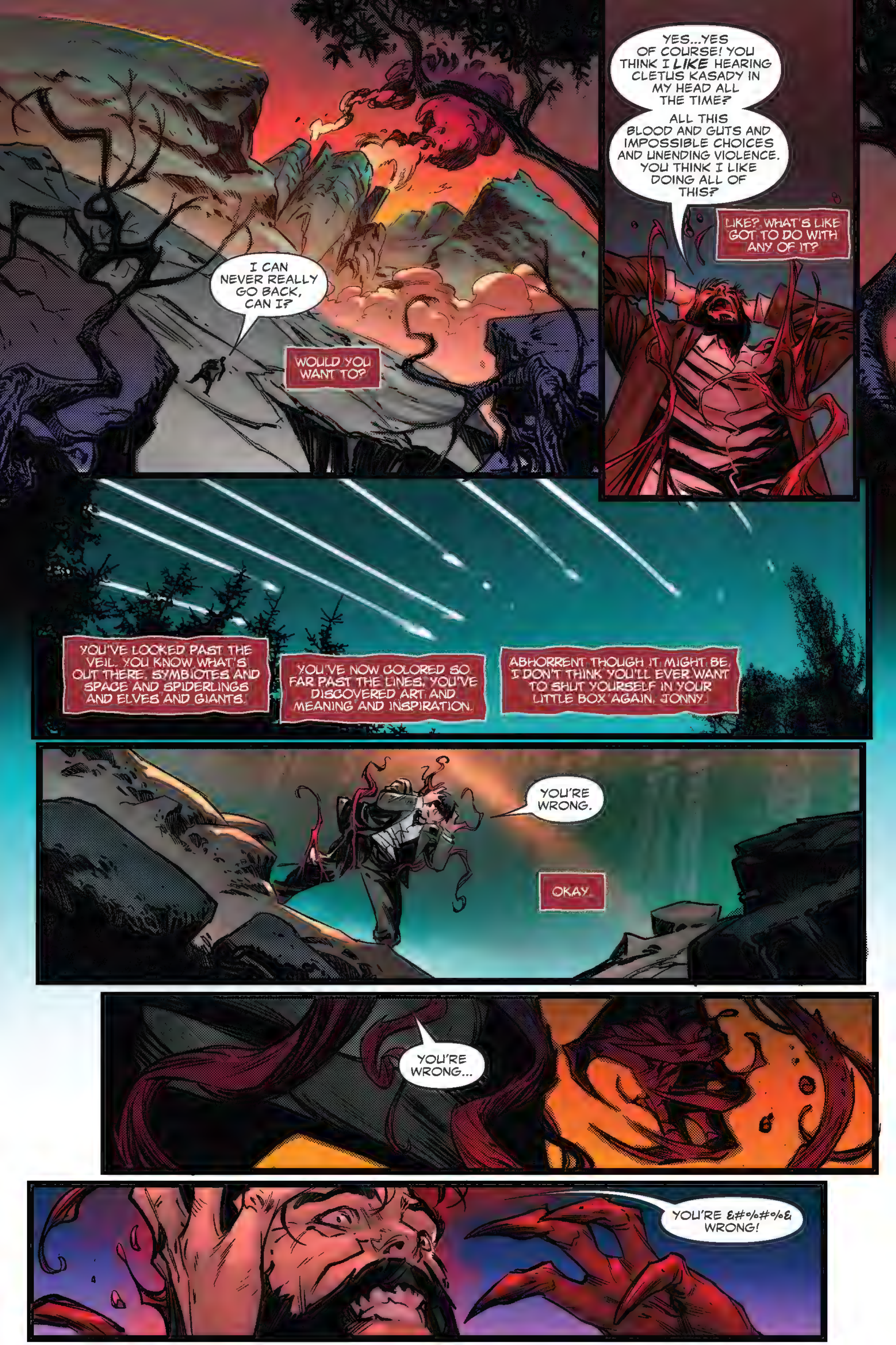

NOT IN AN AGE HAVE THE FORGES OF **NIDAVELLIR** BURNED SO HOT.
NOT IN AN AGE HAS **DRORIN RUNEHEWER** FELT SUCH A THRILL IN THE THRUMMING OF METAL AND THE ROARING BELLOWS.
THE DESIGN THAT WAS GIVEN TO HIM...THE **CODEX** IS UNLIKE ANYTHING HE HAS WORKED WITH BEFORE.
A CHALLENGE AND A THRILL THAT HE HAD FORGOTTEN HE COULD STILL FEEL.
STILL, HE KEEPS HIMSELF FROM BEING SWEPT UP BY THE JOYS OF A MASTER CRAFTSMAN. HE REMINDS HIMSELF TO KEEP THE TRUTH IN SIGHT.
THIS WEAPON MUST NEVER BE MADE.
AND HE IS TO **KILL** THE ONE WHO SEEKS TO MAKE IT...

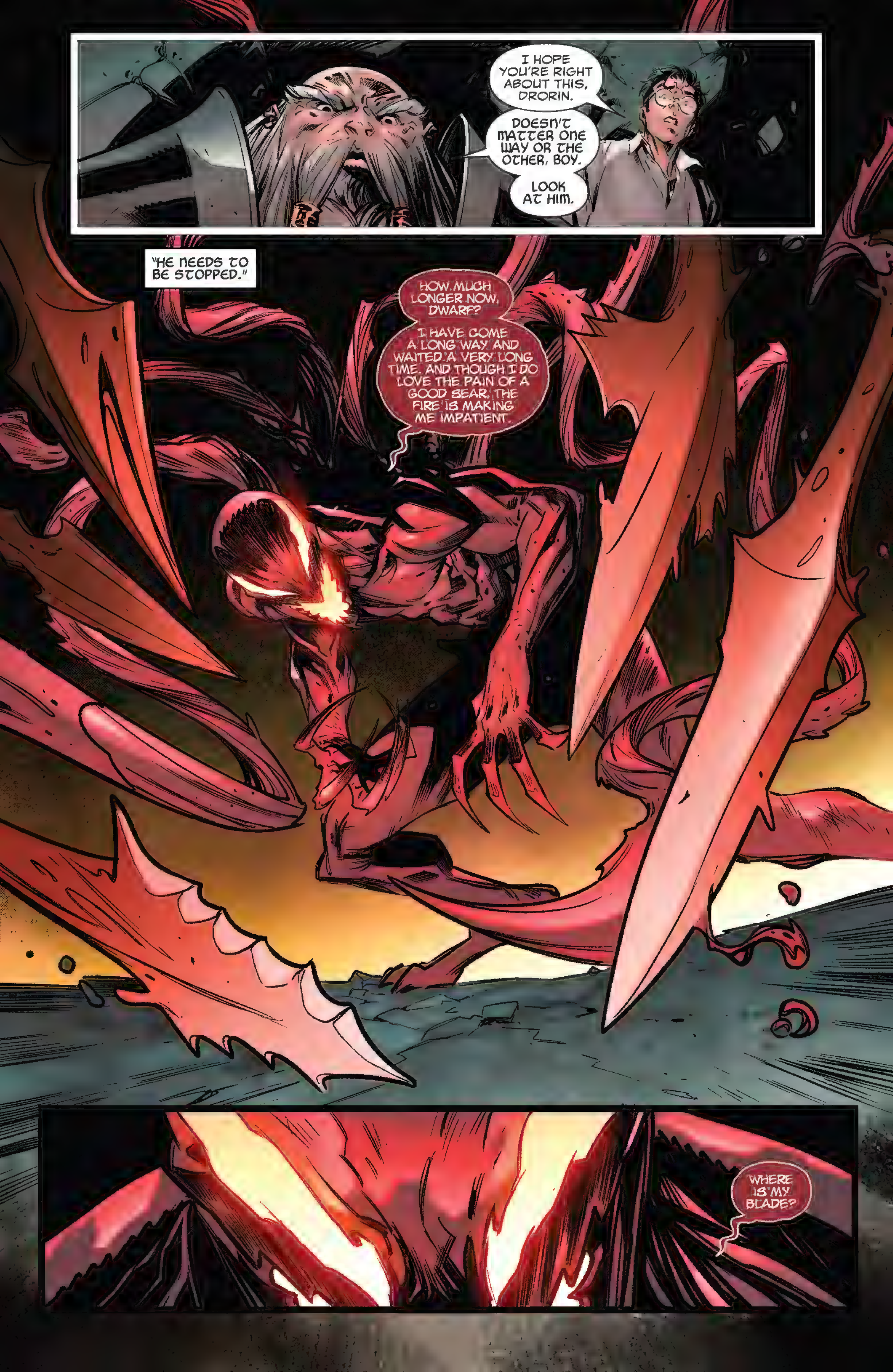

...LEST THERE BE CARNAGE.
CARNAGE
GODBREAKER
HOW'RE YOUR NERVES, NEELY?
NOT GREAT...
IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH PLAN, BOY.
AS LONG AS YOU DO YOUR PART.

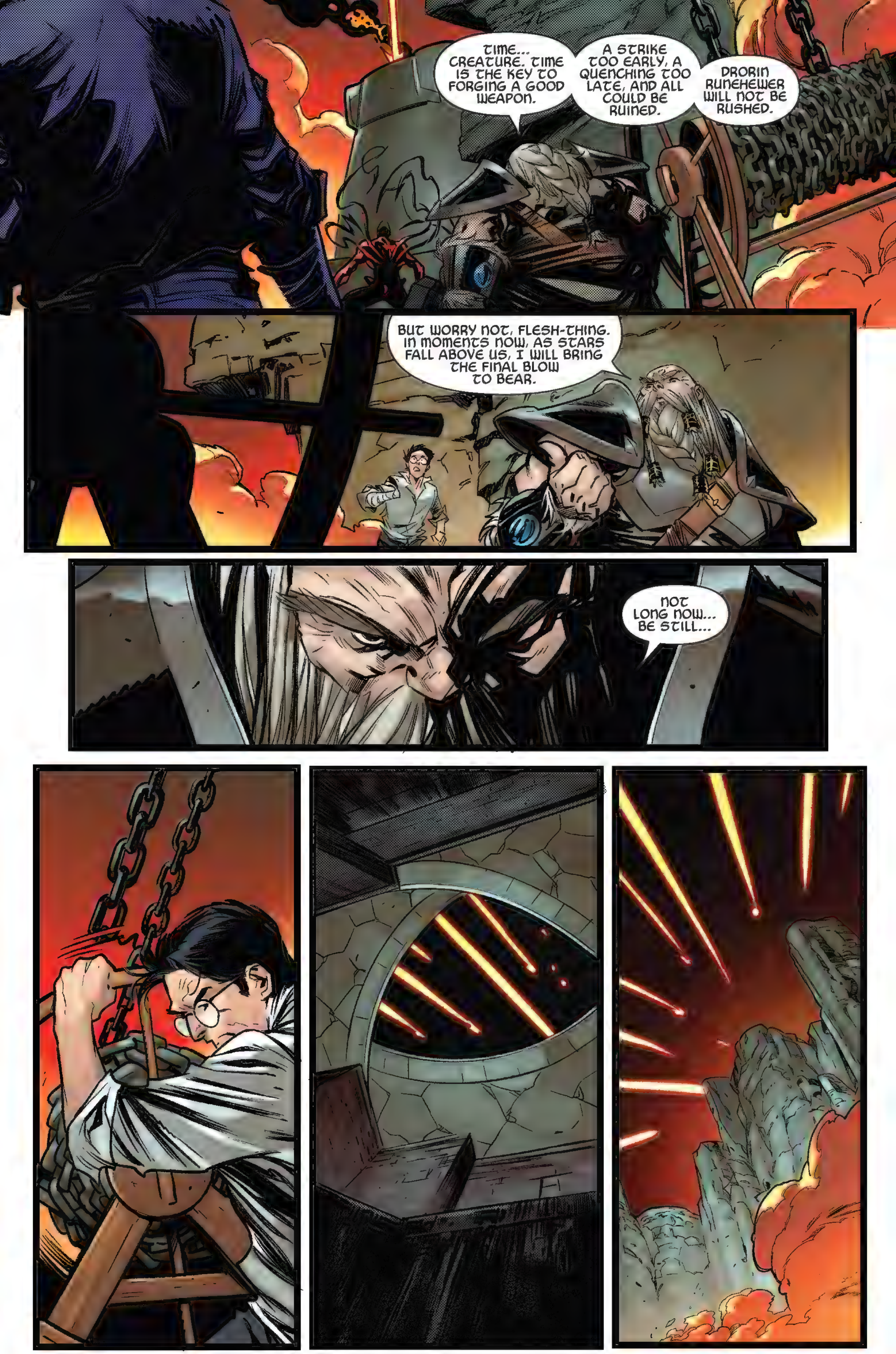

"WHEN A WEAPON IS TO BE FORMED, BEFORE IT IS TEMPERED, IT IS HEATED. FOR THE MOST PART, IN THE FORGE.
"BUT THIS BLADE WILL BE FORGED IN A DIFFERENT SORT OF FIRE.
"KELIDAN IS IN ASCENDANCE. 'BOUT A MILLION FALLING STARS BLAZE IN THE SKY EACH NIGHT.
"A HUNDRED PASS CLOSE ENOUGH."
"CLOSE ENOUGH FOR WHAT?"
"WHEN THAT APERTURE ABOVE THE FORGE OPENS, IT USES NIDAVELLIR'S PULL TO DRAW THE STARS INTO ITSELF.
"YOU ONLY NEED A FEW. TOO MUCH OF THAT KIND OF HEAT COULD MELT THE HEART OF A PLANET.
"THERE'S ONLY ONE SUBSTANCE IN EXISTENCE THAT CAN ABSORB THAT KIND OF ENERGY. URU METAL. MOST OF THE WEAPONS WE MADE HERE WERE URU METAL.
"USED TO BE THIS FORGE HAD HUNDREDS OF DWARVES WORKING ON THE METAL AT ONCE. BUT THERE'S BEEN NO URU HERE IN A *LONG TIME.*
"SO TODAY, WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, YOU'LL PULL THE DRAW ON THAT APERTURE ALL THE WAY.
"AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN THE HEAT OF A HUNDRED FALLING STARS BURNS THE LIFE OUT OF OUR FRIEND."

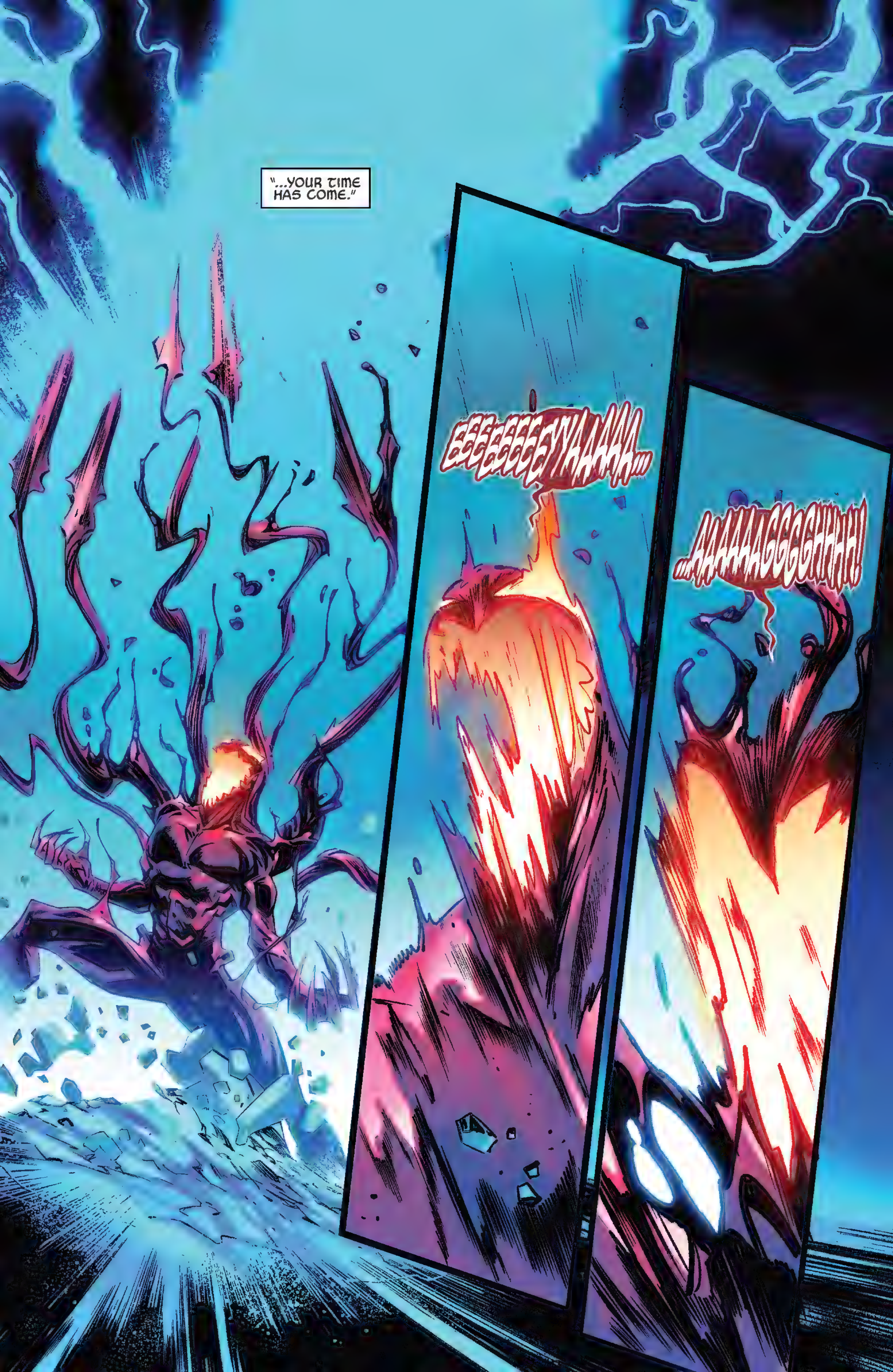

THEN WE USE *THIS*.
AND WE LEAVE THIS PLACE FOR WHEREVER ELSE YOU OR I COULD CARE TO BE.
AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK?
IT'LL *WORK*.
BUT IF IT *DOESN'T?*
"THEN IT WON'T MATTER *WHERE* WE ESCAPE TO.

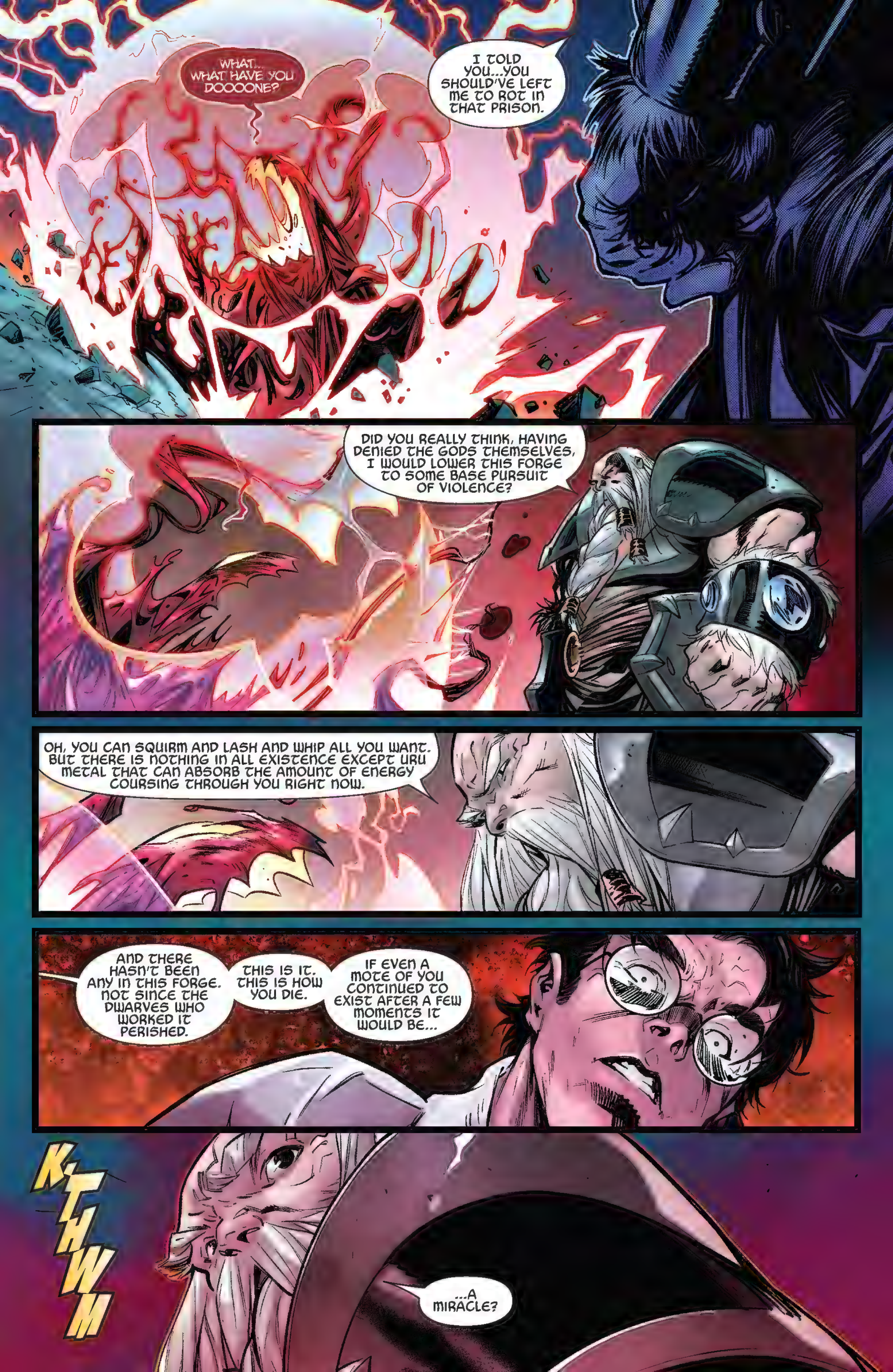

"NOWHERE WILL BE FAR ENOUGH."
YOU KNOW, JON... I HAVE TO SAY.
I'M PROUD OF YOU. JUST A LITTLE BIT.
I JUST WANT TO DO WHAT I CAME HERE TO DO. STOP CARNAGE. GET NEELY. GO HOME.
SEE--THAT'S THE PART I'M PROUD OF!
YOU HAD A TICKET! YOU COULD'VE GONE HOME, AND YET YOU SHOWED COMMITMENT.
YOU SHOWED METTLE. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD!

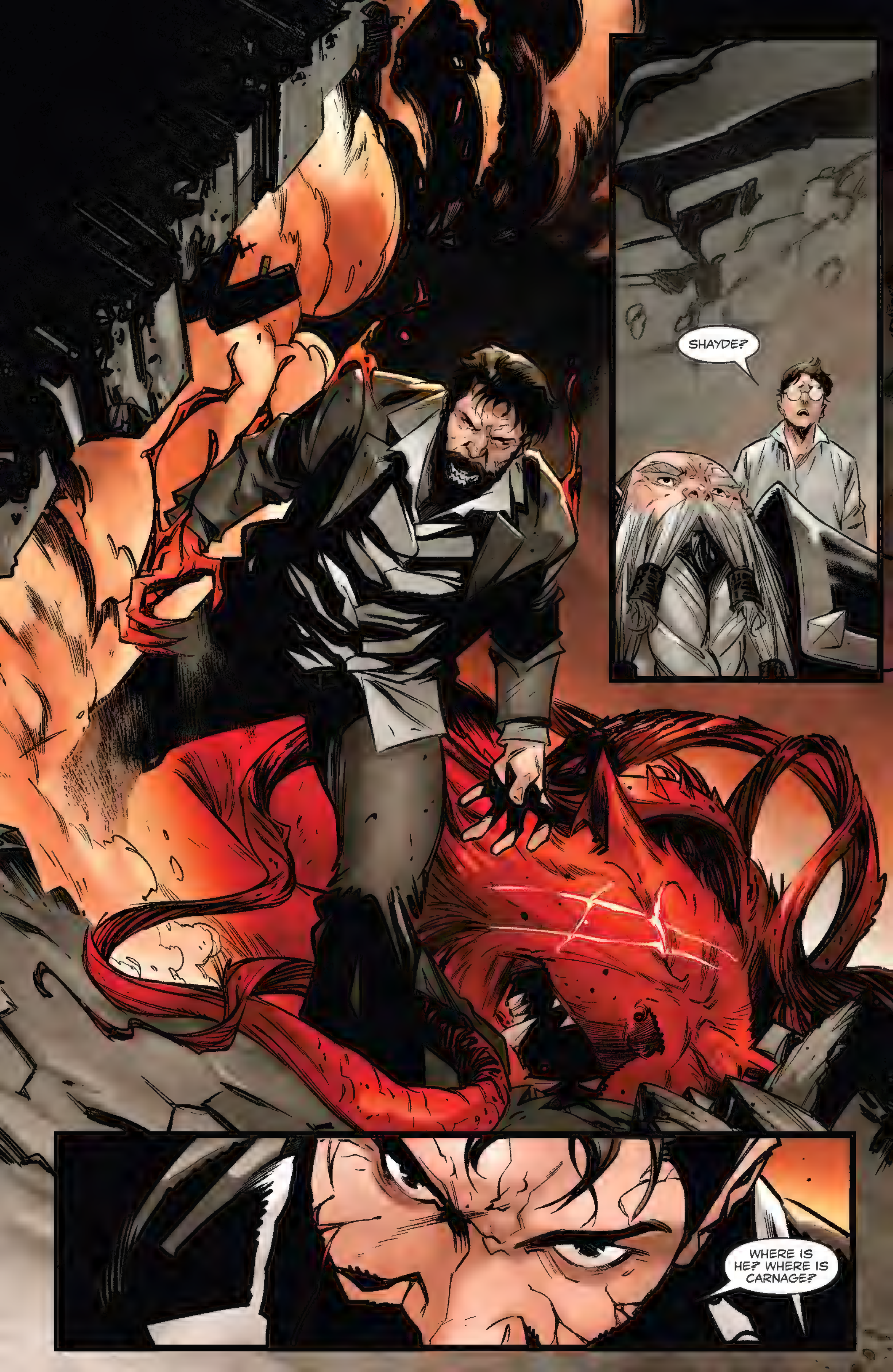

I CAN NEVER REALLY GO BACK, CAN I?
WOULD YOU WANT TO?
YES...YES OF COURSE! YOU THINK I *LIKE* HEARING CLETUS KASADY IN MY HEAD ALL THE TIME?
ALL THIS BLOOD AND GUTS AND IMPOSSIBLE CHOICES AND UNENDING VIOLENCE. YOU THINK I LIKE DOING ALL OF THIS?
LIKE? WHAT'S LIKE GOT TO DO WITH ANY OF IT?
YOU'VE LOOKED PAST THE VEIL. YOU KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE. SYMBIOTES AND SPACE AND SPIDERLINGS AND ELVES AND GIANTS.
YOU'VE NOW COLORED SO FAR PAST THE LINES, YOU'VE DISCOVERED ART AND MEANING AND INSPIRATION.
ABHORRENT THOUGH IT MIGHT BE, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER WANT TO SHUT YOURSELF IN YOUR LITTLE BOX AGAIN, JONNY.
YOU'RE WRONG.
OKAY.
YOU'RE WRONG...
YOU'RE &#%#%& WRONG!

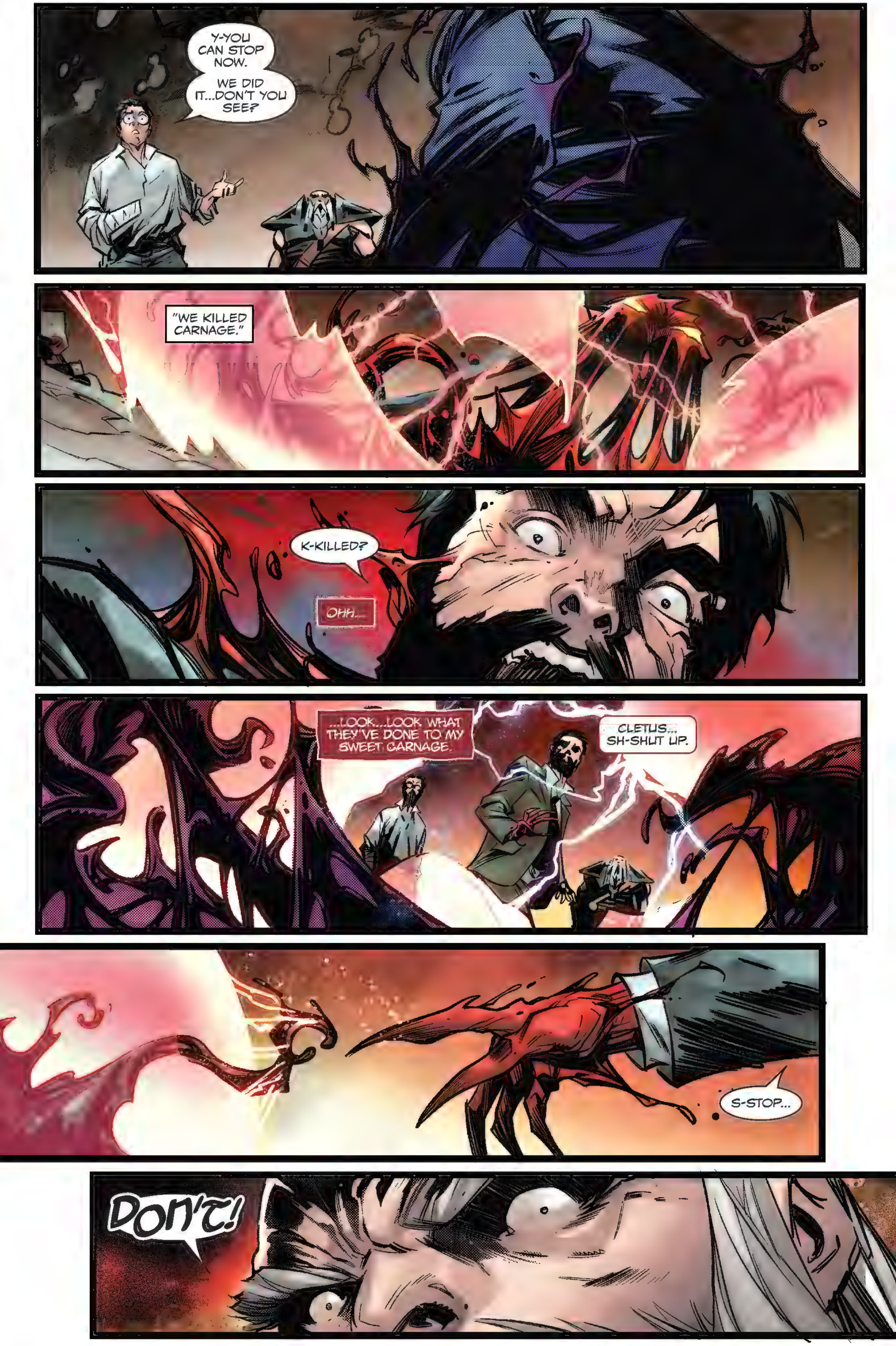

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS, DRORIN.
DOESN'T MATTER ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, BOY.
LOOK AT HIM.
"HE NEEDS TO BE STOPPED."
HOW MUCH LONGER NOW, DWARF?
I HAVE COME A LONG WAY AND WAITED A VERY LONG TIME. AND THOUGH I DO LOVE THE PAIN OF A GOOD SEAR, THE FIRE IS MAKING ME IMPATIENT.
WHERE IS MY BLADE?

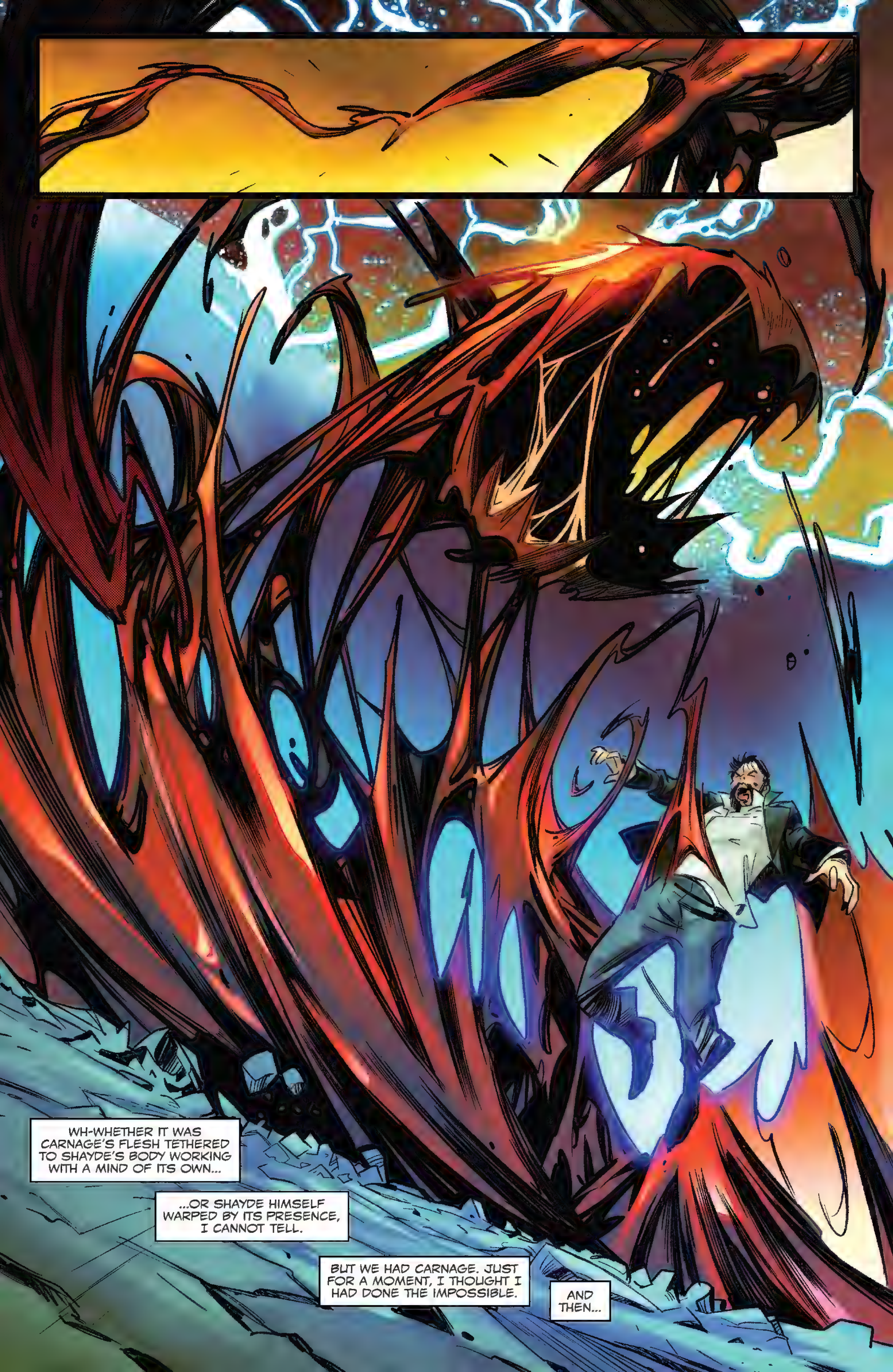

TIME... CREATURE. TIME IS THE KEY TO FORGING A GOOD WEAPON.
A STRIKE TOO EARLY, A QUENCHING TOO LATE, AND ALL COULD BE RUINED.
DRORIN RUNEHEWER WILL NOT BE RUSHED.
BUT WORRY NOT, FLESH-THING. IN MOMENTS NOW, AS STARS FALL ABOVE US, I WILL BRING THE FINAL BLOW TO BEAR.
NOT LONG NOW... BE STILL...

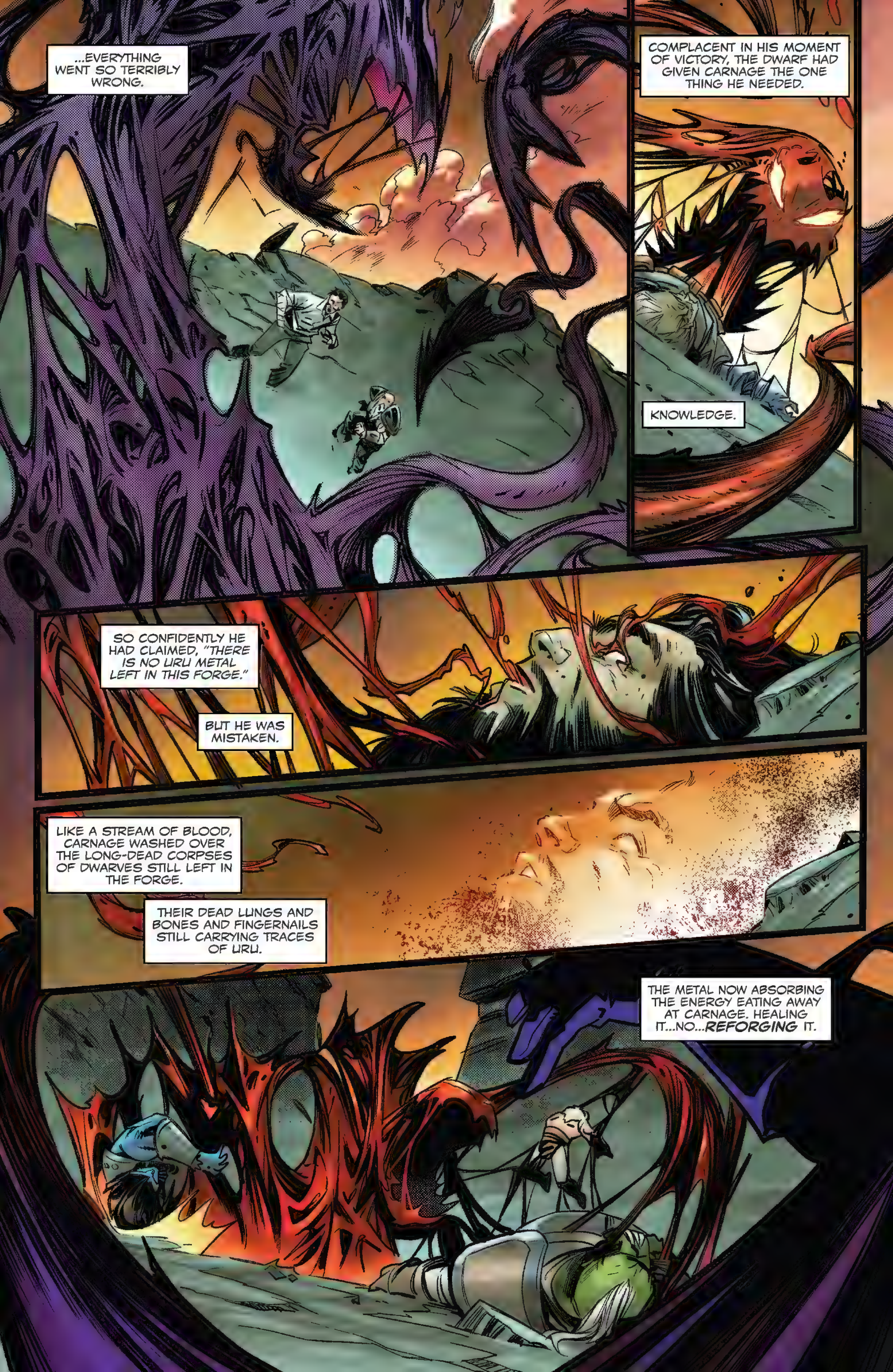

"...YOUR TIME HAS COME."
EEEEEEEEEYAAAAA...
...AAAAAGGGGHHHHH!

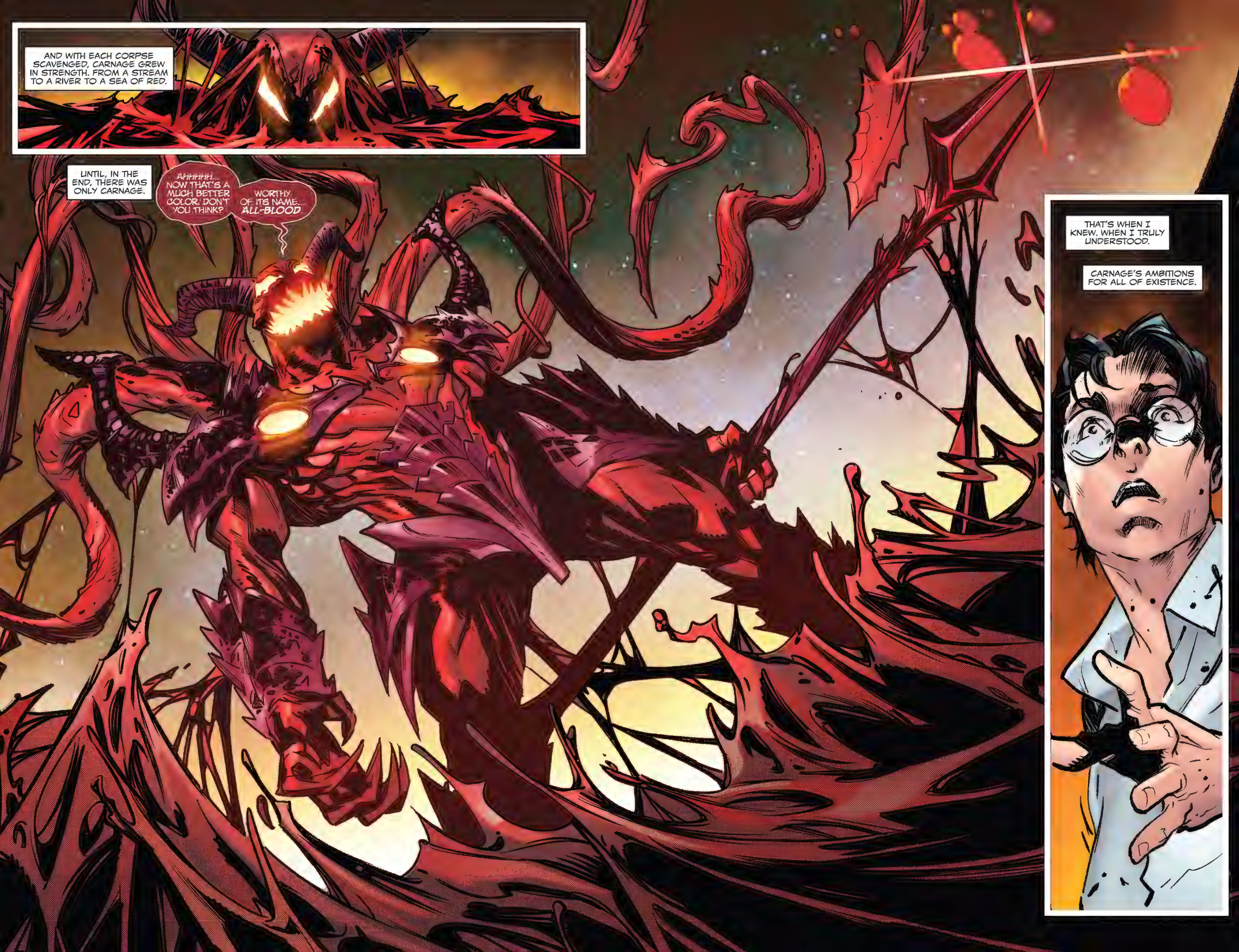

WHAT... WHAT HAVE YOU DOOOONE?
I TOLD YOU...YOU SHOULD'VE LEFT ME TO ROT IN THAT PRISON.
DID YOU REALLY THINK, HAVING DENIED THE GODS THEMSELVES, I WOULD LOWER THIS FORGE TO SOME BASE PURSUIT OF VIOLENCE?
OH, YOU CAN SQUIRM AND LASH AND WHIP ALL YOU WANT. BUT THERE IS NOTHING IN ALL EXISTENCE EXCEPT URU METAL THAT CAN ABSORB THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY COURSING THROUGH YOU RIGHT NOW.
AND THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY IN THIS FORGE. NOT SINCE THE DWARVES WHO WORKED IT PERISHED.
THIS IS IT. THIS IS HOW YOU DIE.
IF EVEN A MOTE OF YOU CONTINUED TO EXIST AFTER A FEW MOMENTS IT WOULD BE...
K-THWM
...A MIRACLE?

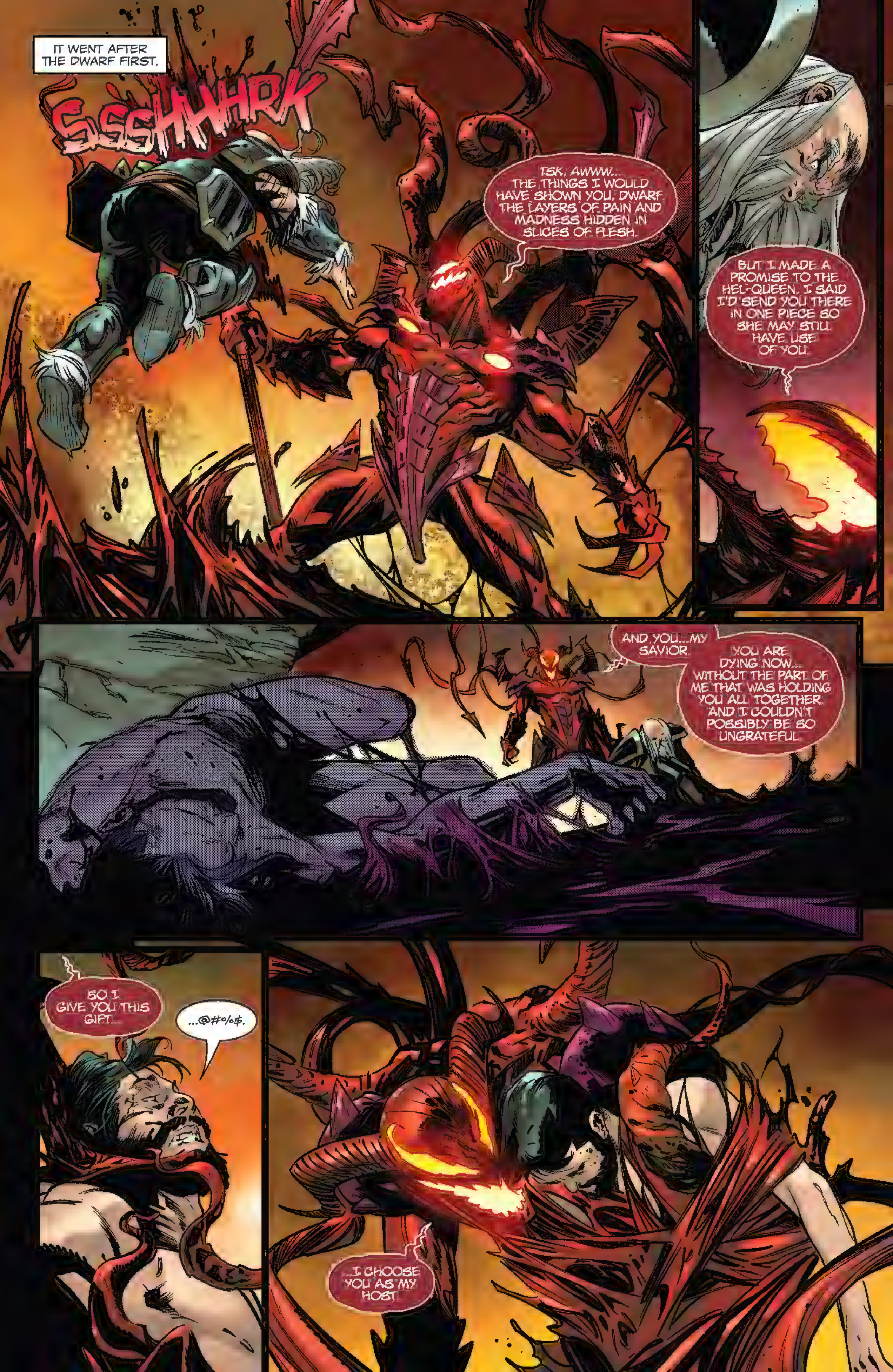

SHAYDE?
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS CARNAGE?

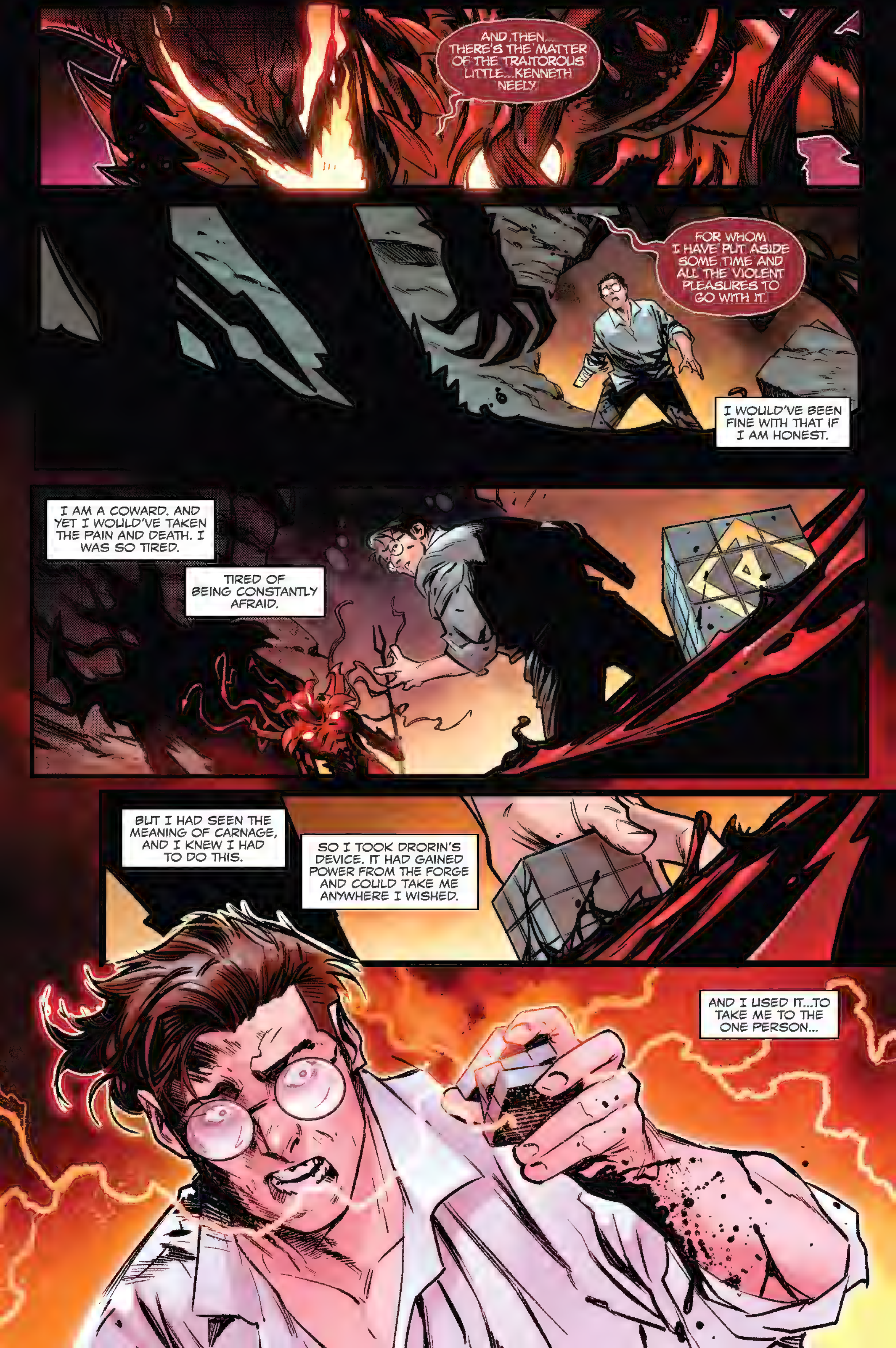

Y-YOU CAN STOP NOW.
WE DID IT...DON'T YOU SEE?
"WE KILLED CARNAGE."
K-KILLED?
OHH...
...LOOK...LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO MY SWEET CARNAGE.
CLETUS... SH-SHUT UP.
S-STOP...
DON'T!

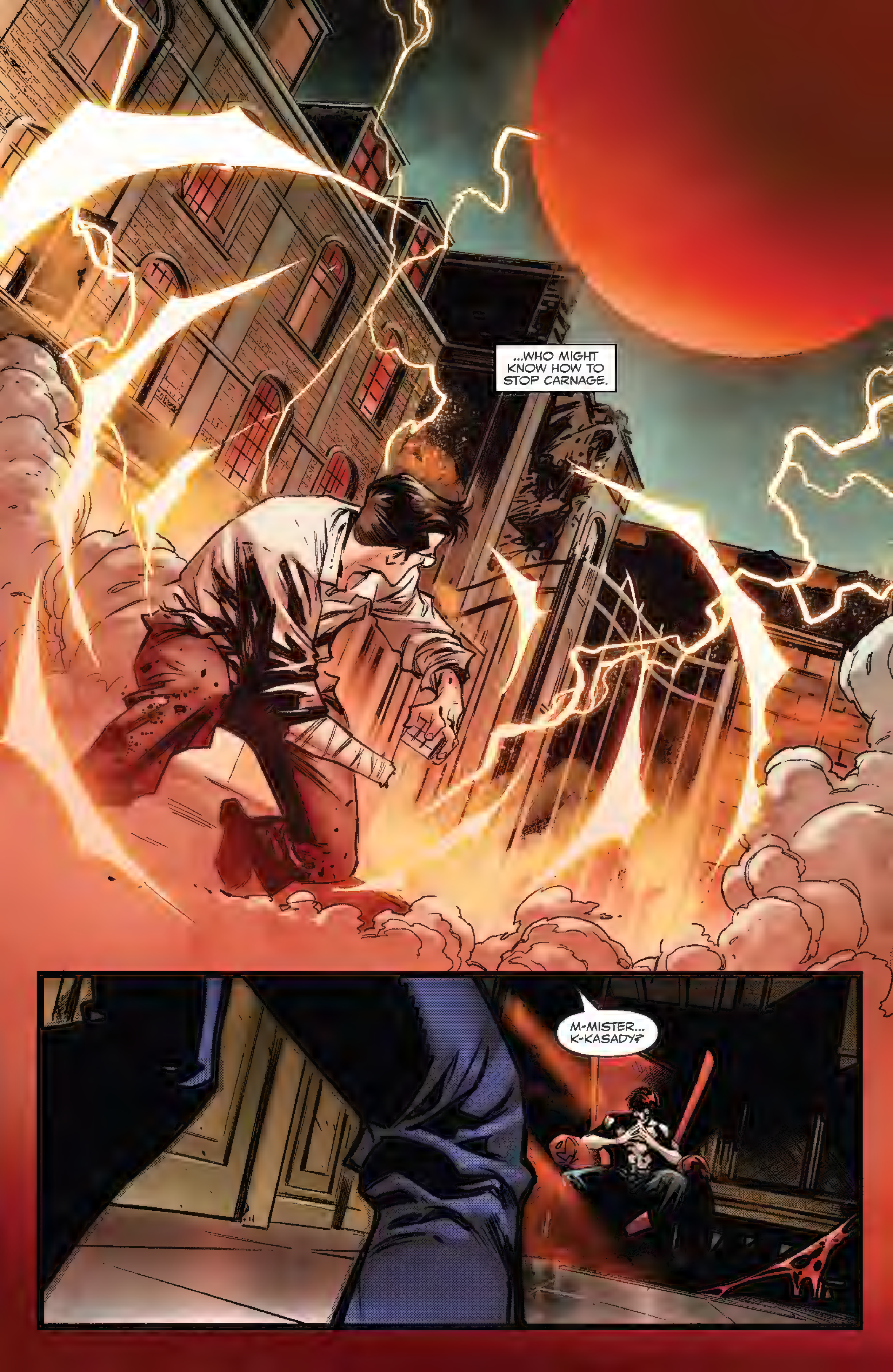

WH-WHETHER IT WAS CARNAGE'S FLESH TETHERED TO SHAYDE'S BODY WORKING WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN...
...OR SHAYDE HIMSELF WARPED BY ITS PRESENCE, I CANNOT TELL.
BUT WE HAD CARNAGE. JUST FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT I HAD DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE.
AND THEN...

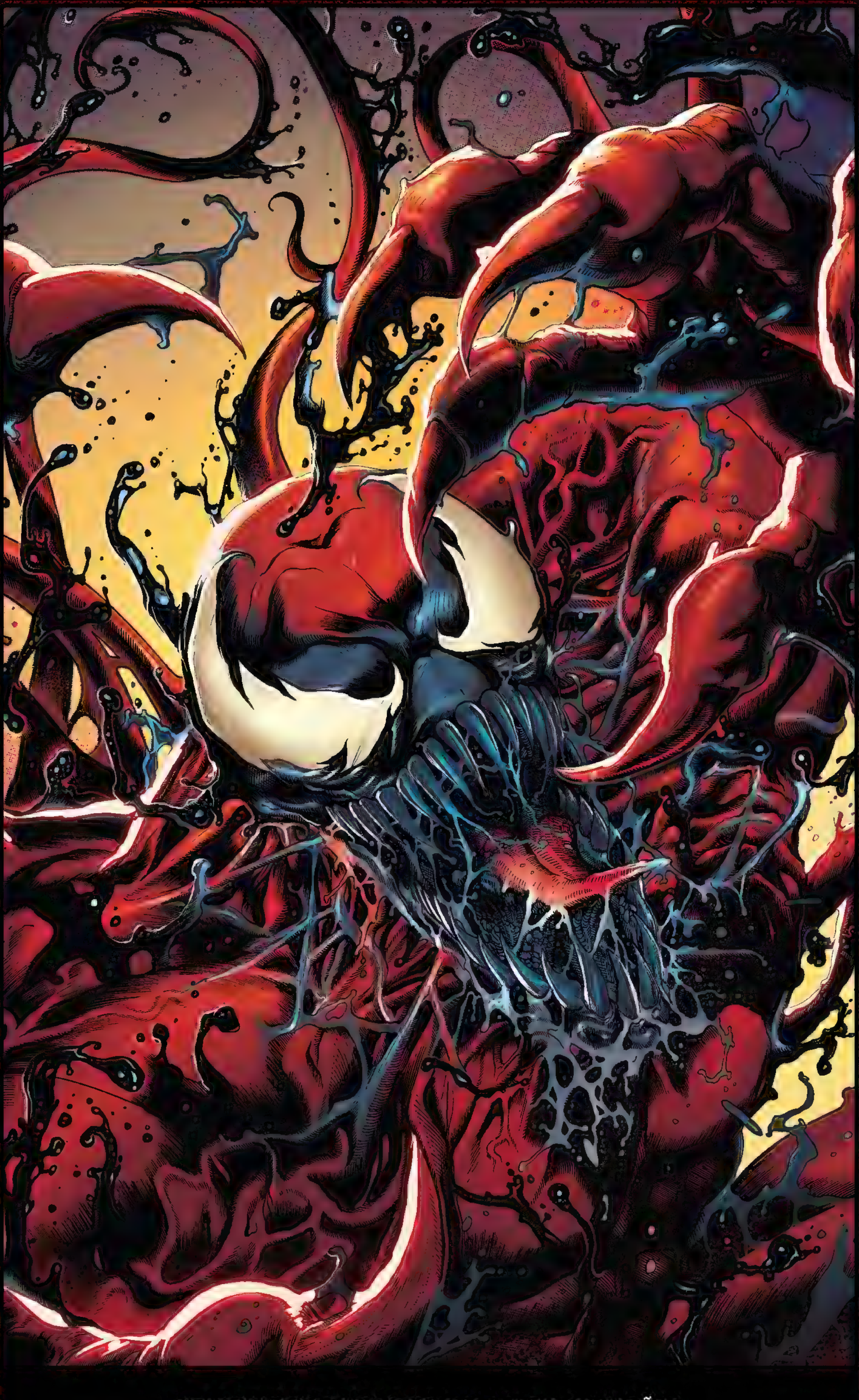

...EVERYTHING WENT SO TERRIBLY WRONG.
COMPLACENT IN HIS MOMENT OF VICTORY, THE DWARF HAD GIVEN CARNAGE THE ONE THING HE NEEDED.
KNOWLEDGE.
SO CONFIDENTLY HE HAD CLAIMED, *"THERE IS NO URU METAL LEFT IN THIS FORGE."*
BUT HE WAS MISTAKEN.
LIKE A STREAM OF BLOOD, CARNAGE WASHED OVER THE LONG-DEAD CORPSES OF DWARVES STILL LEFT IN THE FORGE.
THEIR DEAD LUNGS AND BONES AND FINGERNAILS STILL CARRYING TRACES OF URU.
THE METAL NOW ABSORBING THE ENERGY EATING AWAY AT CARNAGE. HEALING IT...NO...***REFORGING*** IT.


AND WITH EACH CORPSE SCAVENGED, CARNAGE GREW IN STRENGTH. FROM A STREAM TO A RIVER TO A SEA OF RED.
UNTIL, IN THE END, THERE WAS ONLY CARNAGE.
AHHHHH... NOW THAT'S A MUCH BETTER COLOR, DON'T YOU THINK?
WORTHY OF ITS NAME... ALL-BLOOD.
THAT'S WHEN I KNEW. WHEN I TRULY UNDERSTOOD.
CARNAGE'S AMBITIONS FOR ALL OF EXISTENCE.

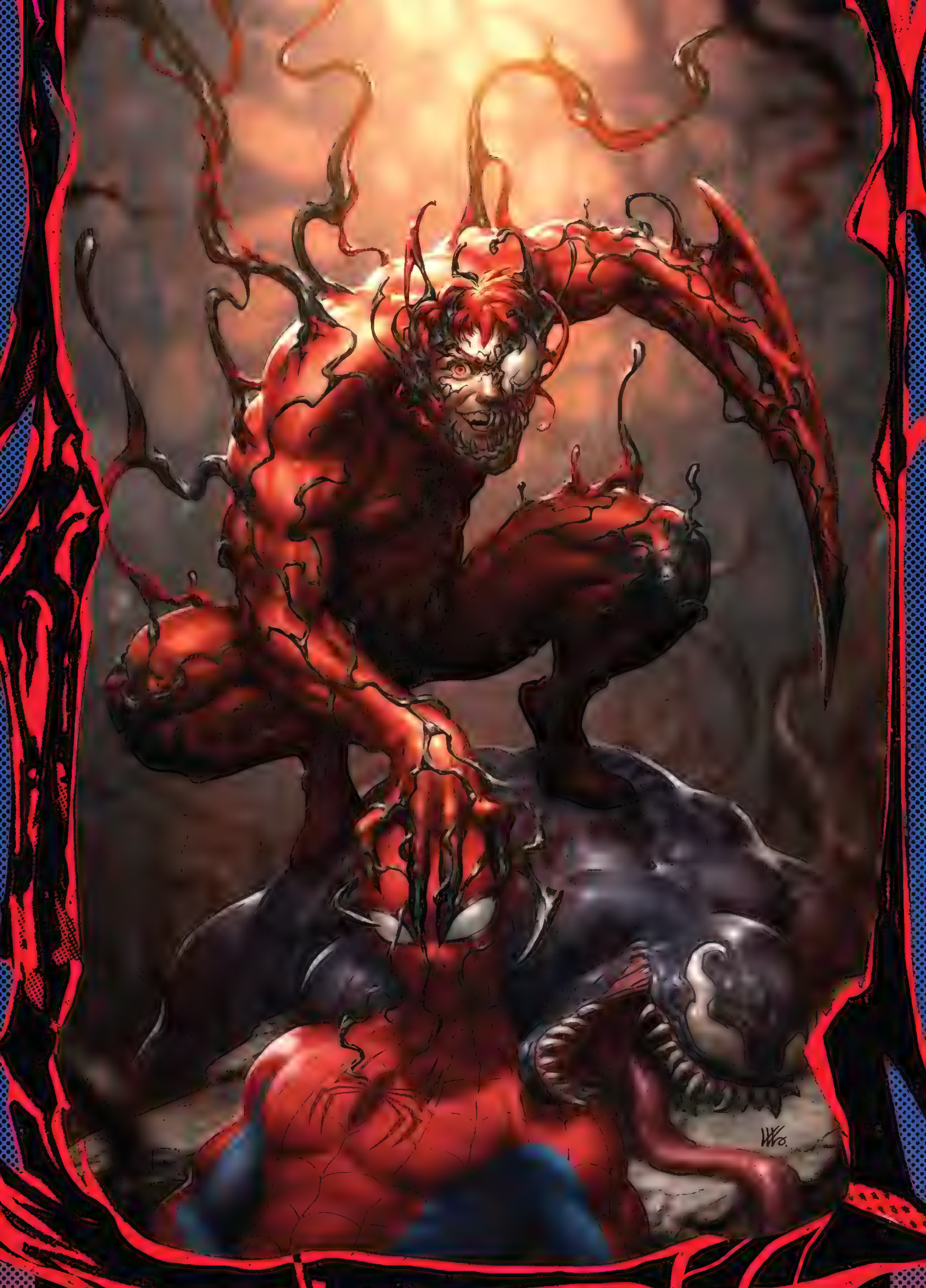

IT WENT AFTER THE DWARF FIRST.
SSSHHHRK
TSK, AWWW... THE THINGS I WOULD HAVE SHOWN YOU, DWARF. THE LAYERS OF PAIN AND MADNESS HIDDEN IN SLICES OF FLESH.
BUT I MADE A PROMISE TO THE HEL-QUEEN. I SAID I'D SEND YOU THERE IN ONE PIECE SO SHE MAY STILL HAVE USE OF YOU.
AND YOU...MY SAVIOR.
YOU ARE DYING NOW... WITHOUT THE PART OF ME THAT WAS HOLDING YOU ALL TOGETHER. AND I COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE SO UNGRATEFUL.
SO I GIVE YOU THIS GIFT...
...@#%$.
...I CHOOSE YOU AS MY HOST.


AND THEN... THERE'S THE MATTER OF THE TRAITOROUS LITTLE... KENNETH NEELY
FOR WHOM I HAVE PUT ASIDE SOME TIME AND ALL THE VIOLENT PLEASURES TO GO WITH IT.
I WOULD'VE BEEN FINE WITH THAT IF I AM HONEST.
I AM A COWARD. AND YET I WOULD'VE TAKEN THE PAIN AND DEATH. I WAS SO TIRED.
TIRED OF BEING CONSTANTLY AFRAID.
BUT I HAD SEEN THE MEANING OF CARNAGE, AND I KNEW I HAD TO DO THIS.
SO I TOOK DRORIN'S DEVICE. IT HAD GAINED POWER FROM THE FORGE AND COULD TAKE ME ANYWHERE I WISHED.
AND I USED IT...TO TAKE ME TO THE ONE PERSON...

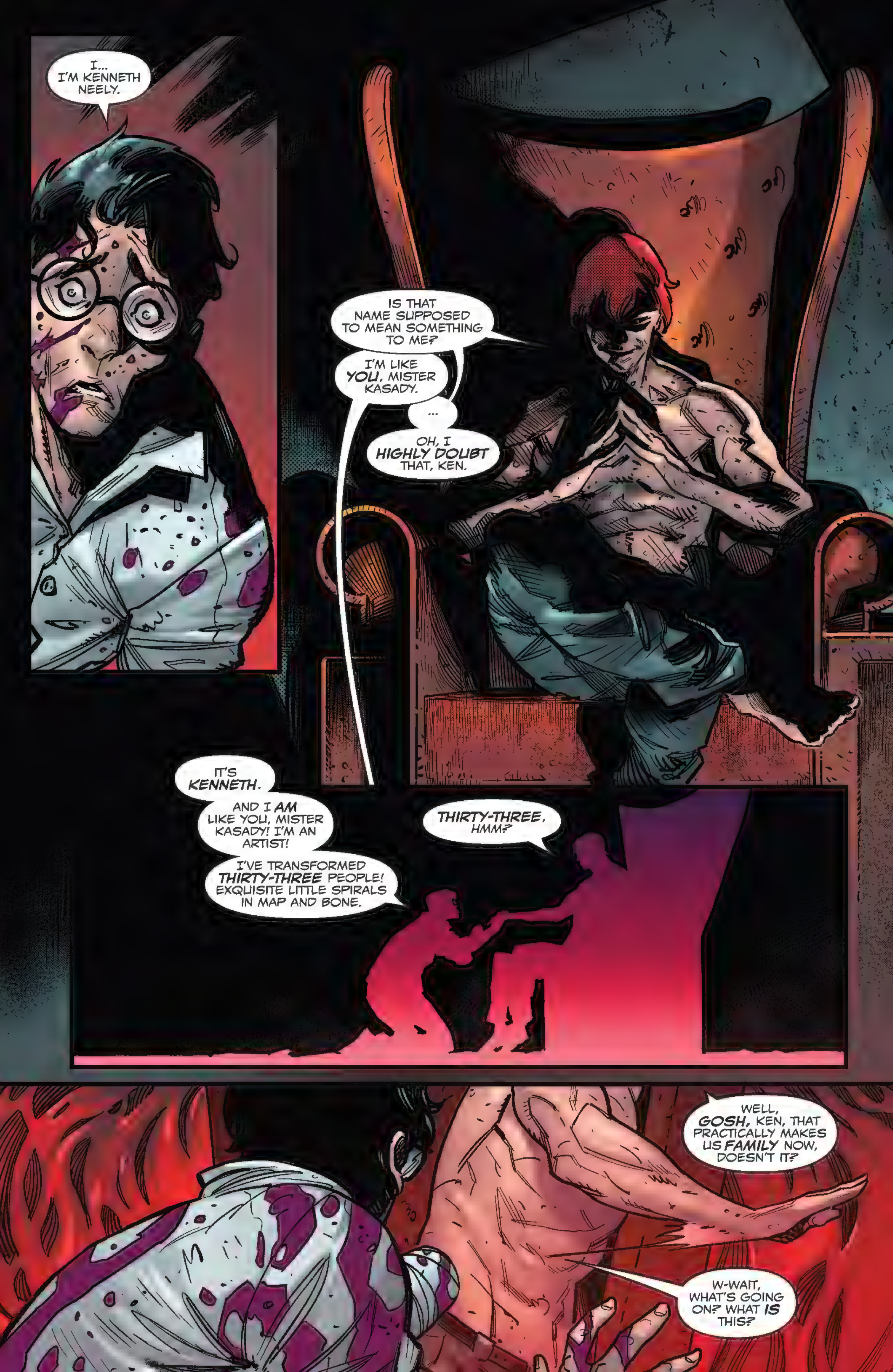

...WHO MIGHT KNOW HOW TO STOP CARNAGE.
M-MISTER... K-KASADY?

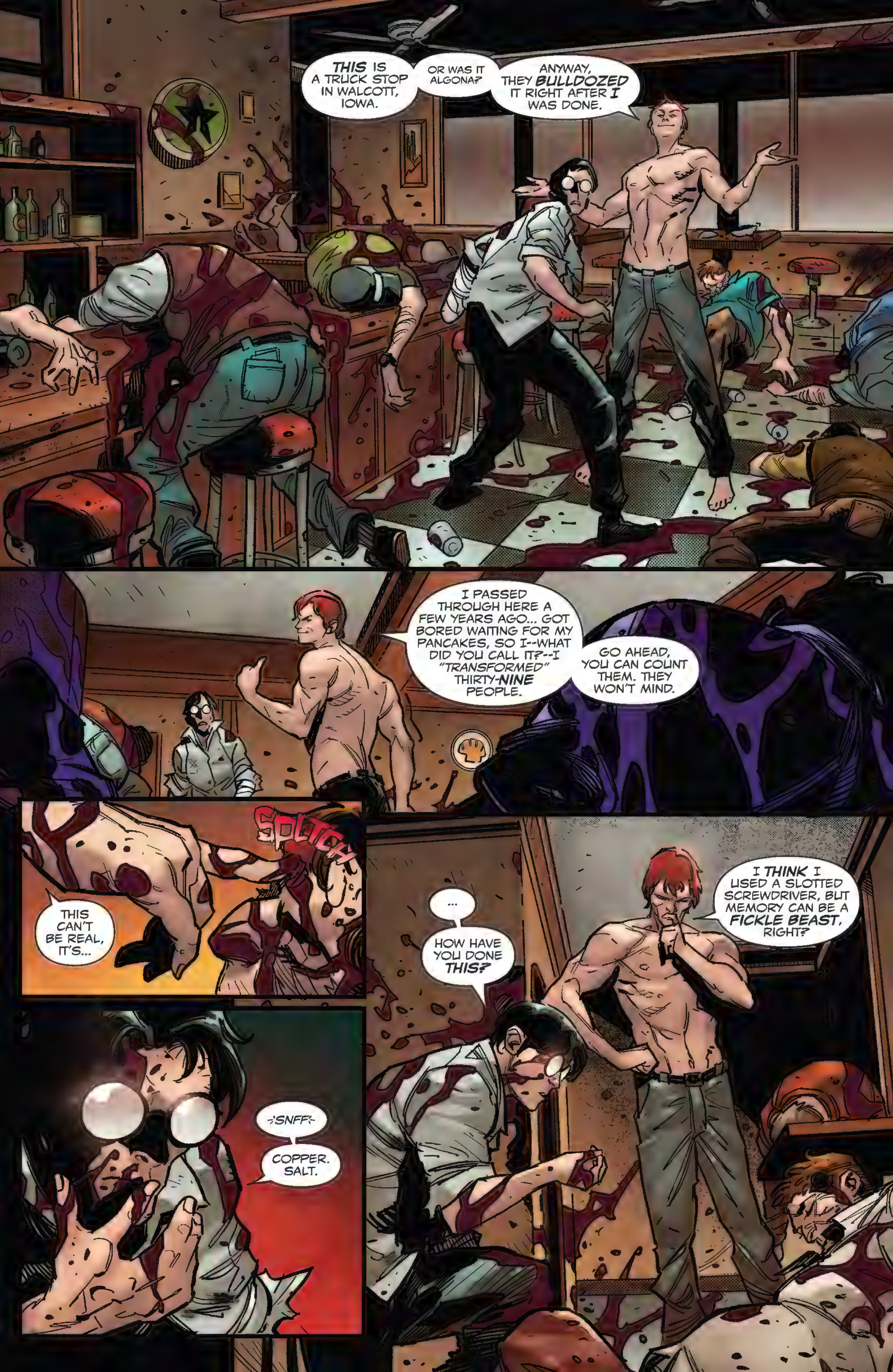


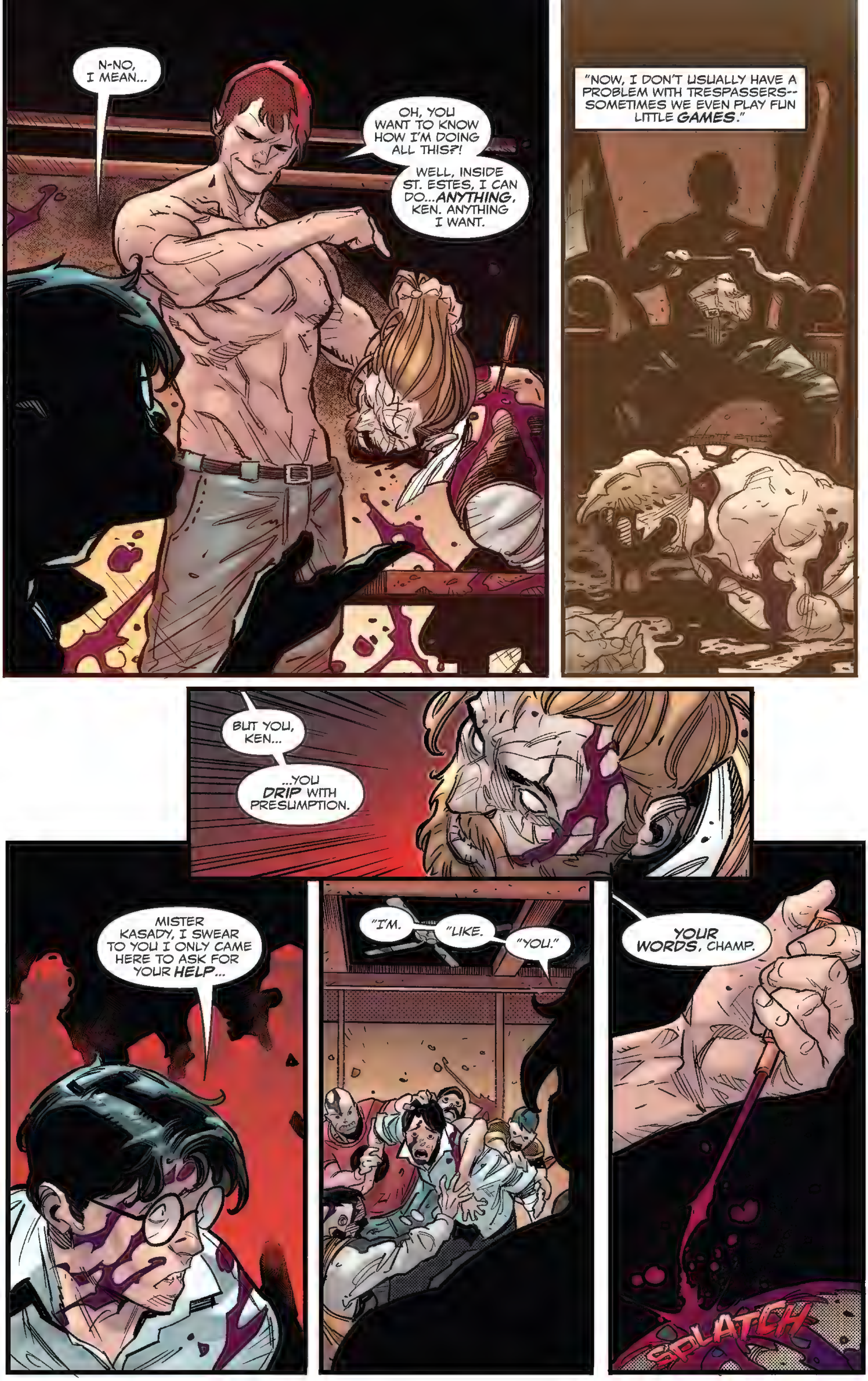
[#7 VARIANT BY] **CARLOS MAGNO & ALEX GUIMARÃES**

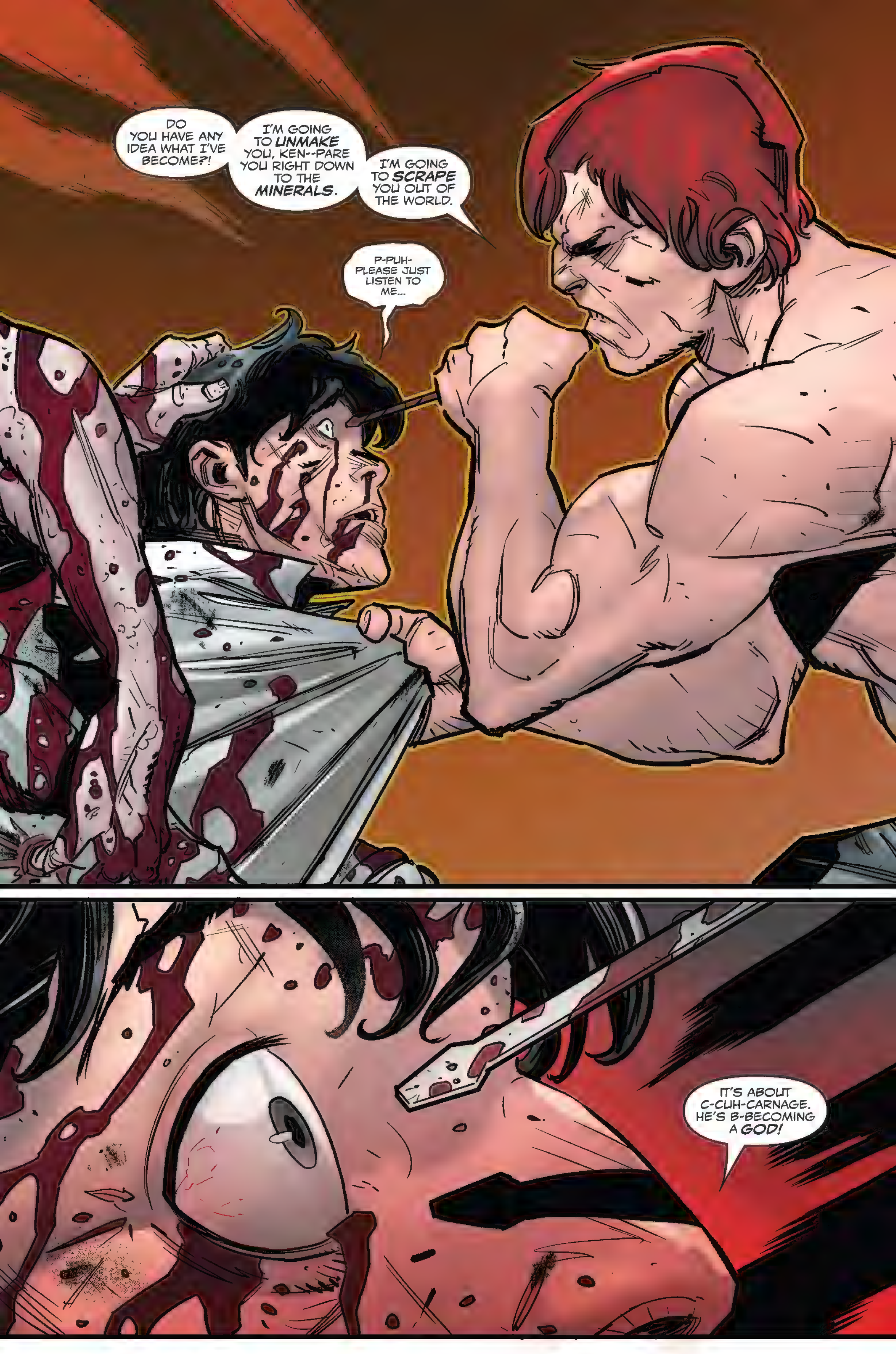


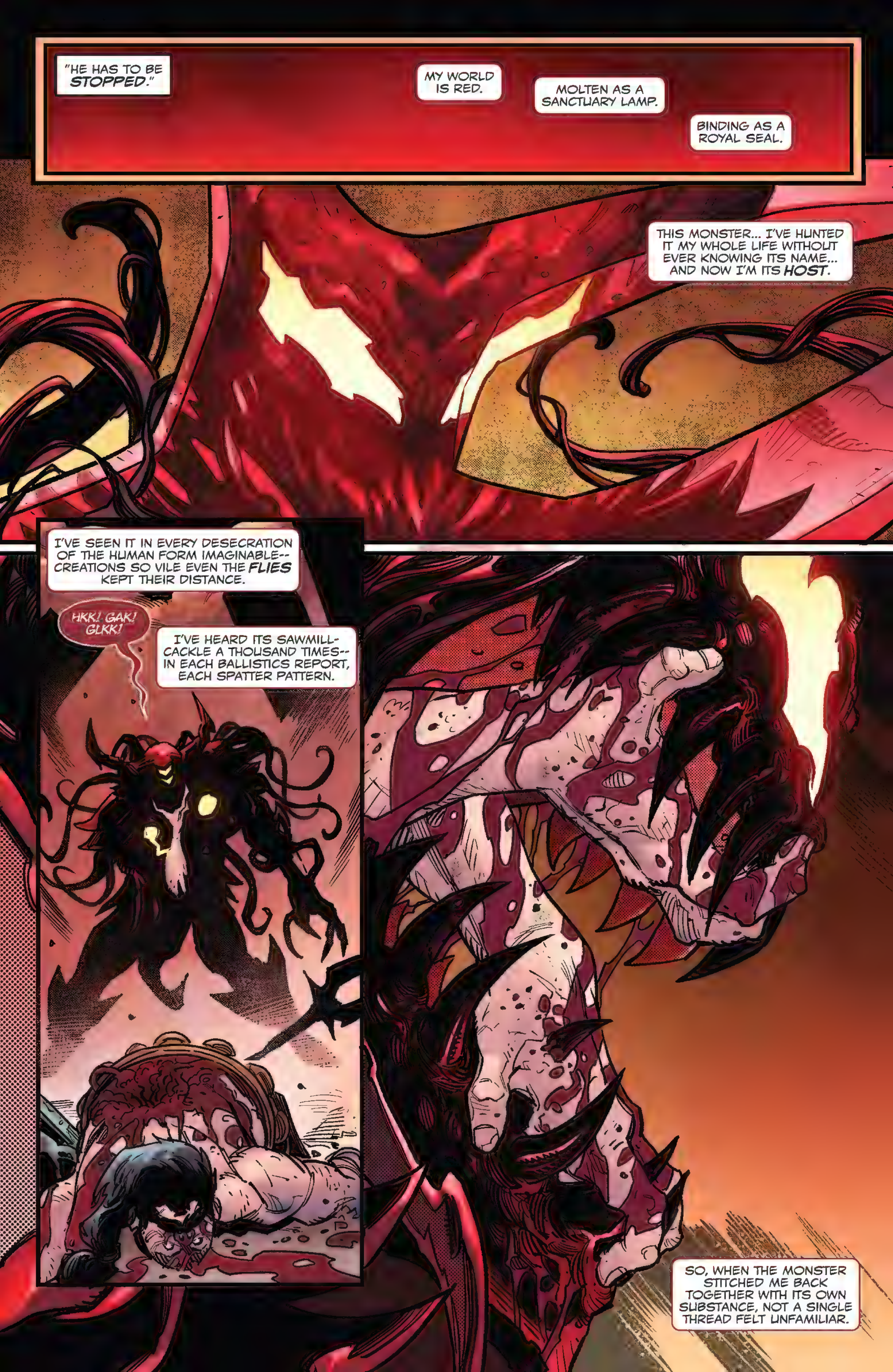
CARNAGE #11

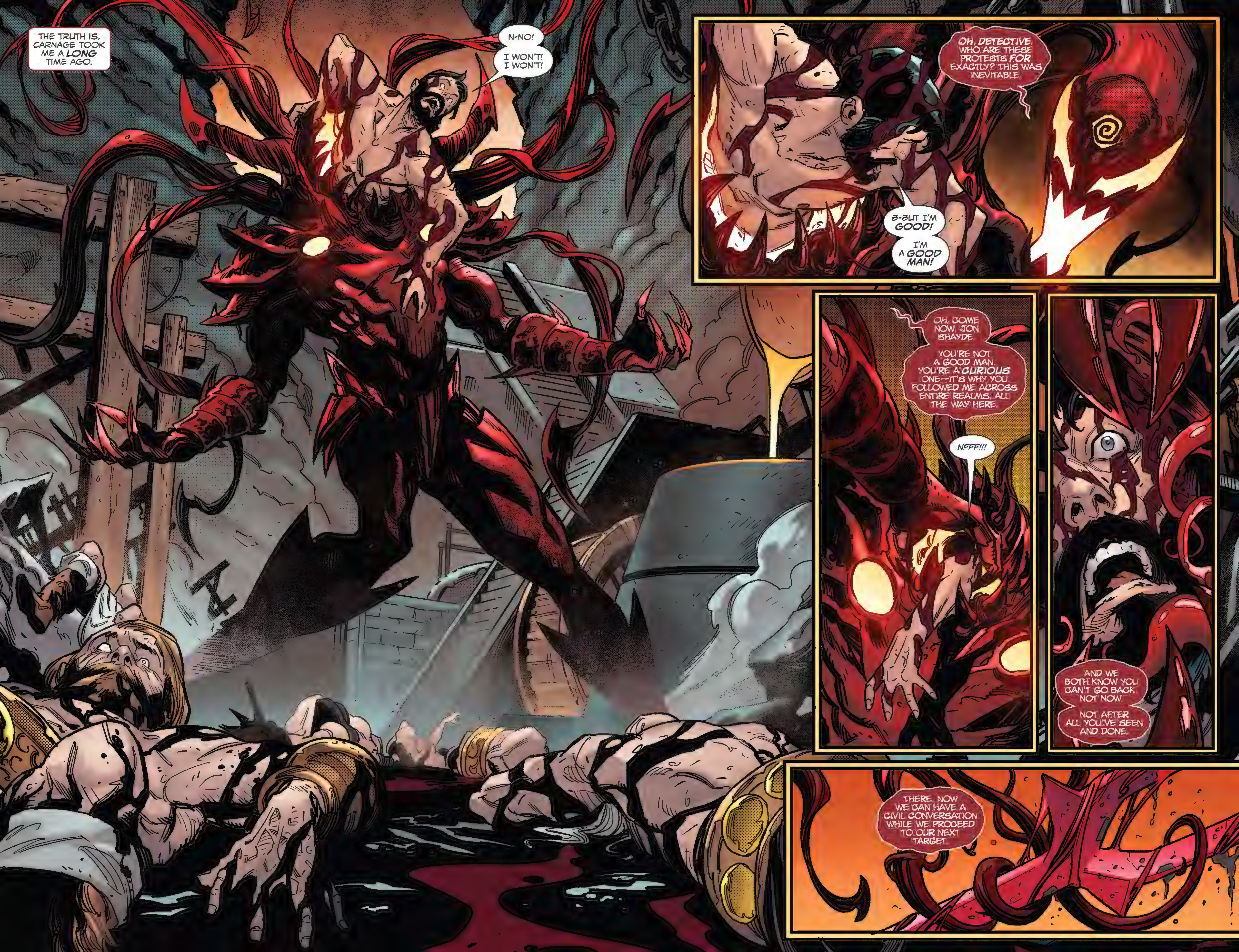

I... I'M KENNETH NEELY.
IS THAT NAME SUPPOSED TO MEAN SOMETHING TO ME?
I'M LIKE *YOU*, MISTER KASADY.
...
OH, I *HIGHLY DOUBT* THAT, KEN.
IT'S *KENNETH*.
AND I *AM* LIKE YOU, MISTER KASADY! I'M AN ARTIST!
I'VE TRANSFORMED *THIRTY-THREE* PEOPLE! EXQUISITE LITTLE SPIRALS IN MAP AND BONE.
THIRTY-THREE, HMM?
WELL, *GOSH*, KEN, THAT PRACTICALLY MAKES US *FAMILY* NOW, DOESN'T IT?
W-WAIT, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT *IS* THIS?

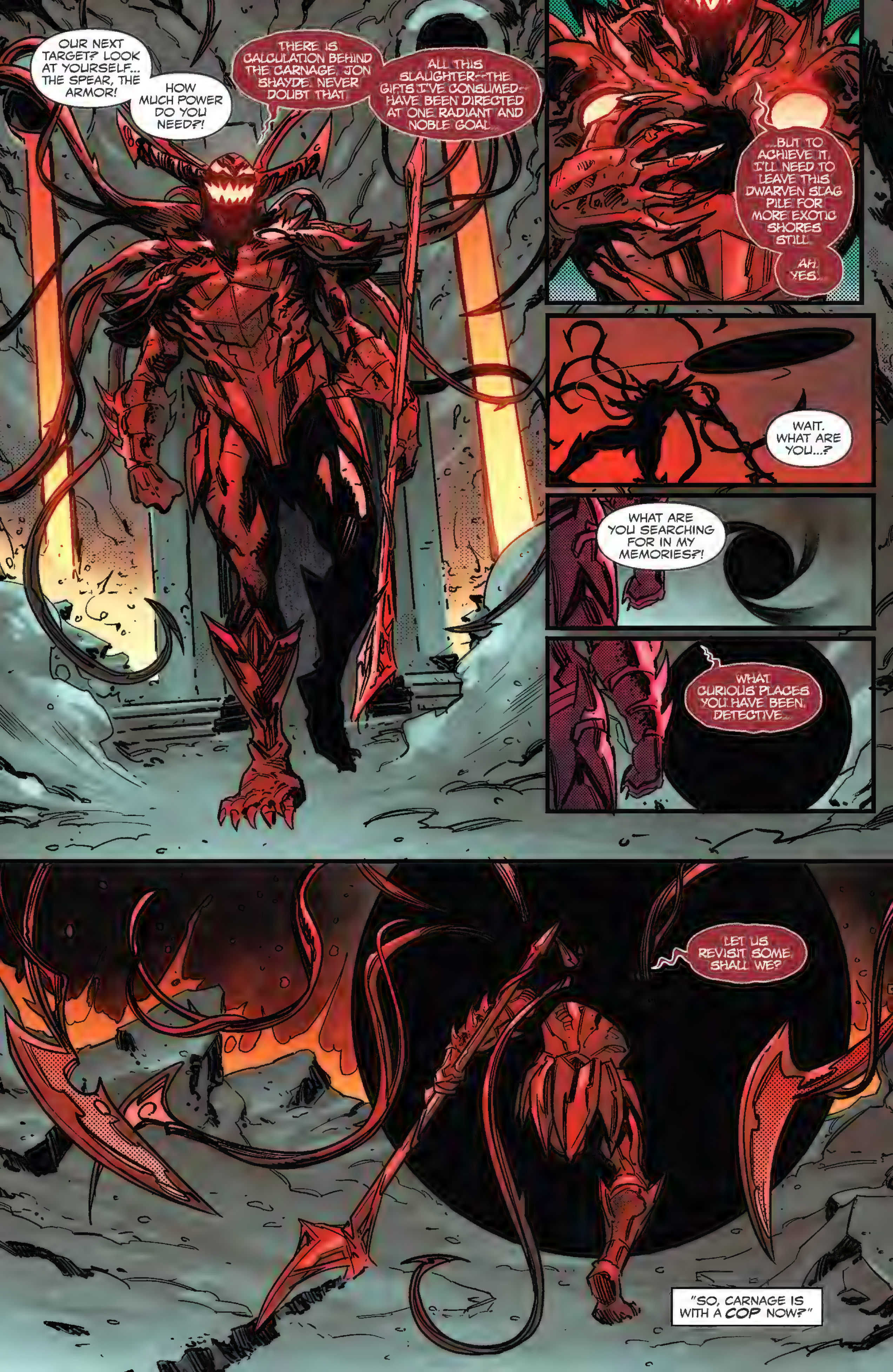

THIS IS A TRUCK STOP IN WALCOTT, IOWA.
OR WAS IT ALGONA?
ANYWAY, THEY BULLDOZED IT RIGHT AFTER I WAS DONE.
I PASSED THROUGH HERE A FEW YEARS AGO... GOT BORED WAITING FOR MY PANCAKES, SO I--WHAT DID YOU CALL IT?--I "TRANSFORMED" THIRTY-NINE PEOPLE.
GO AHEAD, YOU CAN COUNT THEM. THEY WON'T MIND.
SPLTCH
THIS CAN'T BE REAL, IT'S...
-SNFF-
COPPER. SALT.
...
HOW HAVE YOU DONE THIS?
I THINK I USED A SLOTTED SCREWDRIVER, BUT MEMORY CAN BE A FICKLE BEAST, RIGHT?

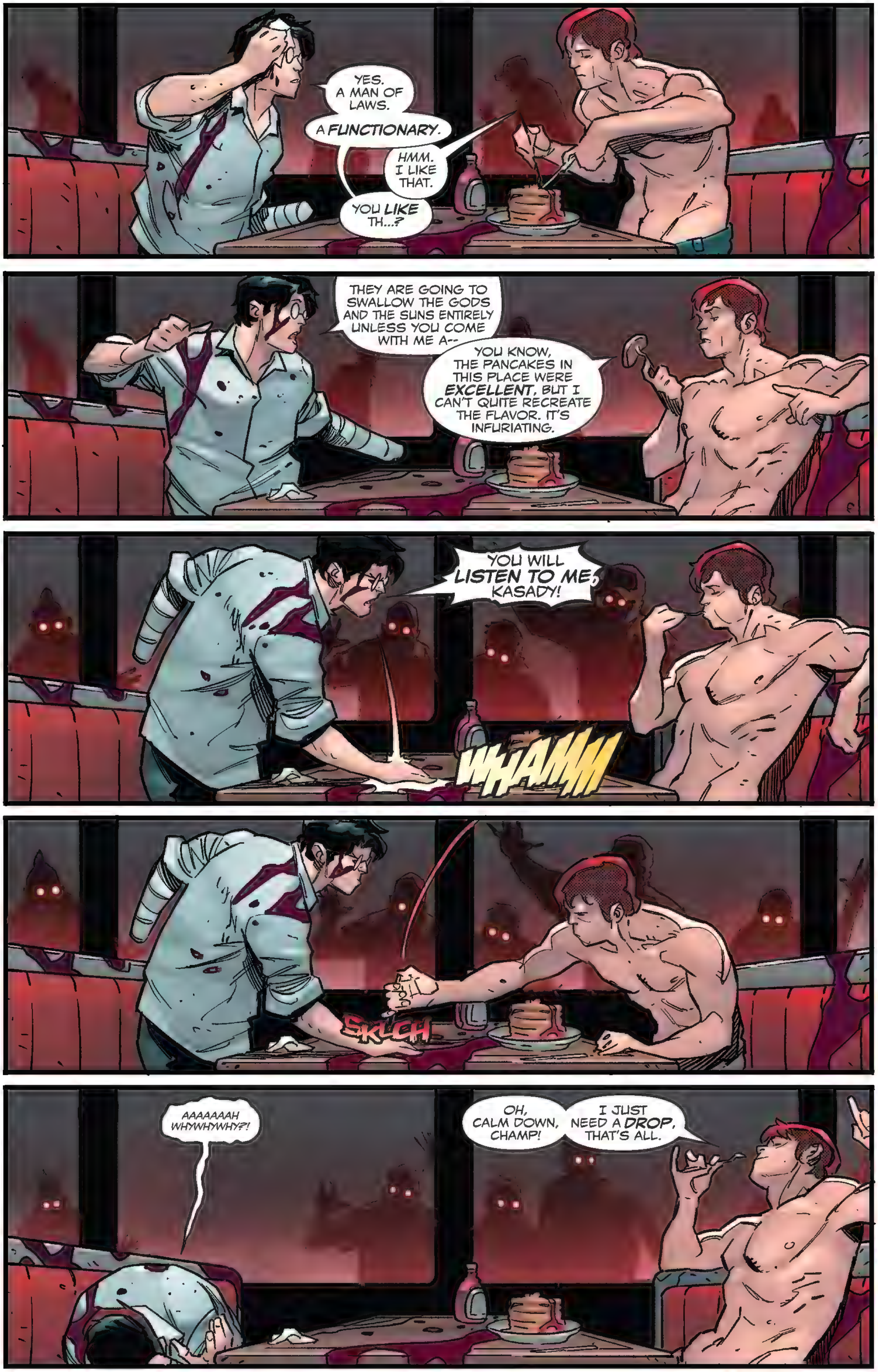

N-NO, I MEAN...
OH, YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW I'M DOING ALL THIS?!
WELL, INSIDE ST. ESTES, I CAN DO...**ANYTHING**, KEN. ANYTHING I WANT.
"NOW, I DON'T USUALLY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH TRESPASSERS-- SOMETIMES WE EVEN PLAY FUN LITTLE **GAMES**."
BUT YOU, KEN...
...YOU **DRIP** WITH PRESUMPTION.
MISTER KASADY, I SWEAR TO YOU I ONLY CAME HERE TO ASK FOR YOUR **HELP**...
"I'M.
"LIKE.
"YOU."
YOUR WORDS, CHAMP.
SPLATCH

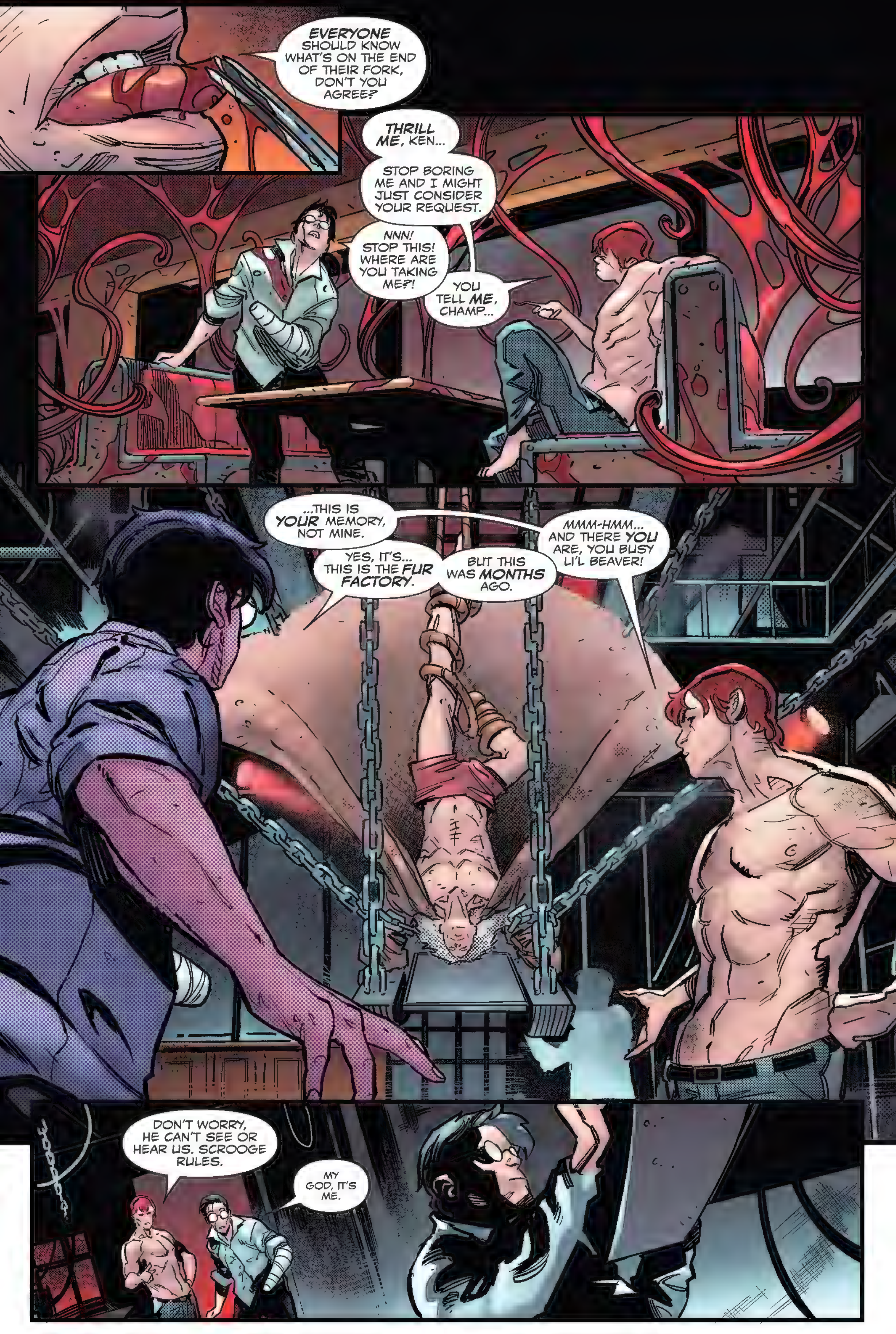

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I'VE BECOME?!
I'M GOING TO *UNMAKE* YOU, KEN--PARE YOU RIGHT DOWN TO THE *MINERALS*.
I'M GOING TO *SCRAPE* YOU OUT OF THE WORLD.
P-PUH-PLEASE JUST LISTEN TO ME...
IT'S ABOUT C-CUH-CARNAGE. HE'S B-BECOMING A *GOD!*

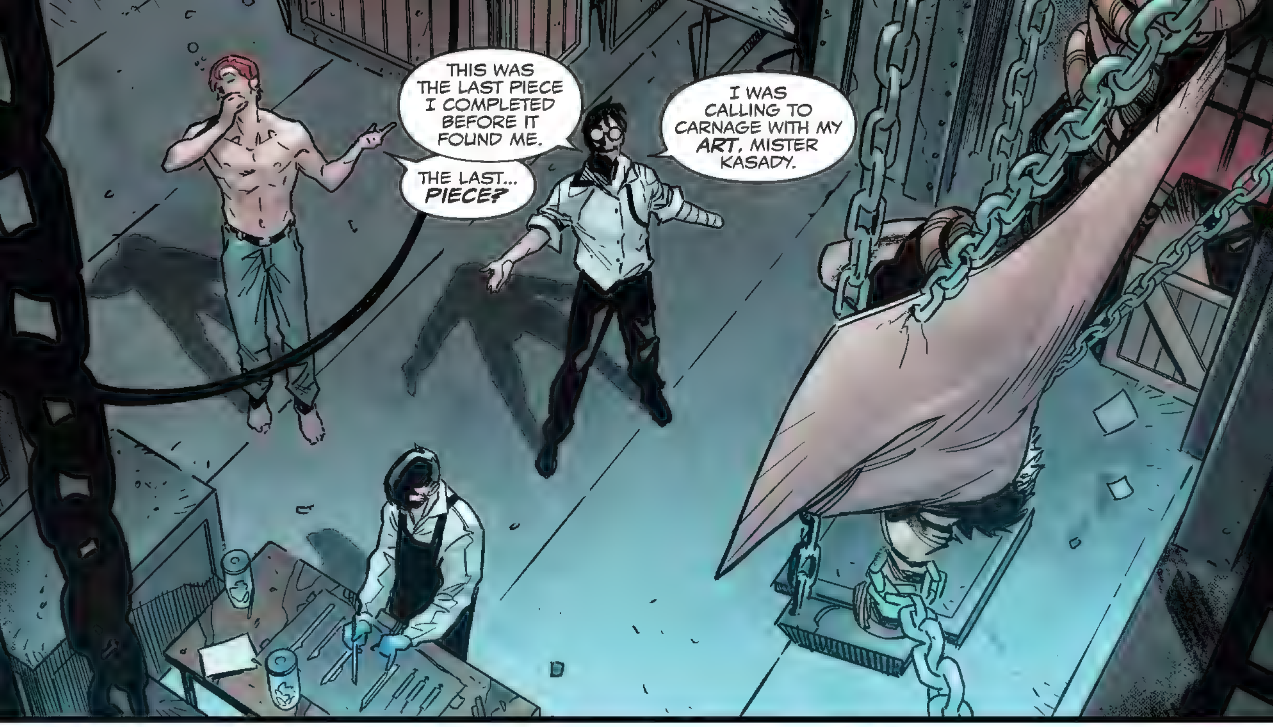

"HE HAS TO BE **STOPPED**."
MY WORLD IS RED.
MOLTEN AS A SANCTUARY LAMP.
BINDING AS A ROYAL SEAL.
THIS MONSTER... I'VE HUNTED IT MY WHOLE LIFE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING ITS NAME... AND NOW I'M ITS **HOST**.
I'VE SEEN IT IN EVERY DESECRATION OF THE HUMAN FORM IMAGINABLE--CREATIONS SO VILE EVEN THE **FLIES** KEPT THEIR DISTANCE.
HKK! GAK! GLKK!
I'VE HEARD ITS SAWMILL-CACKLE A THOUSAND TIMES--IN EACH BALLISTICS REPORT, EACH SPATTER PATTERN.
SO, WHEN THE MONSTER STITCHED ME BACK TOGETHER WITH ITS OWN SUBSTANCE, NOT A SINGLE THREAD FELT UNFAMILIAR.

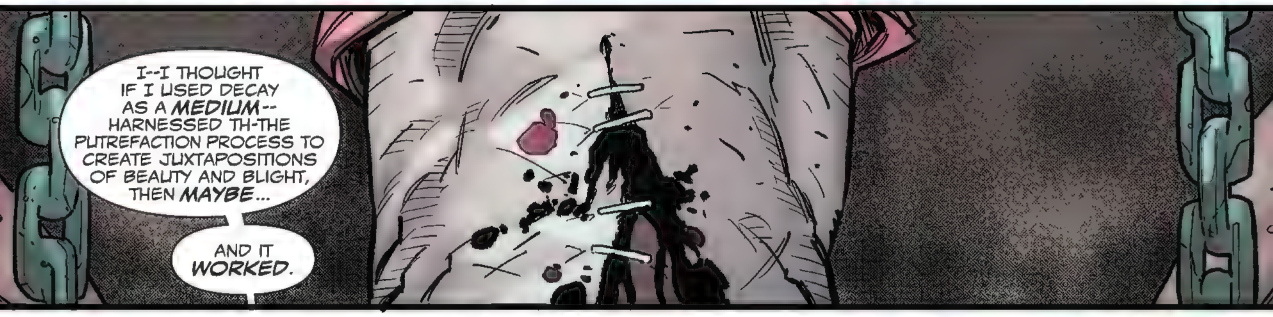

THE TRUTH IS, CARNAGE TOOK ME A LONG TIME AGO.
N-NO!
I WON'T! I WON'T!
OH, DETECTIVE. WHO ARE THESE PROTESTS FOR EXACTLY? THIS WAS INEVITABLE.
B-BUT I'M GOOD!
I'M A GOOD MAN!
OH, COME NOW, JON SHAYDE.
YOU'RE NOT A GOOD MAN. YOU'RE A CURIOUS ONE--IT'S WHY YOU FOLLOWED ME ACROSS ENTIRE REALMS. ALL THE WAY HERE.
NFFF!!!
AND WE BOTH KNOW YOU CAN'T GO BACK. NOT NOW.
NOT AFTER ALL YOU'VE SEEN AND DONE.
THERE. NOW WE CAN HAVE A CIVIL CONVERSATION WHILE WE PROCEED TO OUR NEXT TARGET.

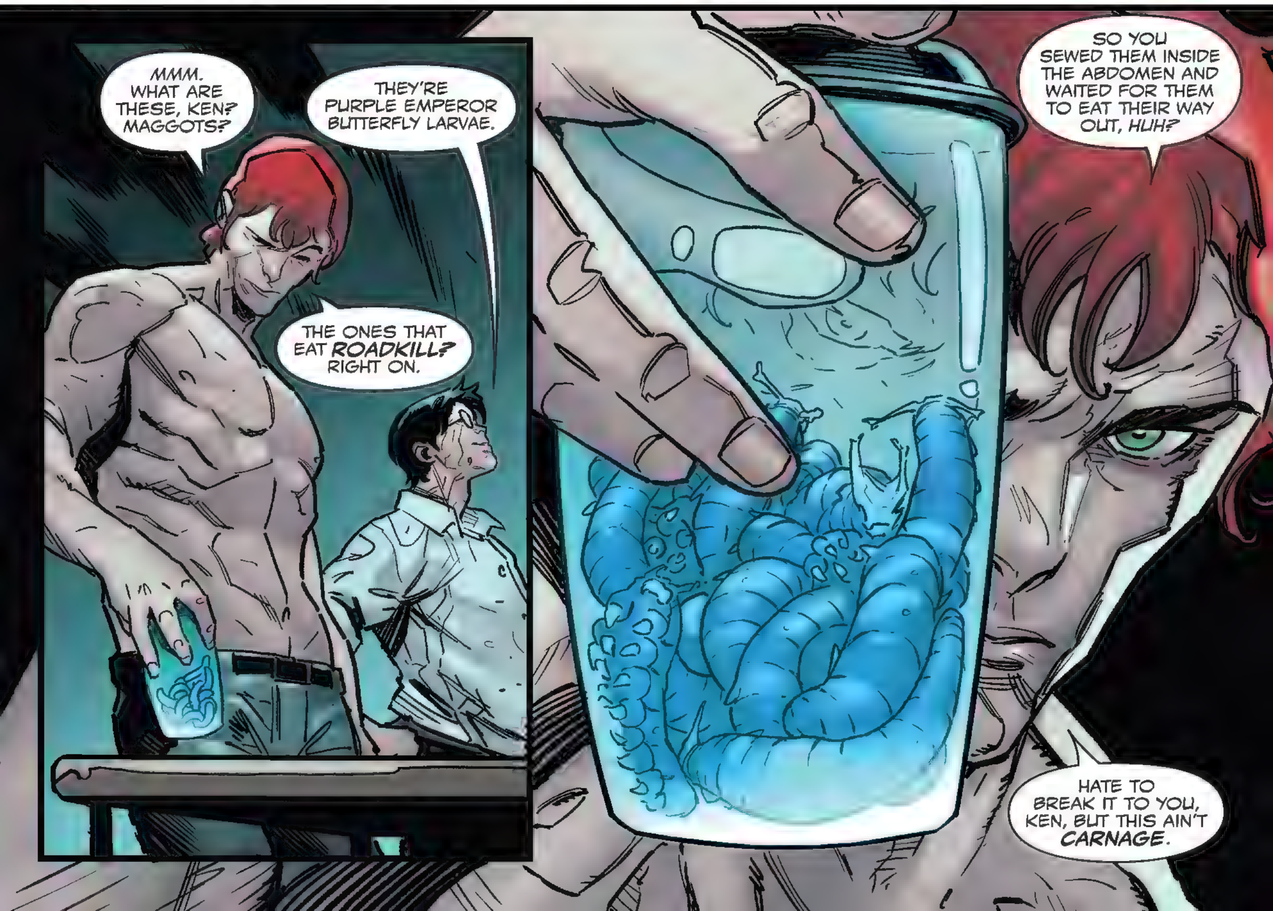

OUR NEXT TARGET? LOOK AT YOURSELF... THE SPEAR, THE ARMOR!
HOW MUCH POWER DO YOU NEED?!
THERE IS CALCULATION BEHIND THE CARNAGE, JON SHAYDE. NEVER DOUBT THAT.
ALL THIS SLAUGHTER--THE GIFTS I'VE CONSUMED--HAVE BEEN DIRECTED AT ONE RADIANT AND NOBLE GOAL.
...BUT TO ACHIEVE IT, I'LL NEED TO LEAVE THIS DWARVEN SLAG PILE FOR MORE EXOTIC SHORES STILL.
AH, YES...
WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU...?
WHAT ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR IN MY MEMORIES?!
WHAT CURIOUS PLACES YOU HAVE BEEN, DETECTIVE...
LET US REVISIT SOME, SHALL WE?
"SO, CARNAGE IS WITH A *COP* NOW?"

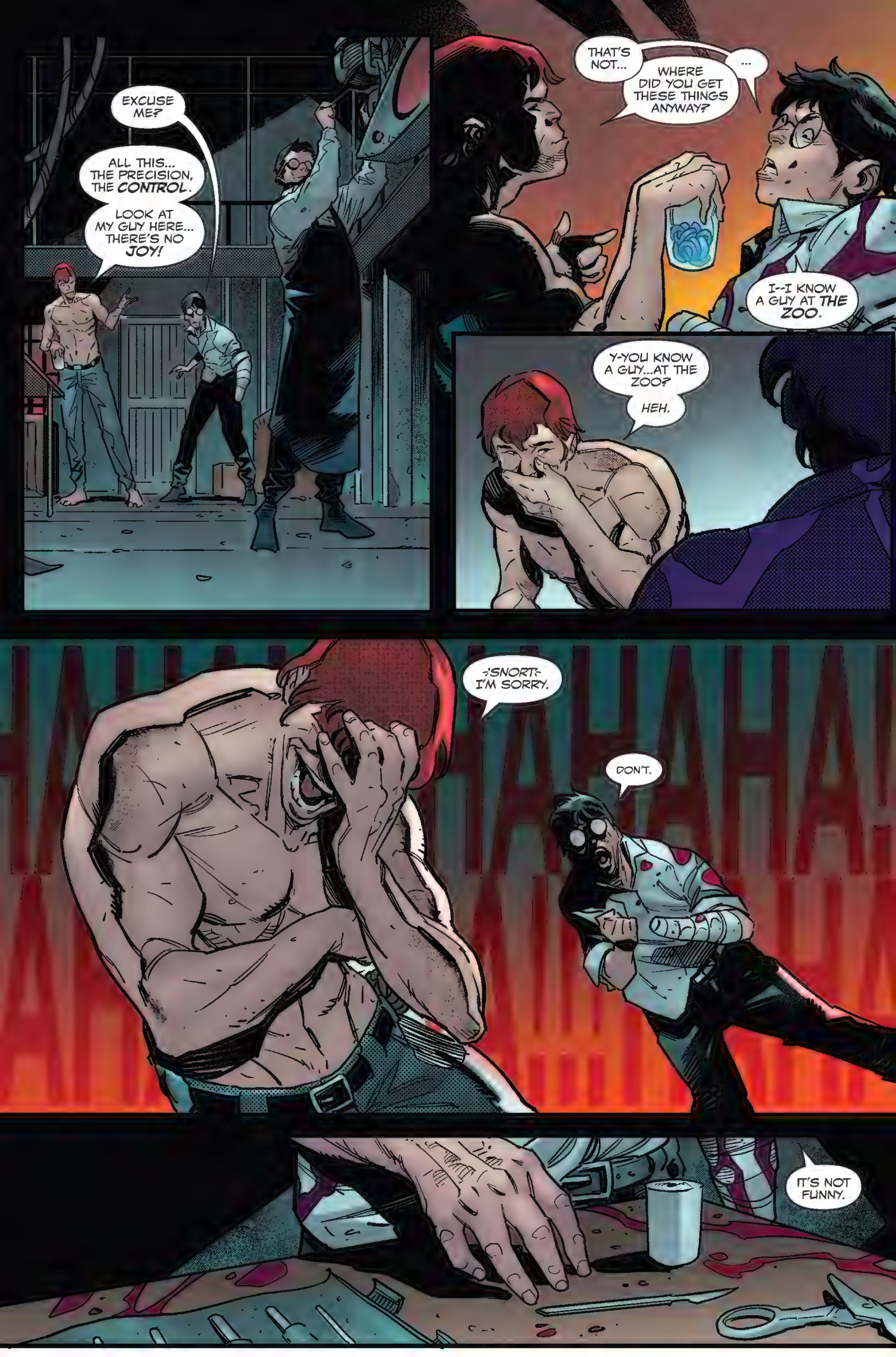

YES. A MAN OF LAWS.
A FUNCTIONARY.
HMM. I LIKE THAT.
YOU LIKE TH...?
THEY ARE GOING TO SWALLOW THE GODS AND THE SUNS ENTIRELY UNLESS YOU COME WITH ME A--
YOU KNOW, THE PANCAKES IN THIS PLACE WERE EXCELLENT, BUT I CAN'T QUITE RECREATE THE FLAVOR. IT'S INFURIATING.
YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME, KASADY!
WHAMM
SKLCH
AAAAAAAH WHYWHYWHY?!
OH, CALM DOWN, CHAMP!
I JUST NEED A DROP, THAT'S ALL.

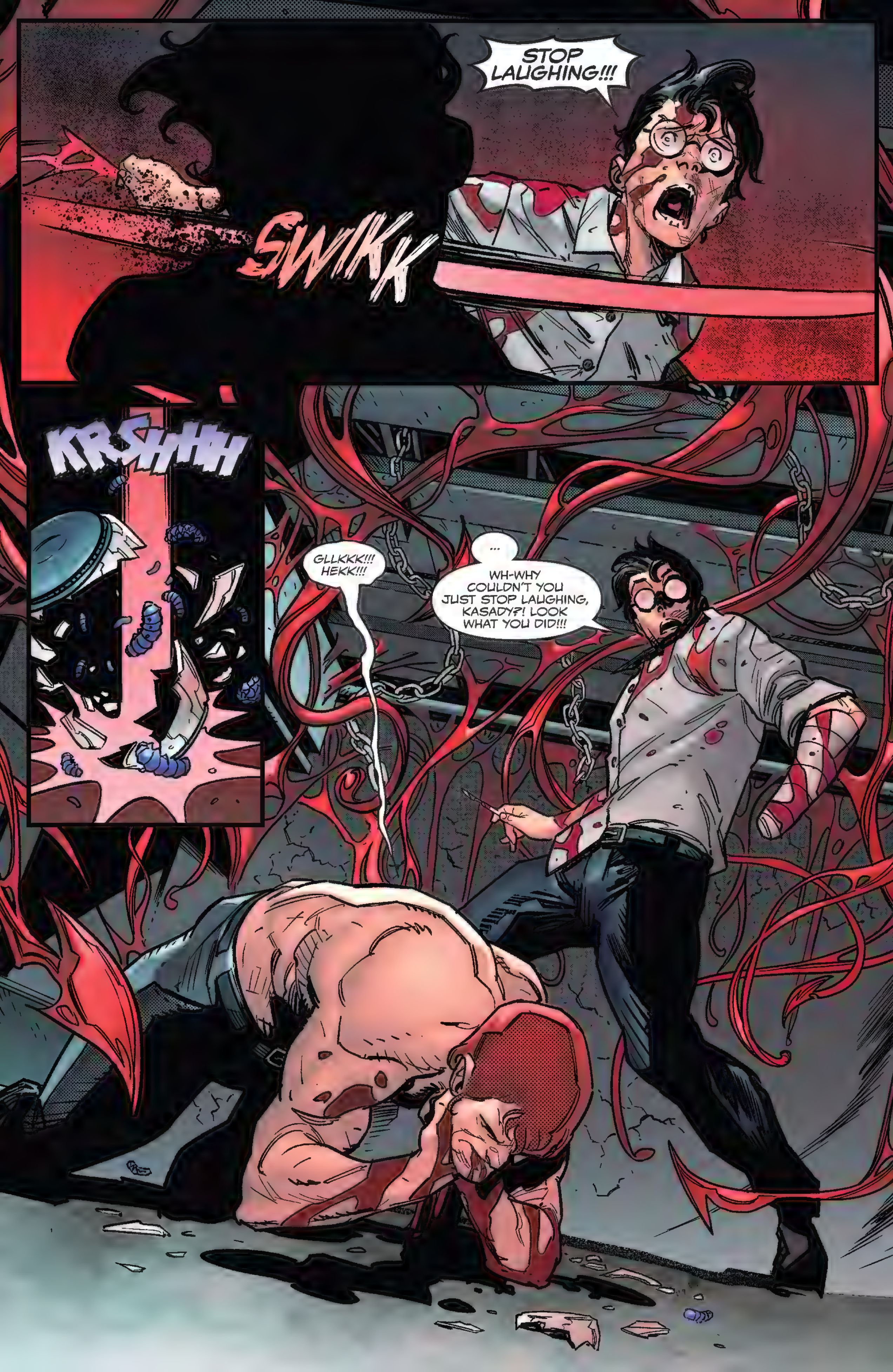

EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW WHAT'S ON THE END OF THEIR FORK, DON'T YOU AGREE?
THRILL ME, KEN...
STOP BORING ME AND I MIGHT JUST CONSIDER YOUR REQUEST.
NNN! STOP THIS! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?!
YOU TELL ME, CHAMP...
...THIS IS YOUR MEMORY, NOT MINE.
MMM-HMM... AND THERE YOU ARE, YOU BUSY LI'L BEAVER!
YES, IT'S... THIS IS THE FUR FACTORY.
BUT THIS WAS MONTHS AGO.
DON'T WORRY, HE CAN'T SEE OR HEAR US. SCROOGE RULES.
MY GOD, IT'S ME.

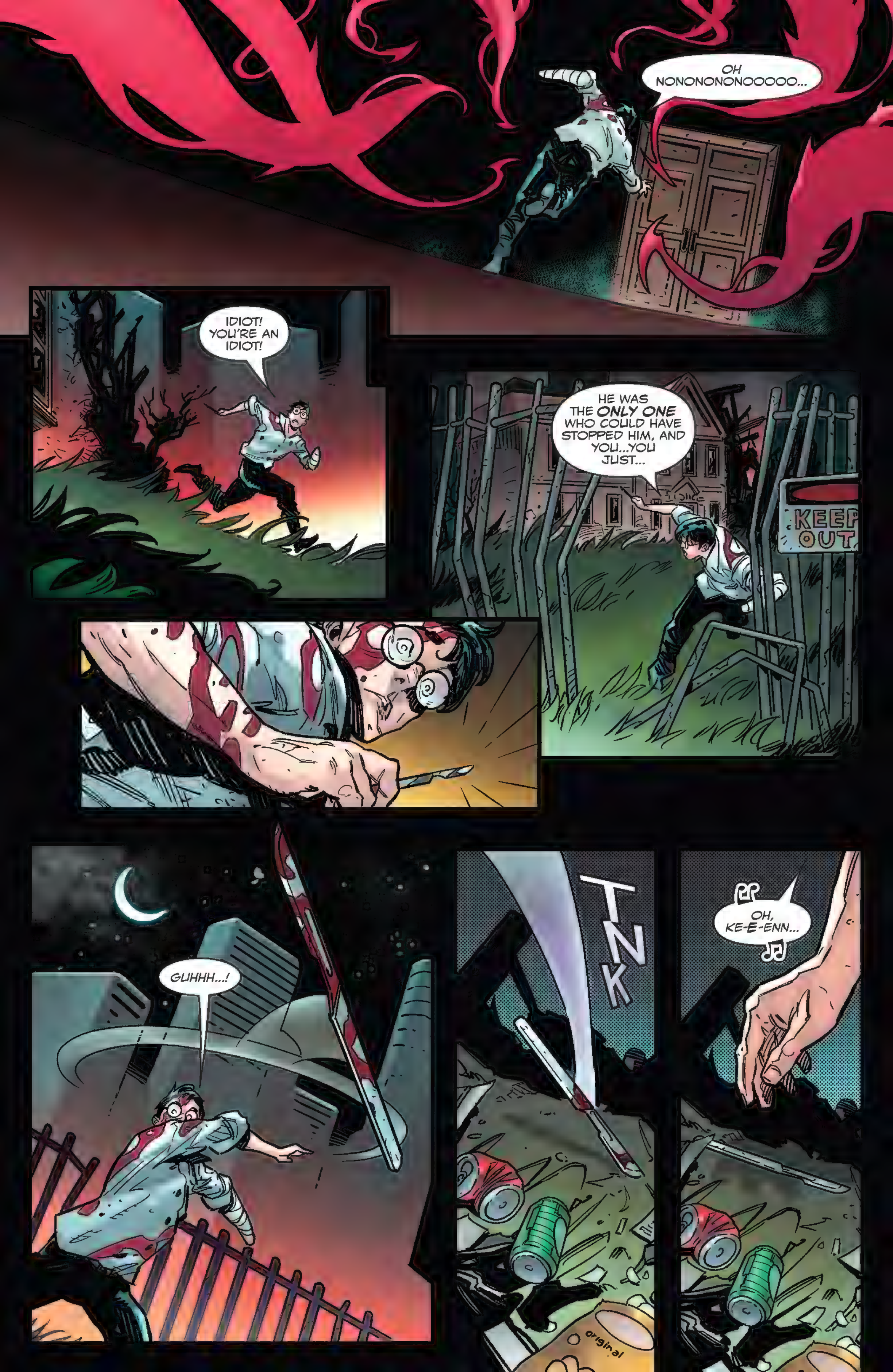

THIS WAS THE LAST PIECE I COMPLETED BEFORE IT FOUND ME.
THE LAST... *PIECE?*
I WAS CALLING TO CARNAGE WITH MY *ART*, MISTER KASADY.

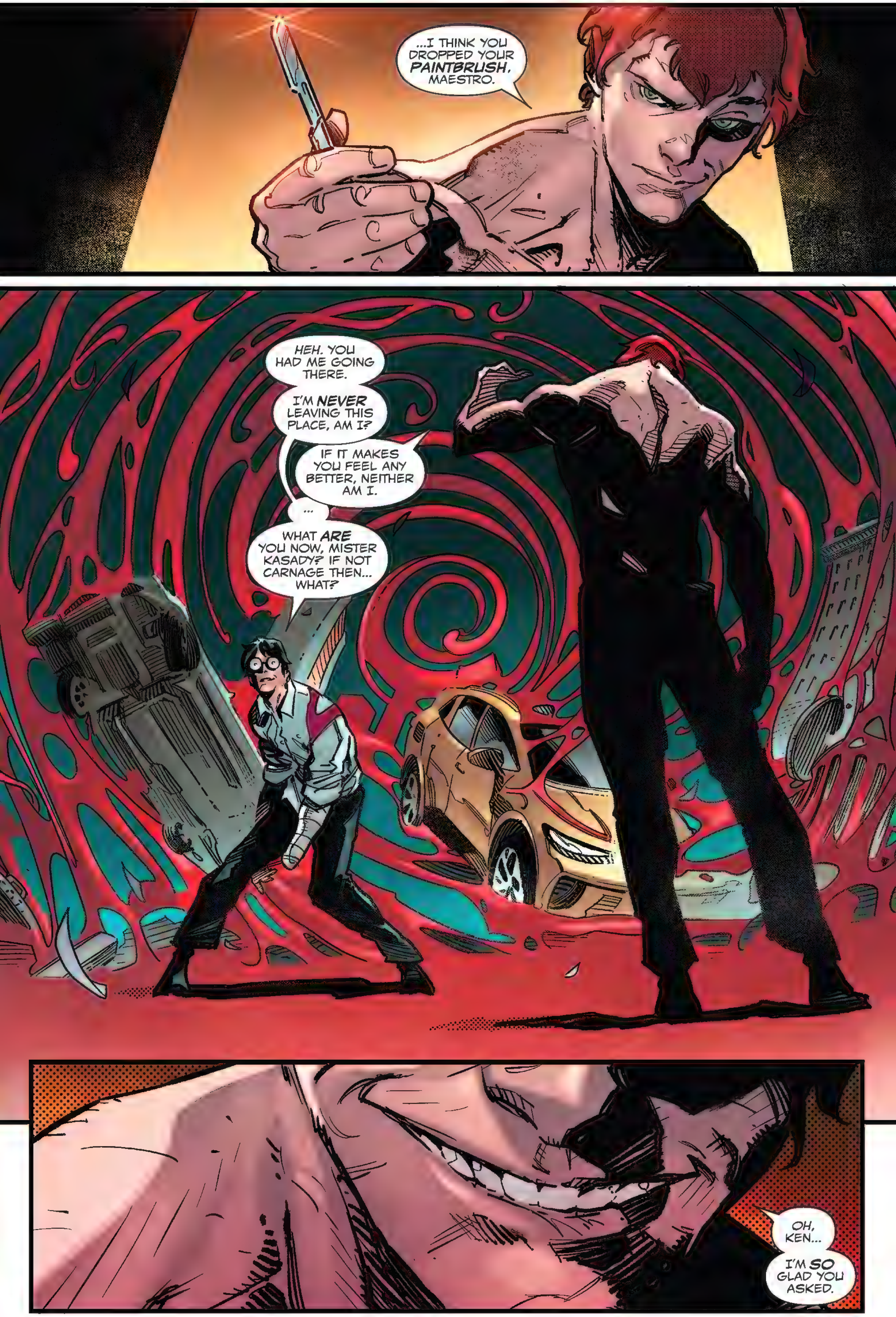

I--I THOUGHT IF I USED DECAY AS A *MEDIUM*--HARNESSED TH-THE PUTREFACTION PROCESS TO CREATE JUXTAPOSITIONS OF BEAUTY AND BLIGHT, THEN *MAYBE*...
AND IT *WORKED*.

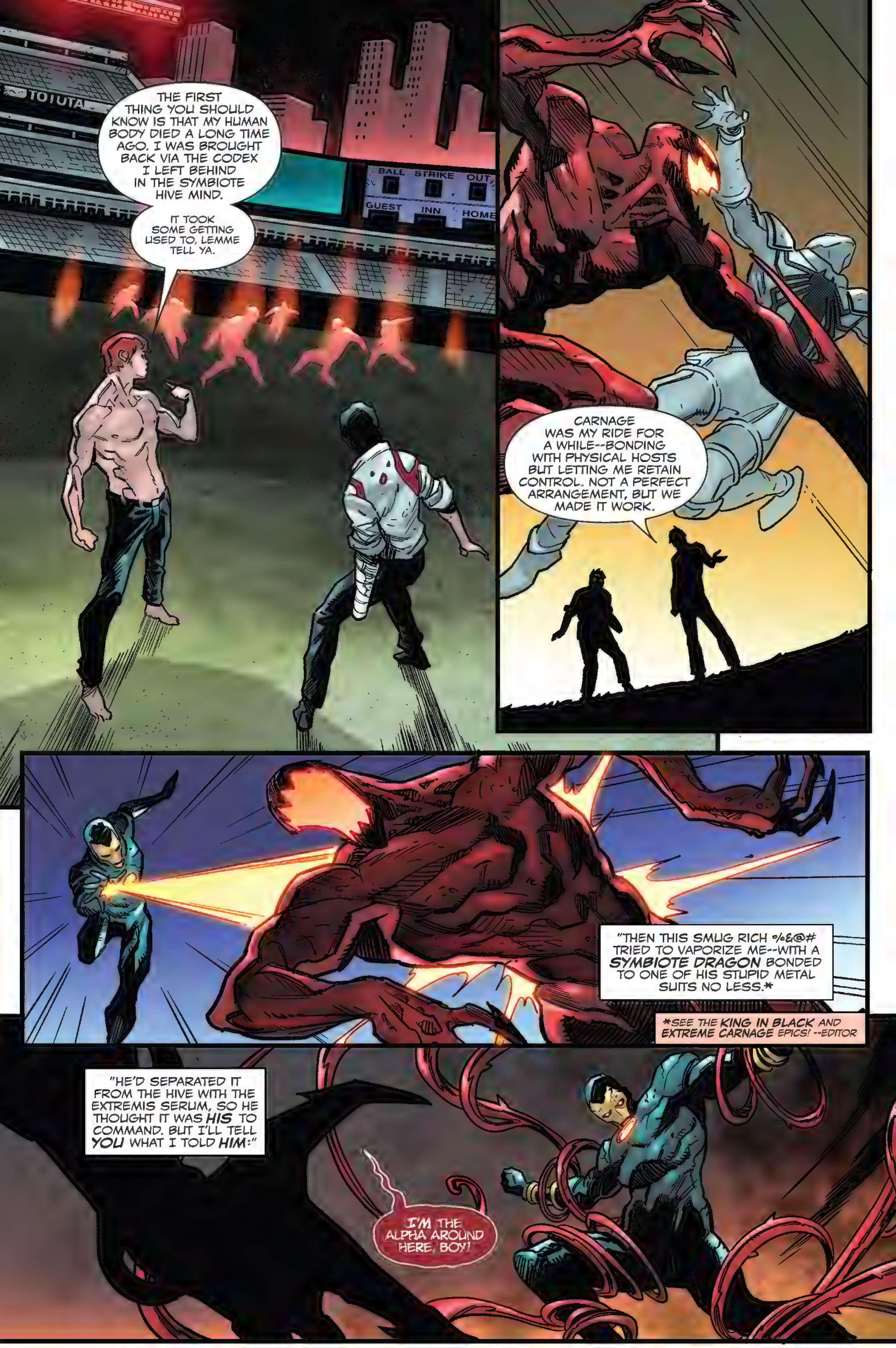

MMM. WHAT ARE THESE, KEN? MAGGOTS?
THEY'RE PURPLE EMPEROR BUTTERFLY LARVAE.
THE ONES THAT EAT *ROADKILL?* RIGHT ON.
SO YOU SEWED THEM INSIDE THE ABDOMEN AND WAITED FOR THEM TO EAT THEIR WAY OUT, *HUH?*
HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, KEN, BUT THIS AIN'T *CARNAGE*.

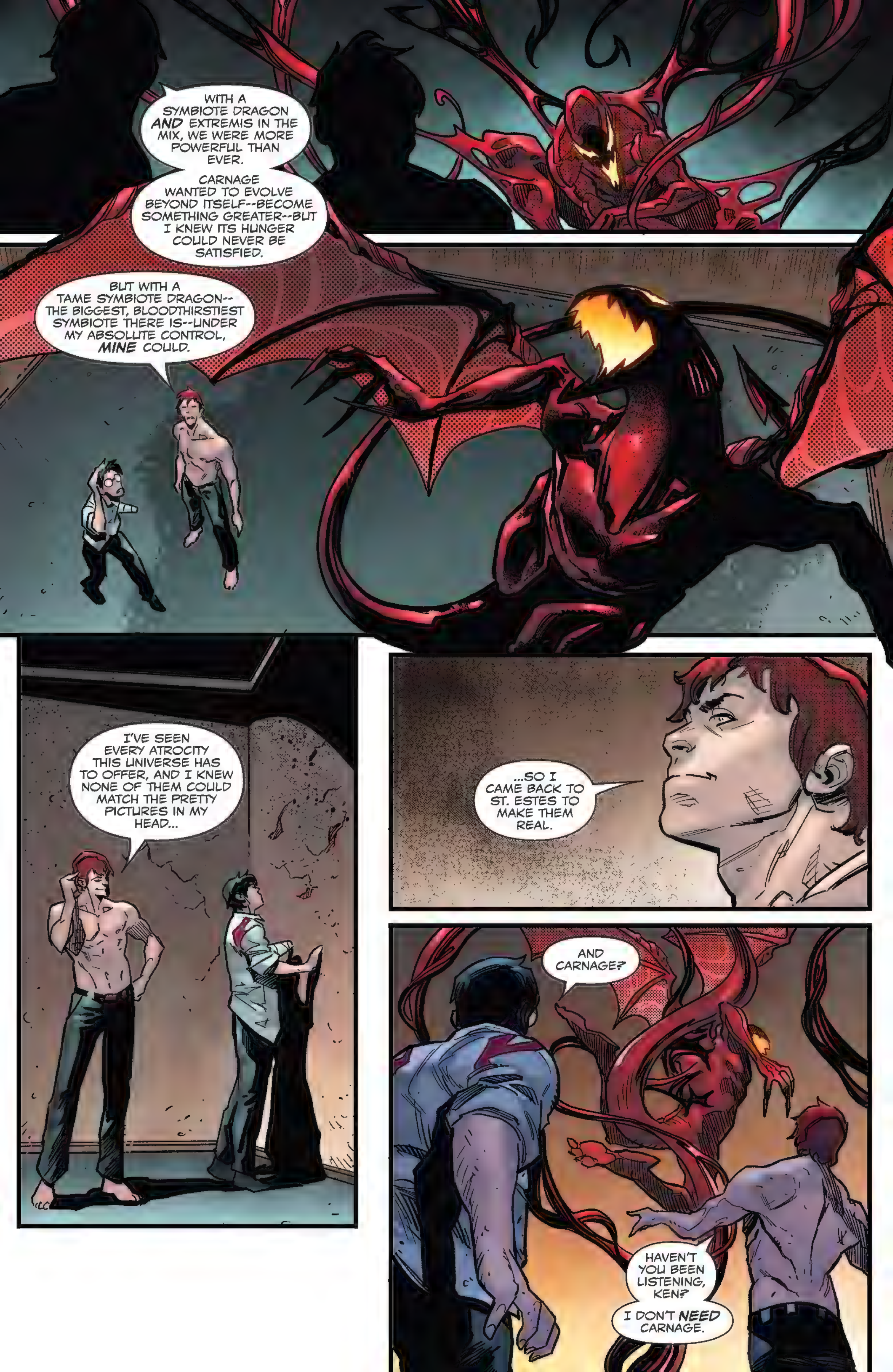

EXCUSE ME?
ALL THIS... THE PRECISION, THE **CONTROL**.
LOOK AT MY GUY HERE... THERE'S NO **JOY!**
THAT'S NOT...
...
WHERE DID YOU GET THESE THINGS ANYWAY?
I--I KNOW A GUY AT **THE ZOO**.
Y-YOU KNOW A GUY...AT THE ZOO?
HEH.
HAHAHAHA
-SNORT- I'M SORRY.
DON'T.
IT'S NOT FUNNY.

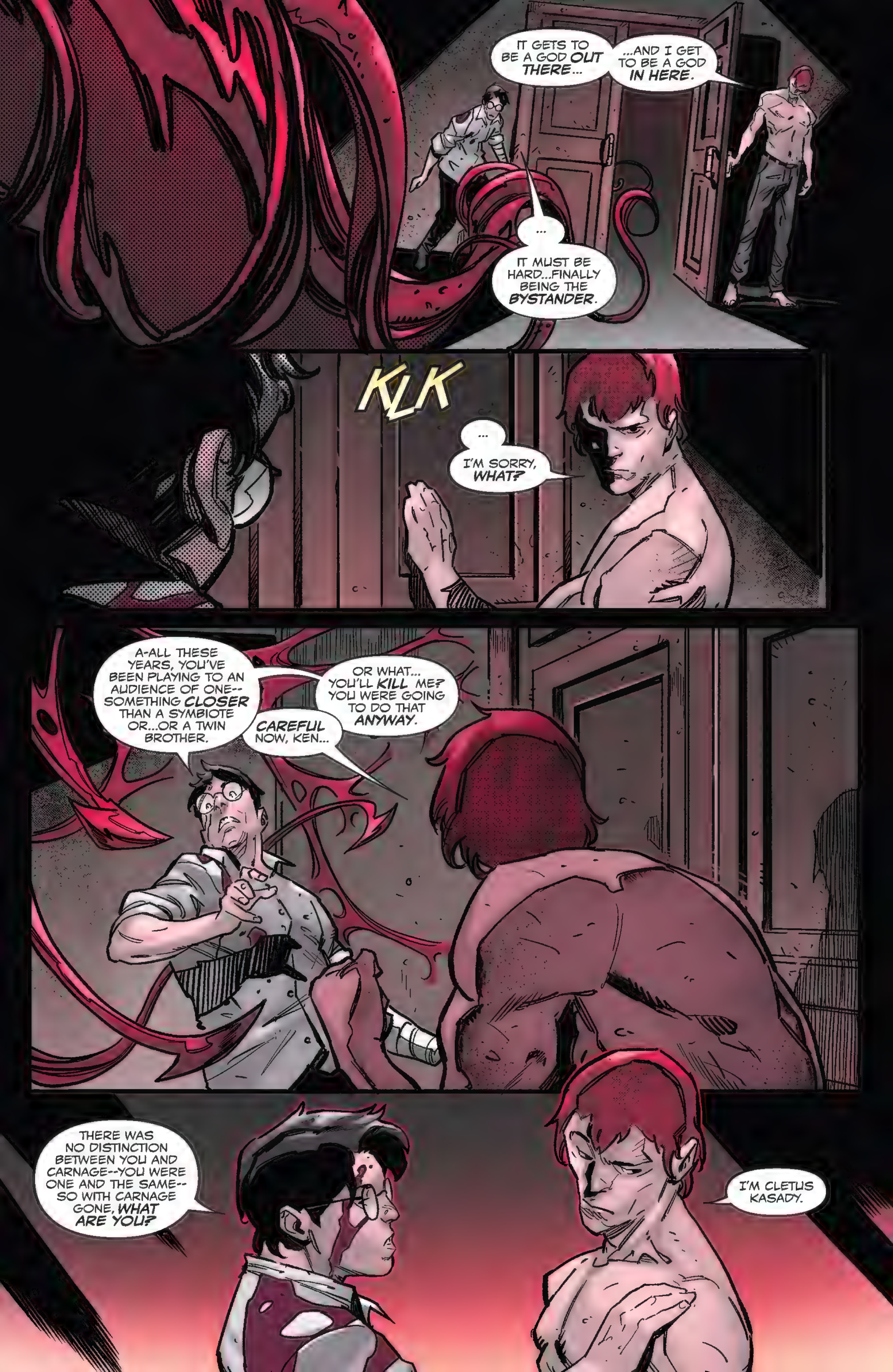

STOP LAUGHING!!!
SWIKK
KRSHHH
GLLKKK!!! HEKK!!!
...
WH-WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST STOP LAUGHING, KASADY?! LOOK WHAT YOU DID!!!

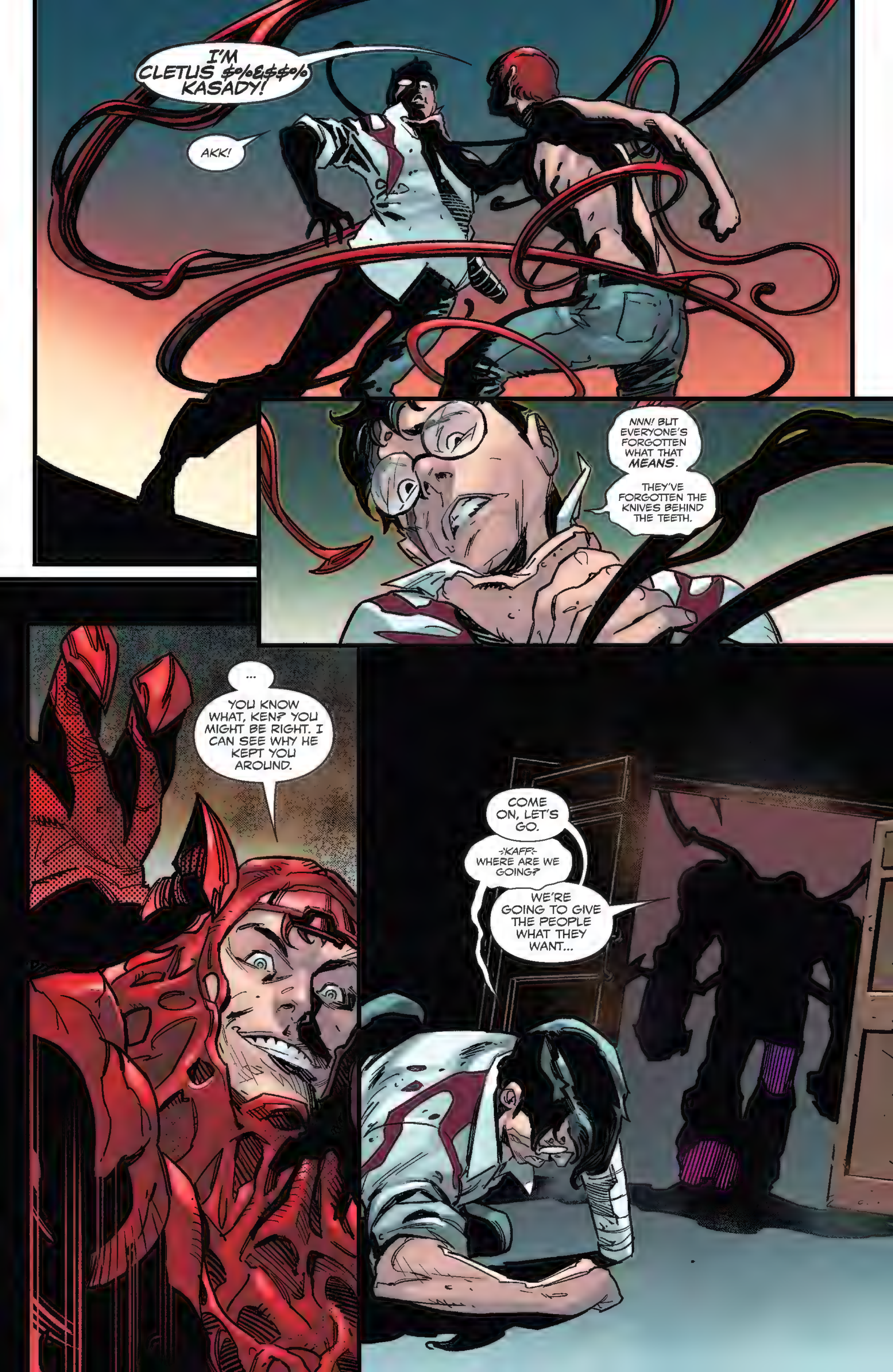

OH NONONONONOOOOOO...
IDIOT! YOU'RE AN IDIOT!
HE WAS THE **ONLY ONE** WHO COULD HAVE STOPPED HIM, AND YOU...YOU JUST...
KEEP OUT
GUHHH...!
TNK
OH, KE-E-ENN...
original

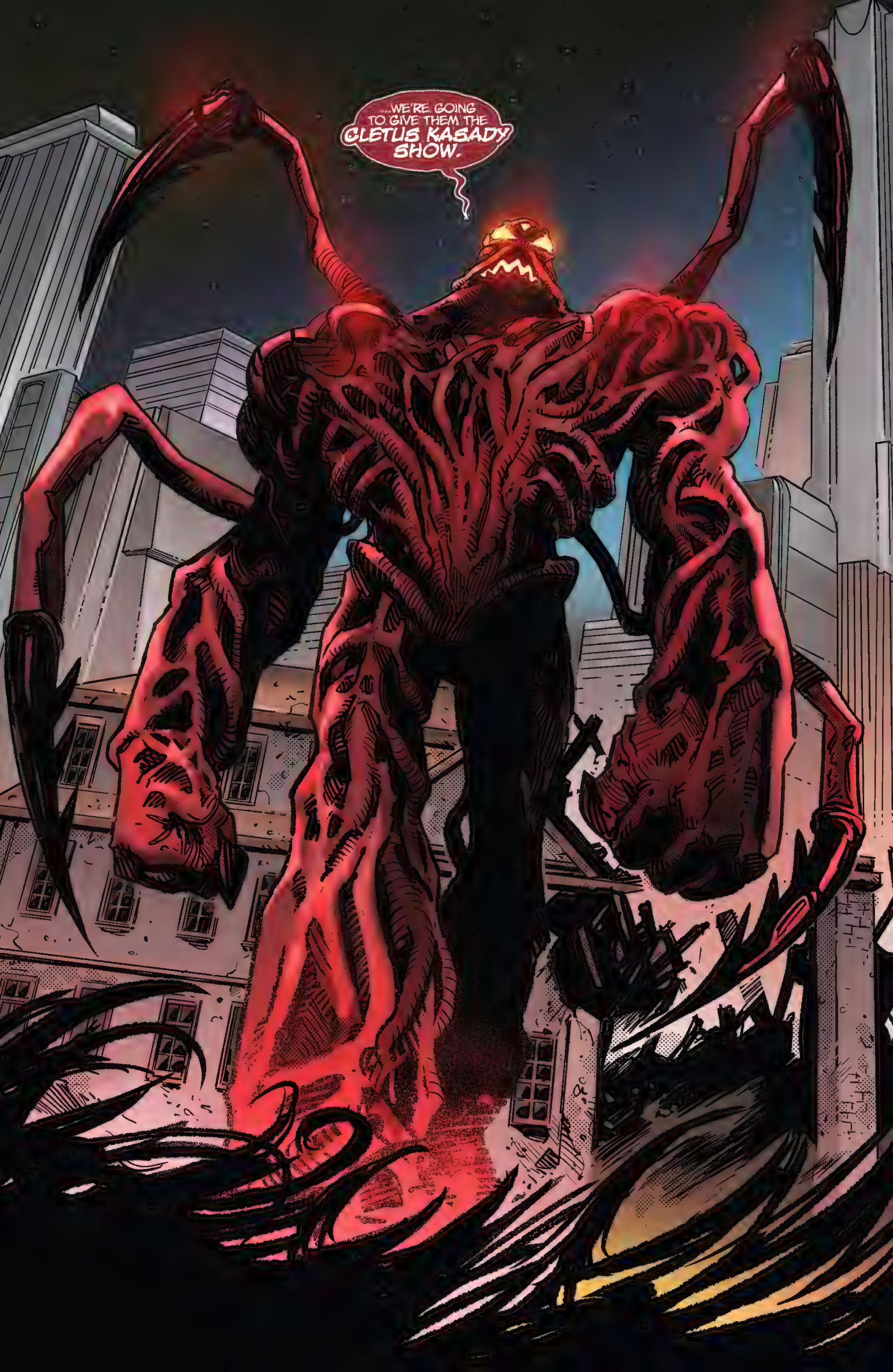

...I THINK YOU DROPPED YOUR **PAINTBRUSH**, MAESTRO.
HEH. YOU HAD ME GOING THERE.
I'M **NEVER** LEAVING THIS PLACE, AM I?
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, NEITHER AM I.
...
WHAT **ARE** YOU NOW, MISTER KASADY? IF NOT CARNAGE THEN... WHAT?
OH, KEN...
I'M **SO** GLAD YOU ASKED.


TOTUTA
BALL STRIKE OUT
GUEST INN HOME
THE FIRST THING YOU SHOULD KNOW IS THAT MY HUMAN BODY DIED A LONG TIME AGO. I WAS BROUGHT BACK VIA THE CODEX I LEFT BEHIND IN THE SYMBIOTE HIVE MIND.
IT TOOK SOME GETTING USED TO, LEMME TELL YA.
CARNAGE WAS MY RIDE FOR A WHILE--BONDING WITH PHYSICAL HOSTS BUT LETTING ME RETAIN CONTROL. NOT A PERFECT ARRANGEMENT, BUT WE MADE IT WORK.
"THEN THIS SMUG RICH %£@# TRIED TO VAPORIZE ME--WITH A SYMBIOTE DRAGON BONDED TO ONE OF HIS STUPID METAL SUITS NO LESS.*
*SEE THE KING IN BLACK AND EXTREME CARNAGE EPICS! --EDITOR
"HE'D SEPARATED IT FROM THE HIVE WITH THE EXTREMIS SERUM, SO HE THOUGHT IT WAS HIS TO COMMAND. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I TOLD HIM:"
I'M THE ALPHA AROUND HERE, BOY!

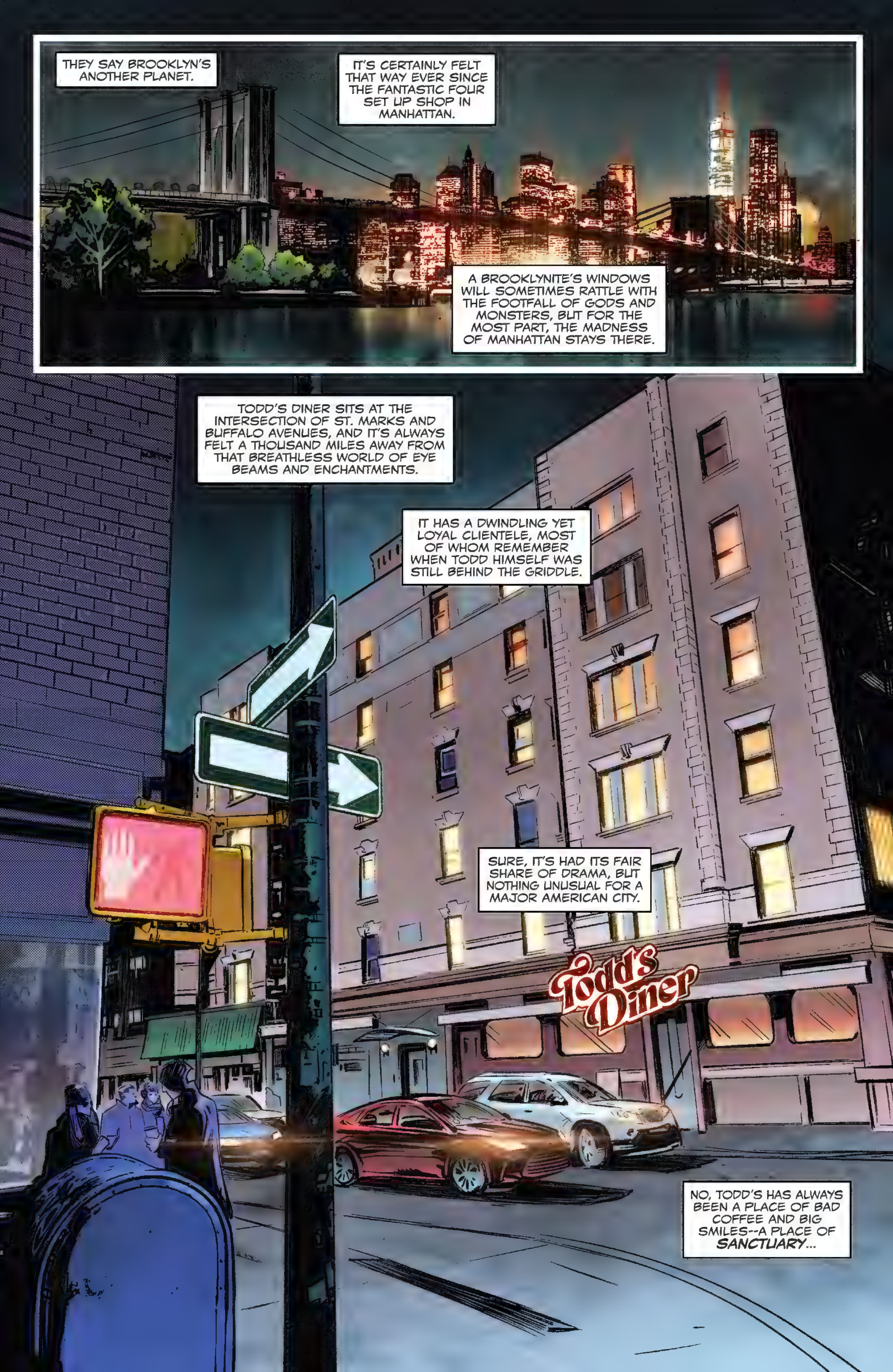

WITH A SYMBIOTE DRAGON *AND* EXTREMIS IN THE MIX, WE WERE MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER.
CARNAGE WANTED TO EVOLVE BEYOND ITSELF--BECOME SOMETHING GREATER--BUT I KNEW ITS HUNGER COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.
BUT WITH A TAME SYMBIOTE DRAGON--THE BIGGEST, BLOODTHIRSTIEST SYMBIOTE THERE IS--UNDER MY ABSOLUTE CONTROL, *MINE* COULD.
I'VE SEEN EVERY ATROCITY THIS UNIVERSE HAS TO OFFER, AND I KNEW NONE OF THEM COULD MATCH THE PRETTY PICTURES IN MY HEAD...
...SO I CAME BACK TO ST. ESTES TO MAKE THEM REAL.
AND CARNAGE?
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING, KEN?
I DON'T *NEED* CARNAGE.

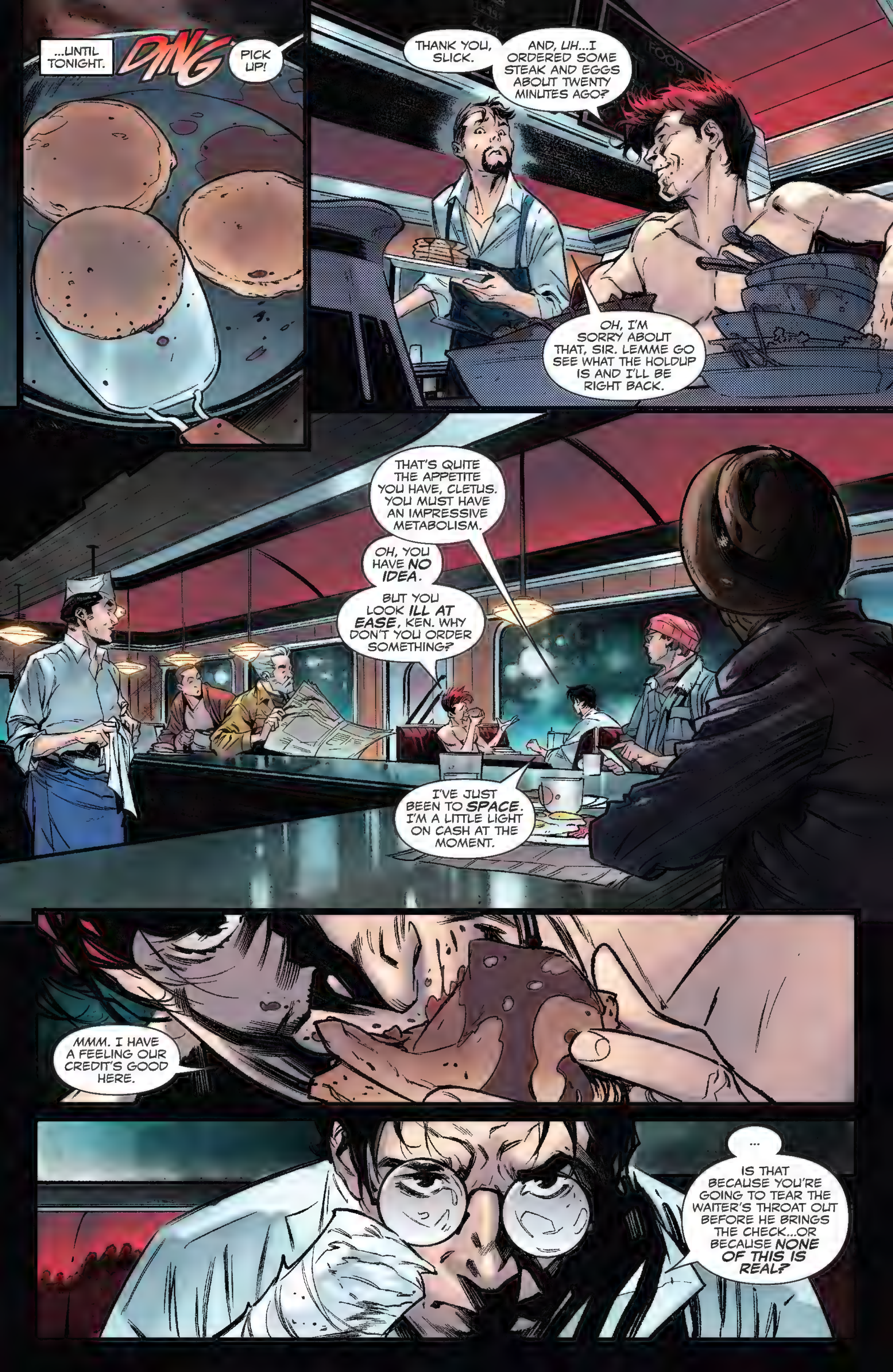

IT GETS TO BE A GOD OUT THERE...
...AND I GET TO BE A GOD IN HERE.
...
IT MUST BE HARD...FINALLY BEING THE BYSTANDER.
KLK
...
I'M SORRY, WHAT?
A-ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE--SOMETHING CLOSER THAN A SYMBIOTE OR...OR A TWIN BROTHER.
CAREFUL NOW, KEN...
OR WHAT... YOU'LL KILL ME? YOU WERE GOING TO DO THAT ANYWAY.
THERE WAS NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN YOU AND CARNAGE--YOU WERE ONE AND THE SAME--SO WITH CARNAGE GONE, WHAT ARE YOU?
I'M CLETUS KASADY.

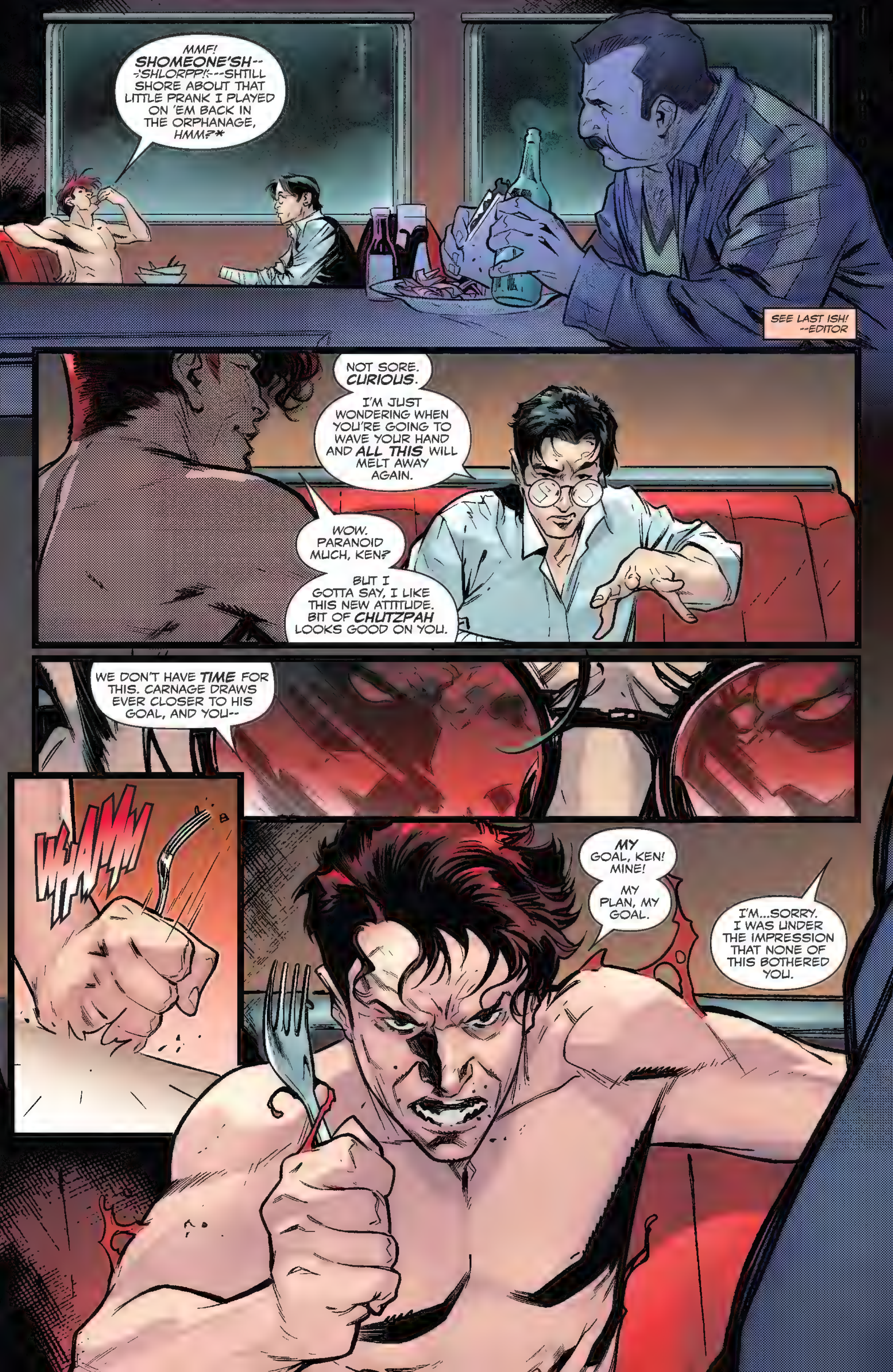

I'M CLETUS $%&$$% KASADY!
AKK!
NNN! BUT EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN WHAT THAT *MEANS*.
THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE KNIVES BEHIND THE TEETH.
...
YOU KNOW WHAT, KEN? YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT. I CAN SEE WHY HE KEPT YOU AROUND.
COME ON, LET'S GO.
-KAFF- WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT...

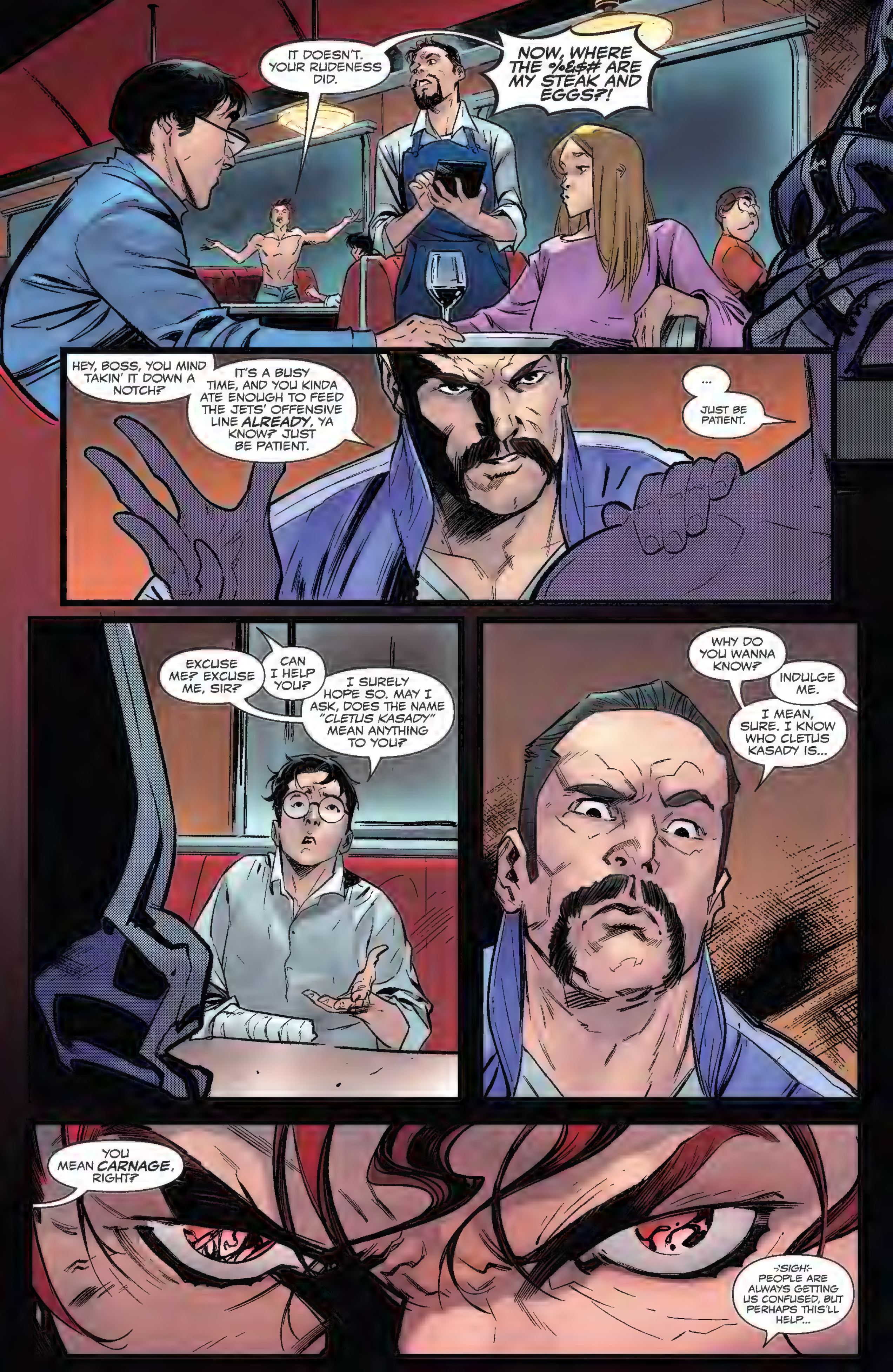

...WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THEM THE CLETUS KASADY SHOW.

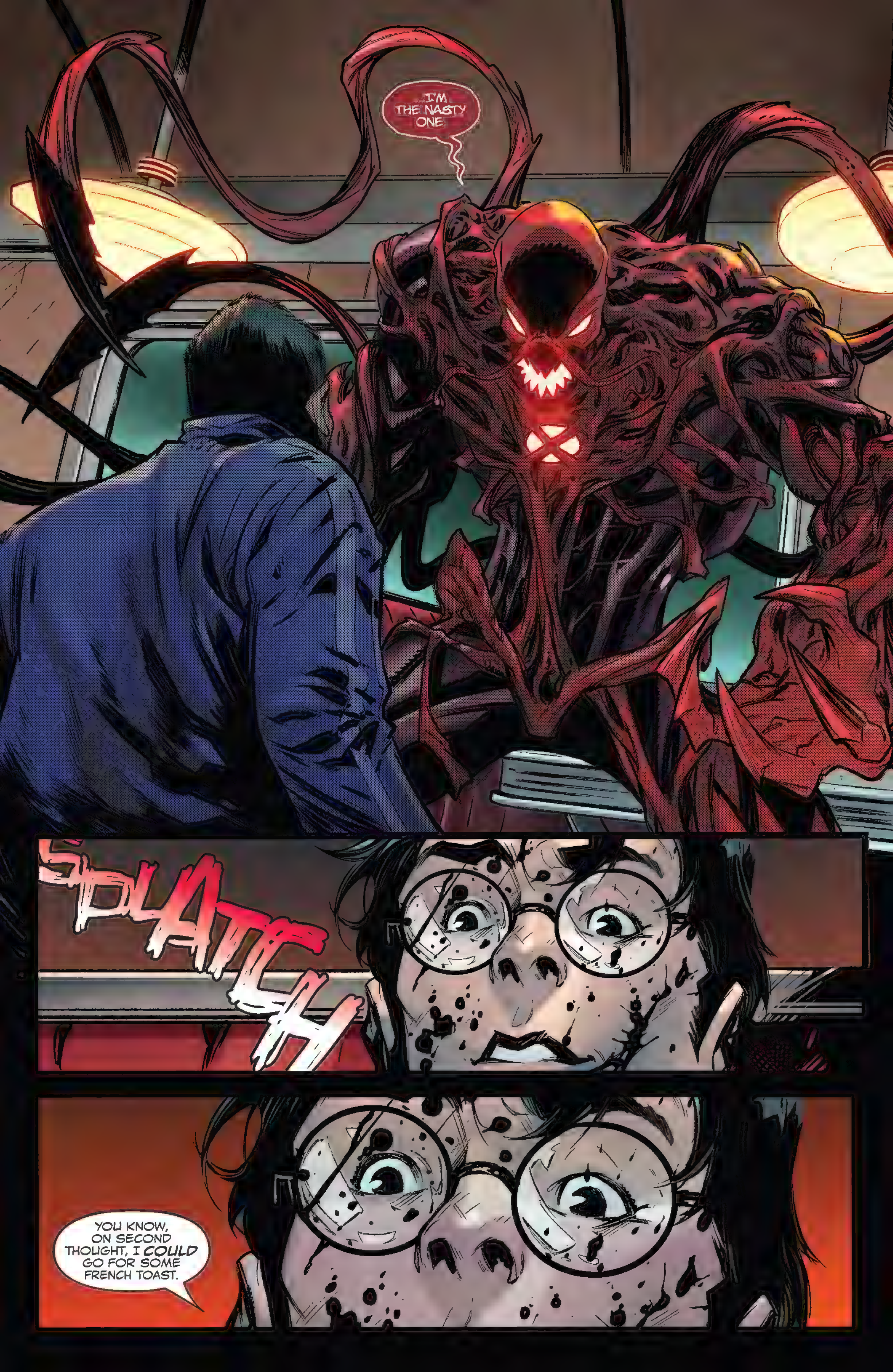
CARNAGE #12

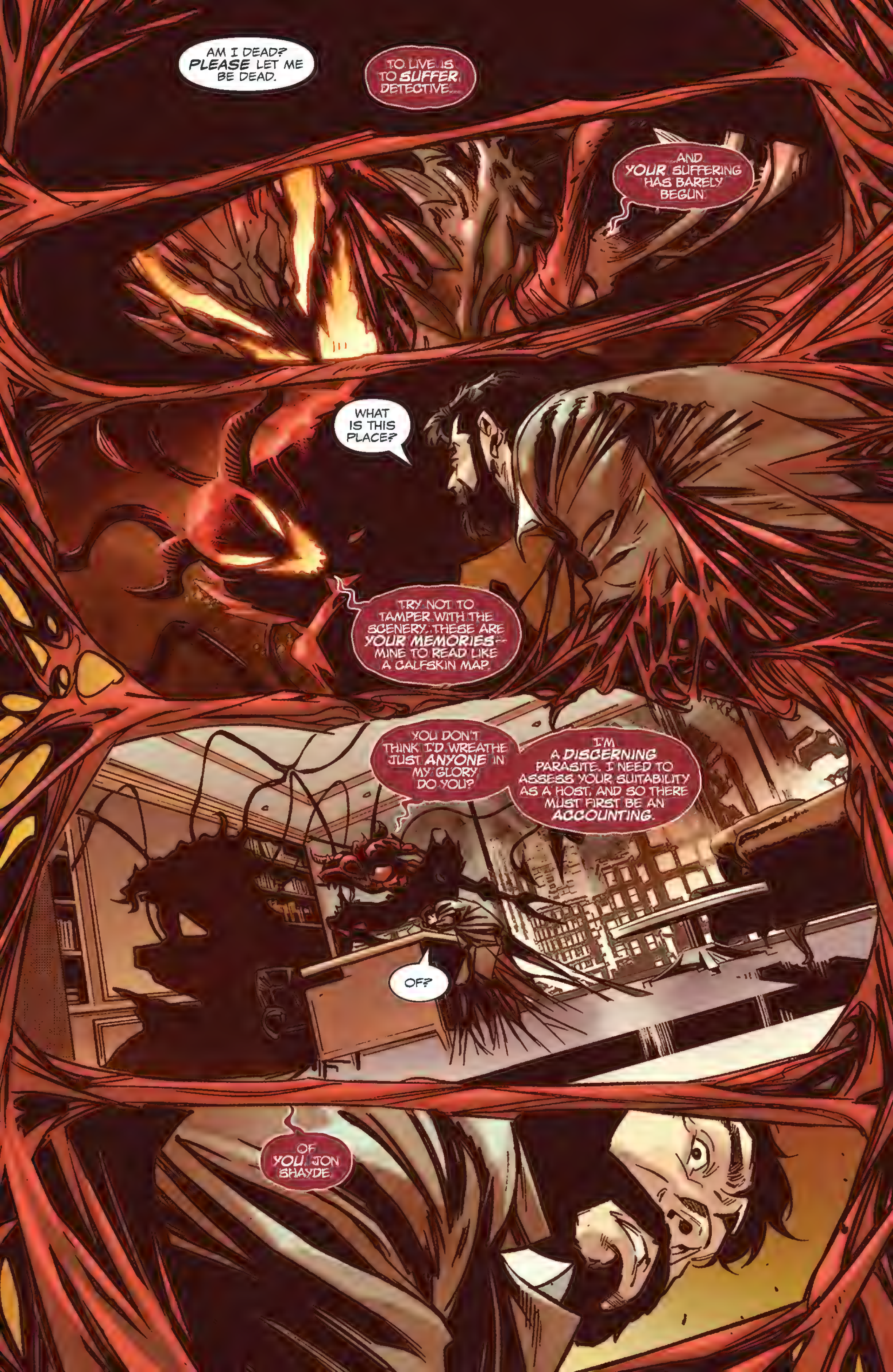

THEY SAY BROOKLYN'S ANOTHER PLANET.
IT'S CERTAINLY FELT THAT WAY EVER SINCE THE FANTASTIC FOUR SET UP SHOP IN MANHATTAN.
A BROOKLYNITE'S WINDOWS WILL SOMETIMES RATTLE WITH THE FOOTFALL OF GODS AND MONSTERS, BUT FOR THE MOST PART, THE MADNESS OF MANHATTAN STAYS THERE.
TODD'S DINER SITS AT THE INTERSECTION OF ST. MARKS AND BUFFALO AVENUES, AND IT'S ALWAYS FELT A THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM THAT BREATHLESS WORLD OF EYE BEAMS AND ENCHANTMENTS.
IT HAS A DWINDLING YET LOYAL CLIENTELE, MOST OF WHOM REMEMBER WHEN TODD HIMSELF WAS STILL BEHIND THE GRIDDLE.
SURE, IT'S HAD ITS FAIR SHARE OF DRAMA, BUT NOTHING UNUSUAL FOR A MAJOR AMERICAN CITY.
Todd's Diner
NO, TODD'S HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PLACE OF BAD COFFEE AND BIG SMILES--A PLACE OF *SANCTUARY*...

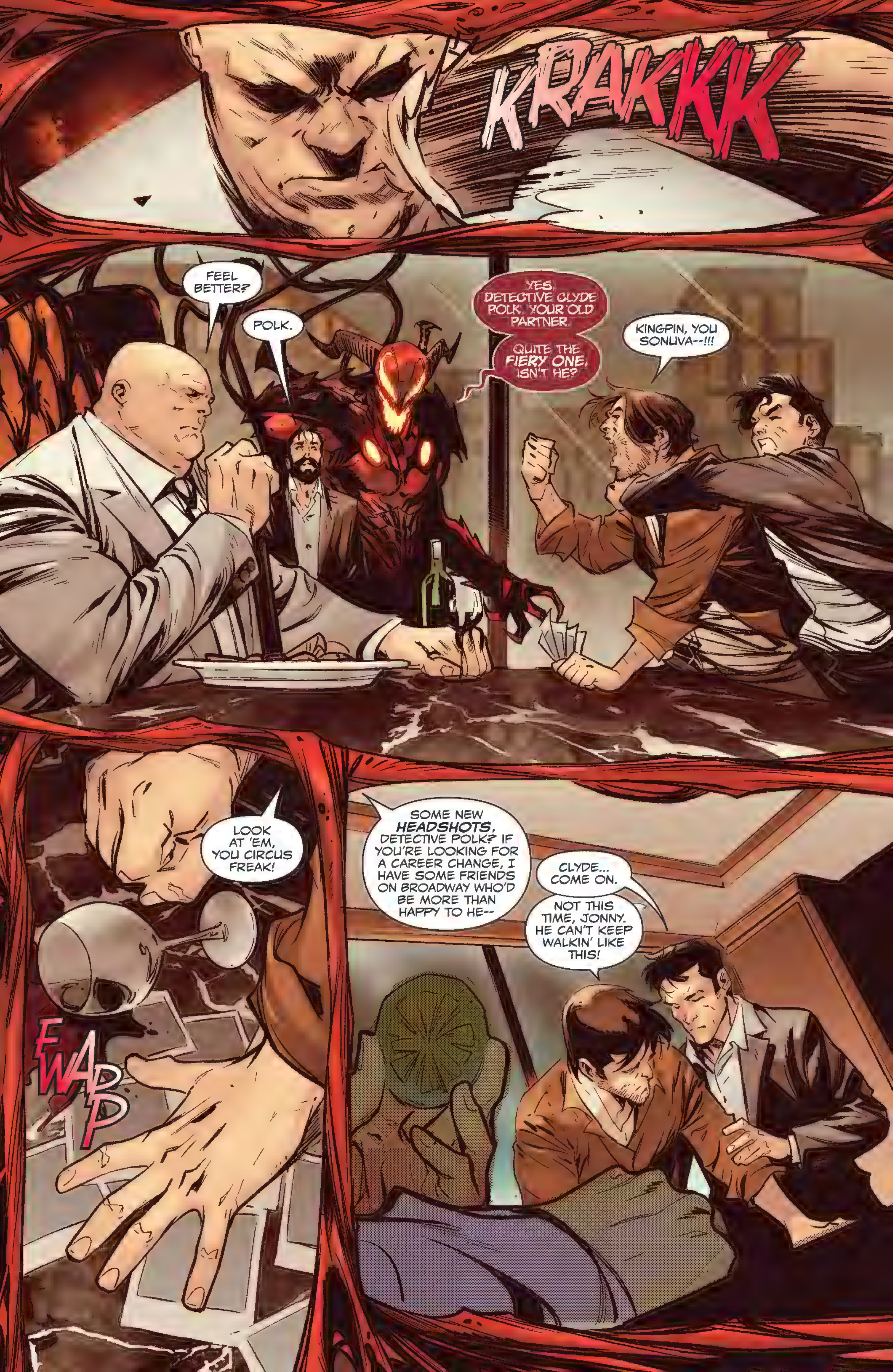

...UNTIL TONIGHT.
DING
PICK UP!
THANK YOU, SLICK.
AND, UH...I ORDERED SOME STEAK AND EGGS ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO?
OH, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, SIR. LEMME GO SEE WHAT THE HOLDUP IS AND I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
THAT'S QUITE THE APPETITE YOU HAVE, CLETUS. YOU MUST HAVE AN IMPRESSIVE METABOLISM.
OH, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
BUT YOU LOOK ILL AT EASE, KEN. WHY DON'T YOU ORDER SOMETHING?
I'VE JUST BEEN TO SPACE. I'M A LITTLE LIGHT ON CASH AT THE MOMENT.
MMM. I HAVE A FEELING OUR CREDIT'S GOOD HERE.
...
IS THAT BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO TEAR THE WAITER'S THROAT OUT BEFORE HE BRINGS THE CHECK...OR BECAUSE NONE OF THIS IS REAL?

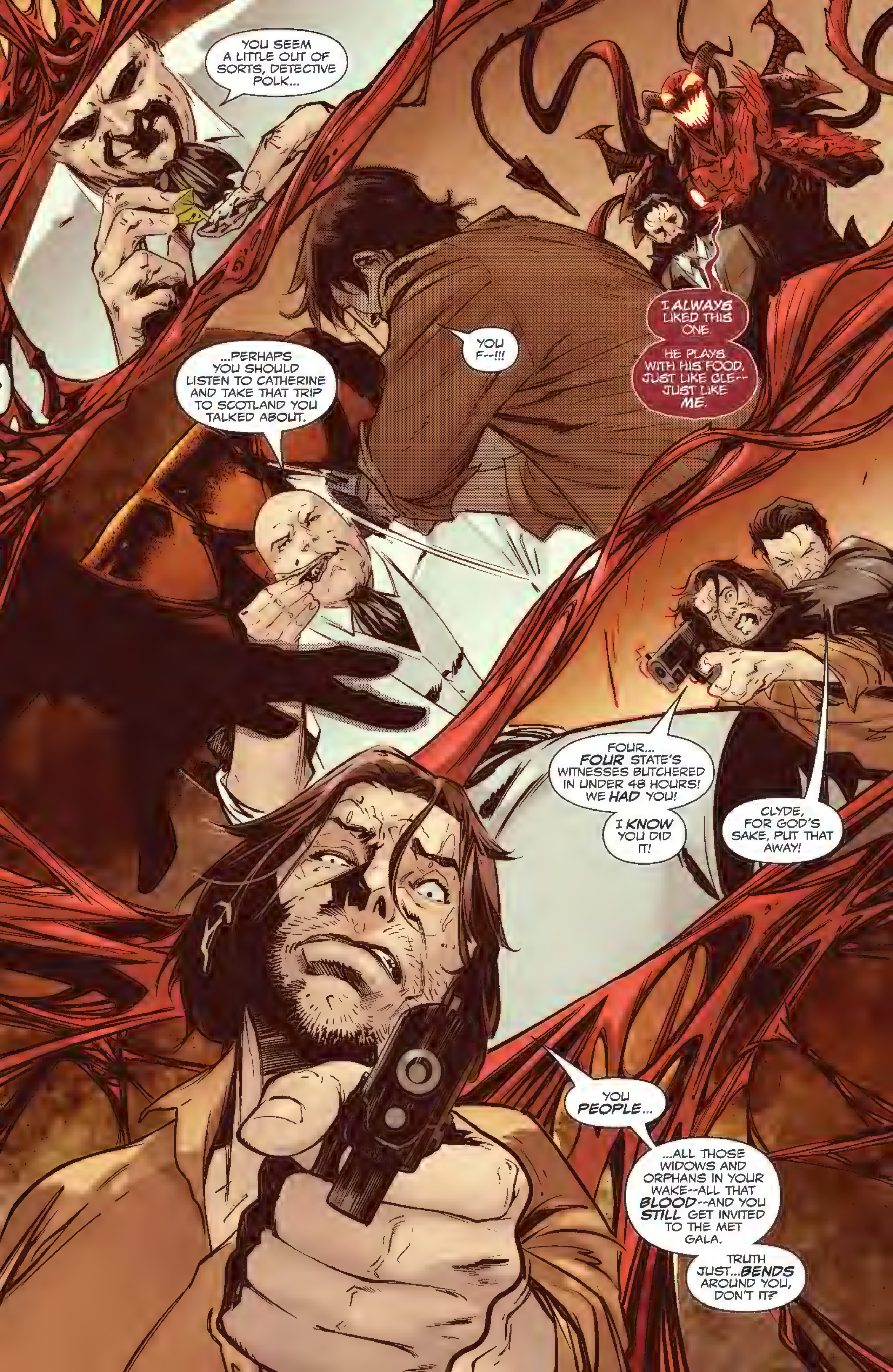

MMF! SHOMEONE'SH-- -SHLORPP!---SHTILL SHORE ABOUT THAT LITTLE PRANK I PLAYED ON 'EM BACK IN THE ORPHANAGE, HMM?*
SEE LAST ISH! --EDITOR
NOT SORE. CURIOUS.
I'M JUST WONDERING WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO WAVE YOUR HAND AND ALL THIS WILL MELT AWAY AGAIN.
WOW. PARANOID MUCH, KEN?
BUT I GOTTA SAY, I LIKE THIS NEW ATTITUDE. BIT OF CHUTZPAH LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. CARNAGE DRAWS EVER CLOSER TO HIS GOAL, AND YOU--
WHAMM
MY GOAL, KEN! MINE!
MY PLAN, MY GOAL.
I'M...SORRY. I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT NONE OF THIS BOTHERED YOU.

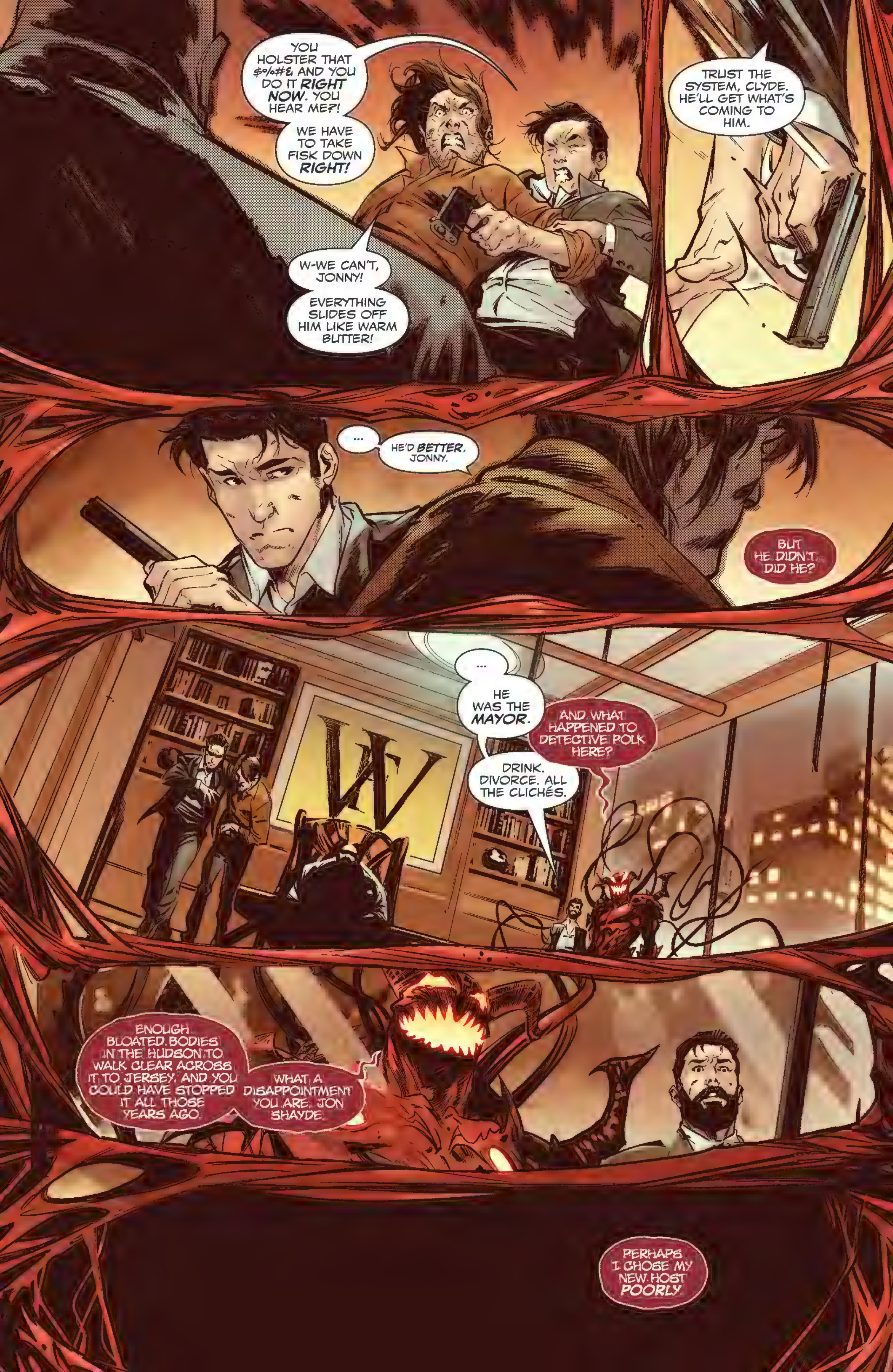

IT DOESN'T. YOUR RUDENESS DID.
NOW, WHERE THE %&$# ARE MY STEAK AND EGGS?!
HEY, BOSS, YOU MIND TAKIN' IT DOWN A NOTCH?
IT'S A BUSY TIME, AND YOU KINDA ATE ENOUGH TO FEED THE JETS' OFFENSIVE LINE ALREADY, YA KNOW? JUST BE PATIENT.
...
JUST BE PATIENT.
EXCUSE ME? EXCUSE ME, SIR?
CAN I HELP YOU?
I SURELY HOPE SO. MAY I ASK, DOES THE NAME "CLETUS KASADY" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
WHY DO YOU WANNA KNOW?
INDULGE ME.
I MEAN, SURE. I KNOW WHO CLETUS KASADY IS...
YOU MEAN CARNAGE, RIGHT?
-SIGH- PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS GETTING US CONFUSED, BUT PERHAPS THIS'LL HELP...

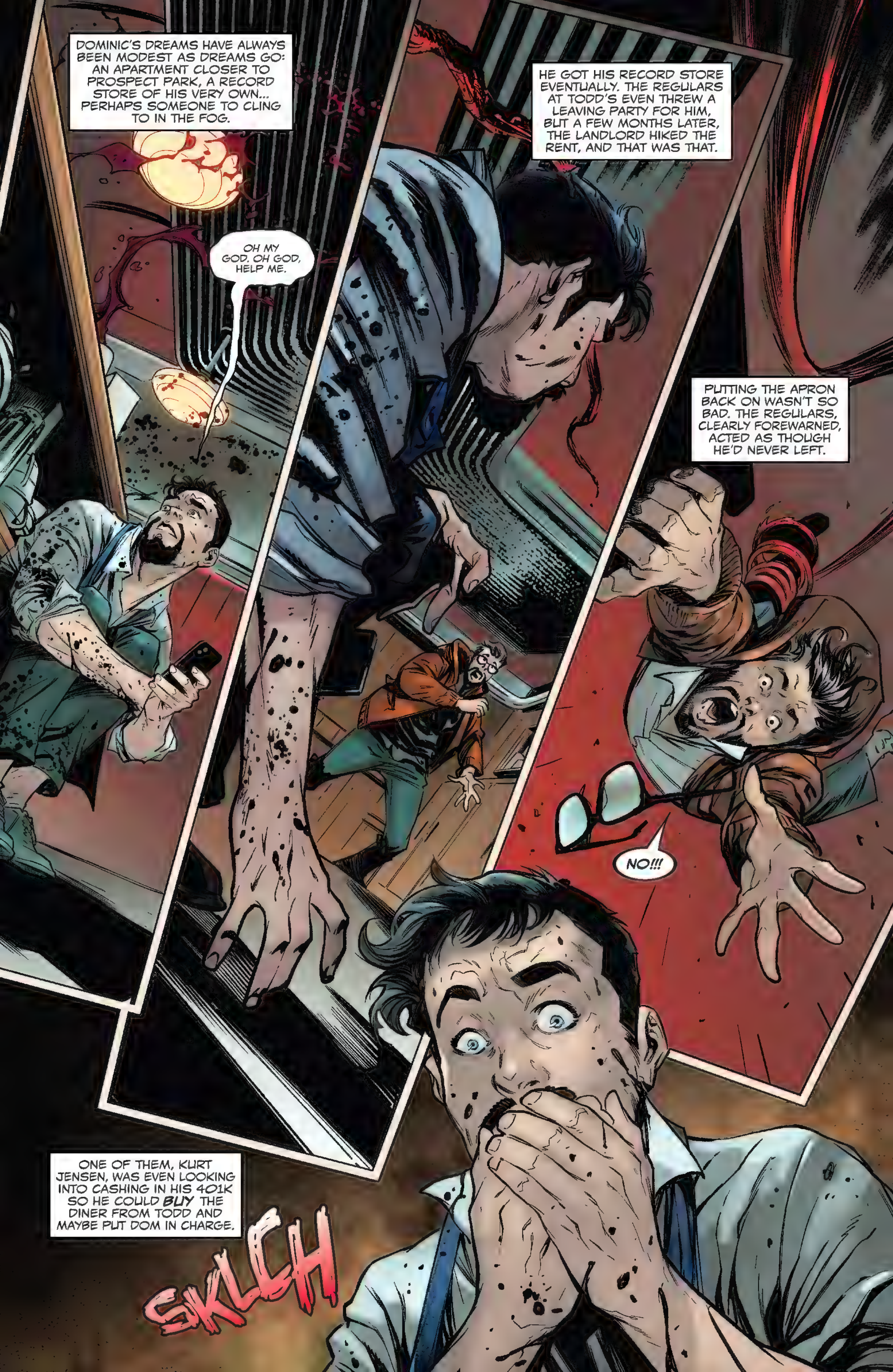

...I'M THE NASTY ONE.
SPLATCH
YOU KNOW, ON SECOND THOUGHT, I *COULD* GO FOR SOME FRENCH TOAST.

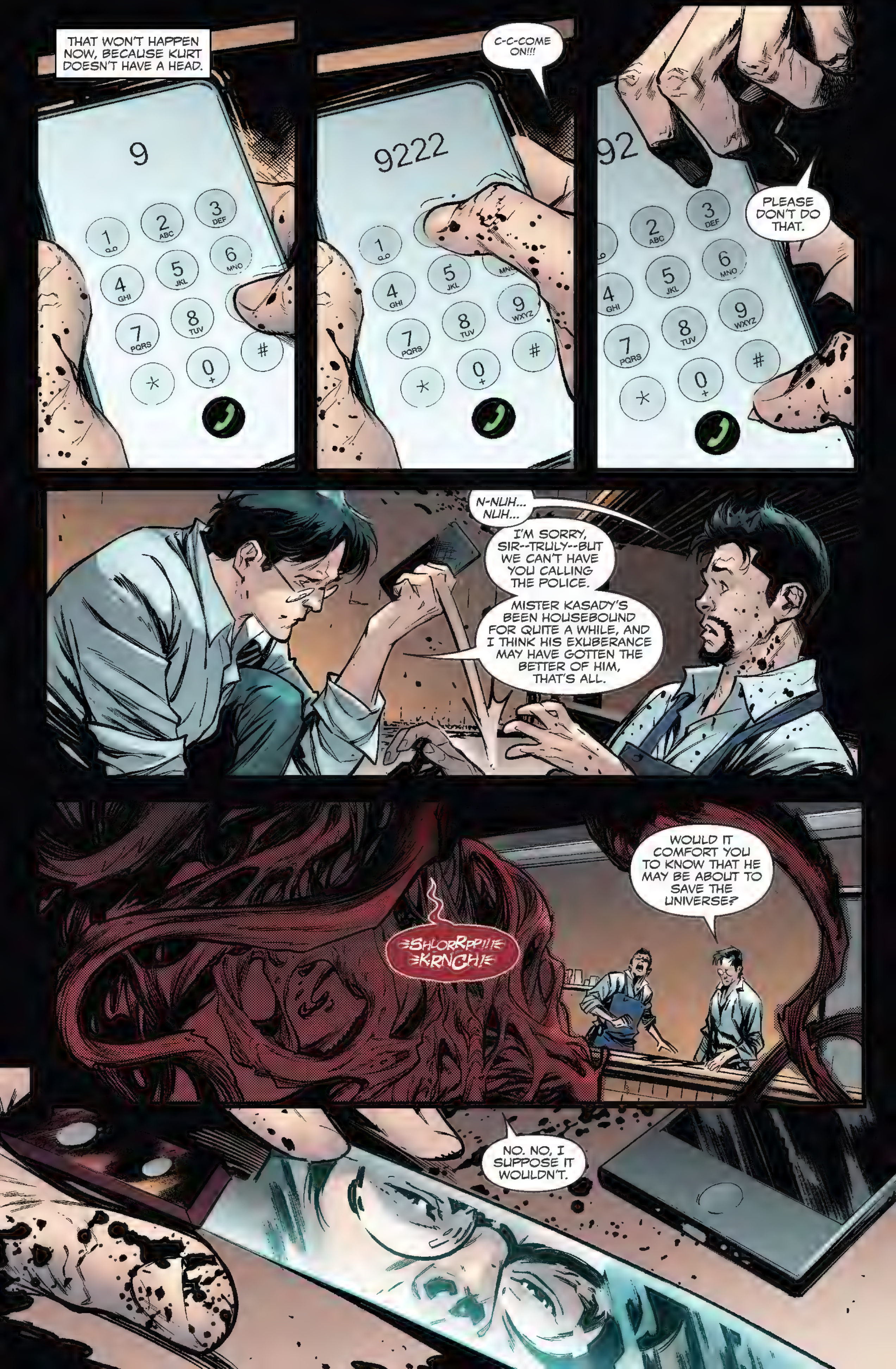

AM I DEAD? PLEASE LET ME BE DEAD.
TO LIVE IS TO SUFFER, DETECTIVE...
...AND YOUR SUFFERING HAS BARELY BEGUN.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
TRY NOT TO TAMPER WITH THE SCENERY. THESE ARE YOUR MEMORIES-- MINE TO READ LIKE A CALFSKIN MAP.
YOU DON'T THINK I'D WREATHE JUST ANYONE IN MY GLORY, DO YOU?
I'M A DISCERNING PARASITE. I NEED TO ASSESS YOUR SUITABILITY AS A HOST, AND SO THERE MUST FIRST BE AN ACCOUNTING.
OF?
OF YOU, JON SHAYDE.

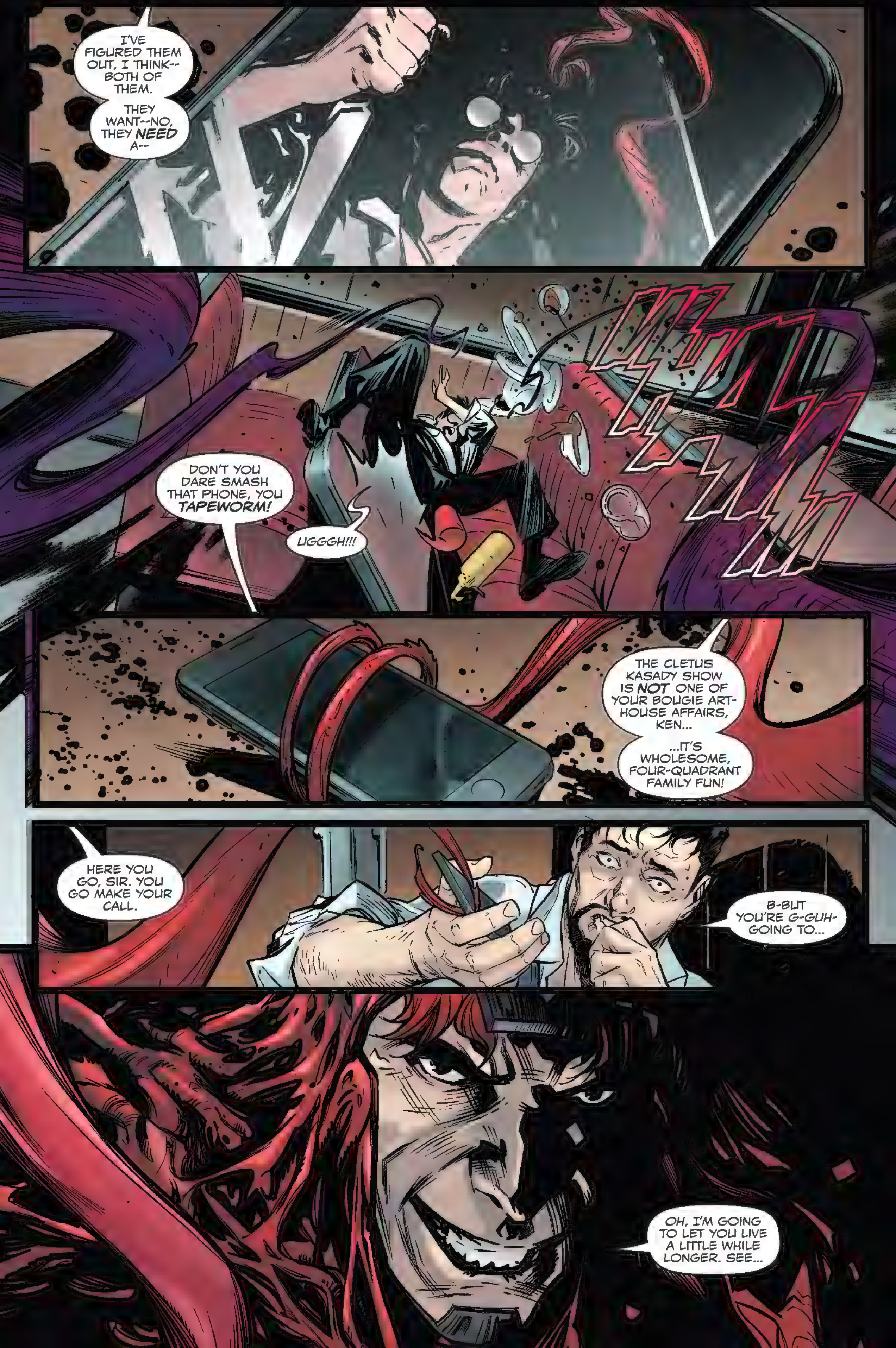

KRAKKK
FEEL BETTER?
POLK.
YES. DETECTIVE CLYDE POLK. YOUR OLD PARTNER.
QUITE THE FIERY ONE, ISN'T HE?
KINGPIN, YOU SONUVA--!!!
LOOK AT 'EM, YOU CIRCUS FREAK!
FWAP
SOME NEW HEADSHOTS, DETECTIVE POLK? IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CAREER CHANGE, I HAVE SOME FRIENDS ON BROADWAY WHO'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO HE--
CLYDE... COME ON.
NOT THIS TIME, JONNY. HE CAN'T KEEP WALKIN' LIKE THIS!

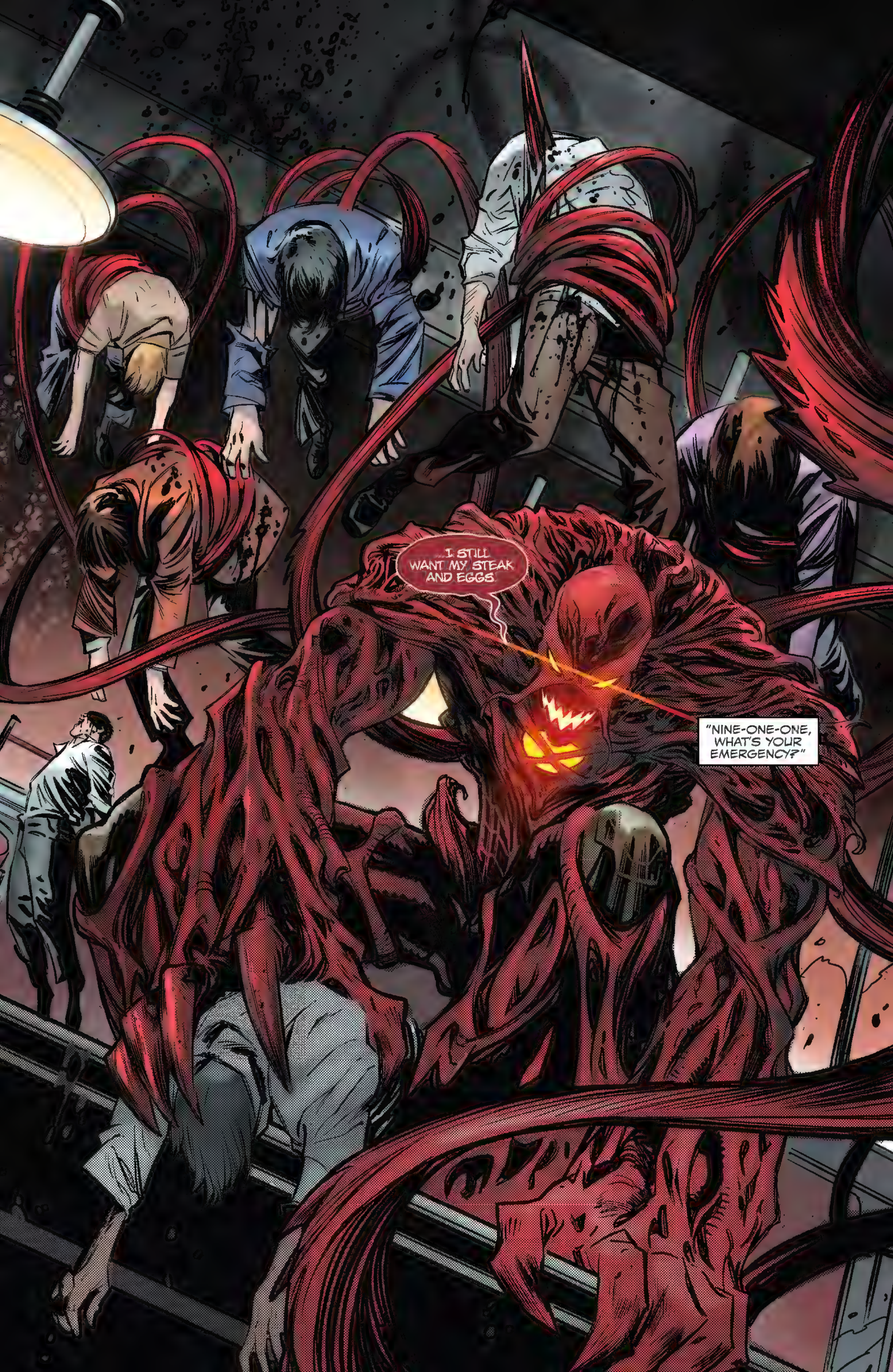

YOU SEEM A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS, DETECTIVE POLK...
I ALWAYS LIKED THIS ONE.
HE PLAYS WITH HIS FOOD, JUST LIKE CLE-- JUST LIKE ME.
YOU F--!!!
...PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO CATHERINE AND TAKE THAT TRIP TO SCOTLAND YOU TALKED ABOUT.
FOUR... FOUR STATE'S WITNESSES BUTCHERED IN UNDER 48 HOURS! WE HAD YOU!
I KNOW YOU DID IT!
CLYDE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, PUT THAT AWAY!
YOU PEOPLE...
...ALL THOSE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS IN YOUR WAKE--ALL THAT BLOOD--AND YOU STILL GET INVITED TO THE MET GALA.
TRUTH JUST...BENDS AROUND YOU, DON'T IT?

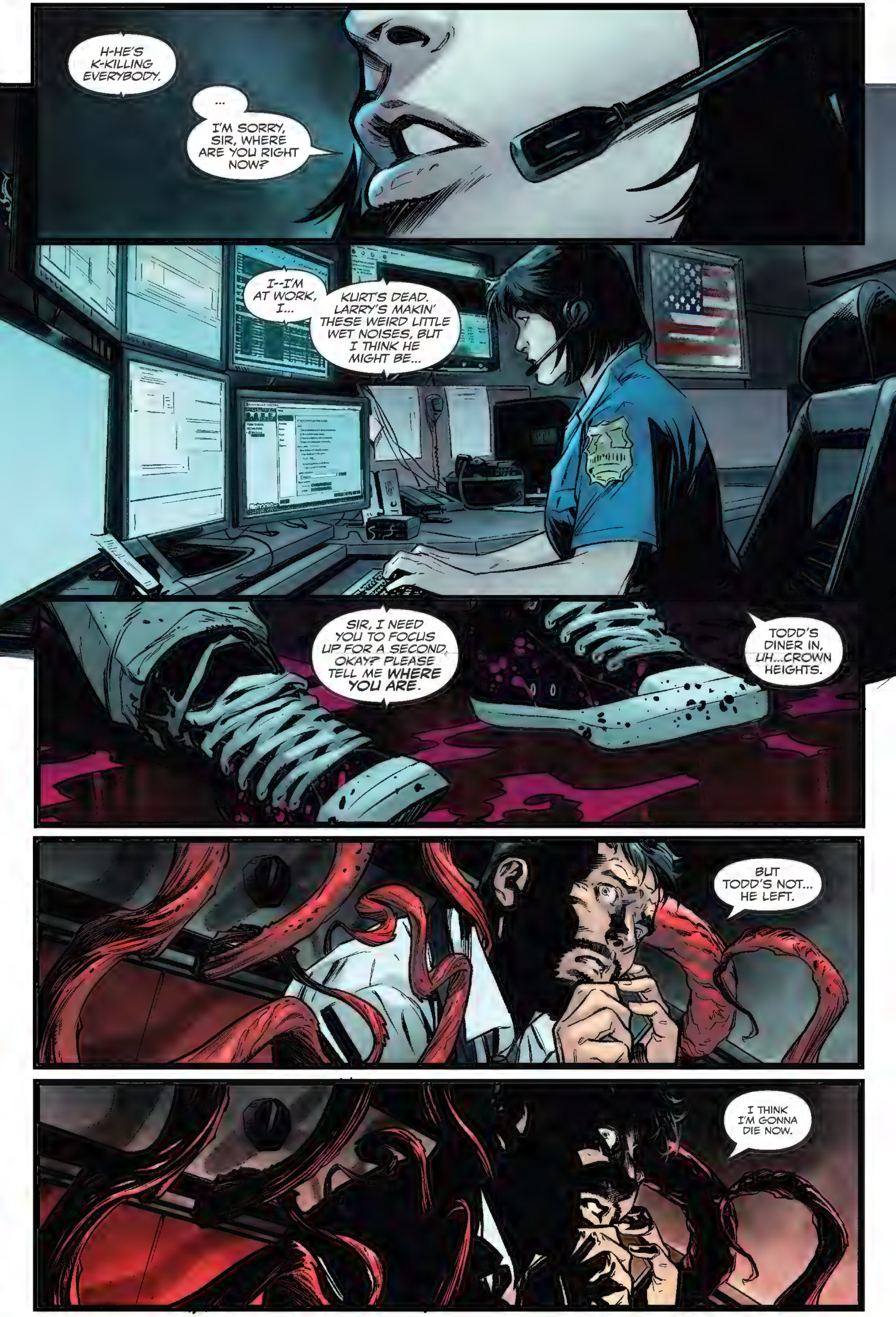

YOU HOLSTER THAT $%#& AND YOU DO IT **RIGHT NOW**. YOU HEAR ME?!
WE HAVE TO TAKE FISK DOWN **RIGHT!**
W-WE CAN'T, JONNY!
EVERYTHING SLIDES OFF HIM LIKE WARM BUTTER!
TRUST THE SYSTEM, CLYDE. HE'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.
...
HE'D **BETTER**, JONNY.
BUT HE DIDN'T, DID HE?
...
HE WAS THE **MAYOR**.
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO DETECTIVE POLK HERE?
DRINK. DIVORCE. ALL THE CLICHÉS.
ENOUGH BLOATED BODIES IN THE HUDSON TO WALK CLEAR ACROSS IT TO JERSEY, AND YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT YOU ARE, JON SHAYDE.
PERHAPS I CHOSE MY NEW HOST **POORLY**.

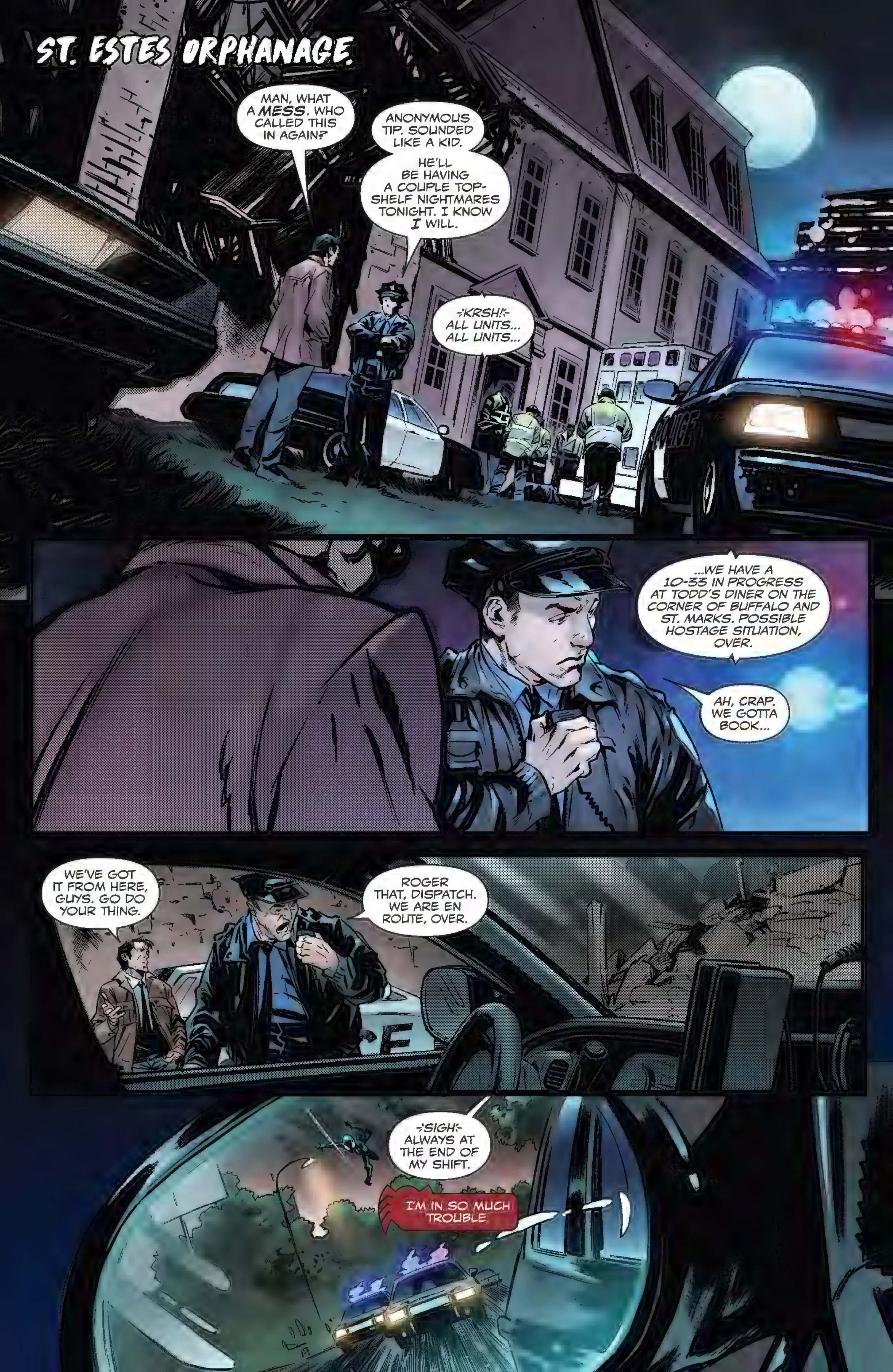

DOMINIC'S DREAMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MODEST AS DREAMS GO: AN APARTMENT CLOSER TO PROSPECT PARK, A RECORD STORE OF HIS VERY OWN... PERHAPS SOMEONE TO CLING TO IN THE FOG.
OH MY GOD. OH GOD, HELP ME.
HE GOT HIS RECORD STORE EVENTUALLY. THE REGULARS AT TODD'S EVEN THREW A LEAVING PARTY FOR HIM, BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE LANDLORD HIKED THE RENT, AND THAT WAS THAT.
PUTTING THE APRON BACK ON WASN'T SO BAD. THE REGULARS, CLEARLY FOREWARNED, ACTED AS THOUGH HE'D NEVER LEFT.
NO!!!
ONE OF THEM, KURT JENSEN, WAS EVEN LOOKING INTO CASHING IN HIS 401K SO HE COULD *BUY* THE DINER FROM TODD AND MAYBE PUT DOM IN CHARGE.
SKLCH

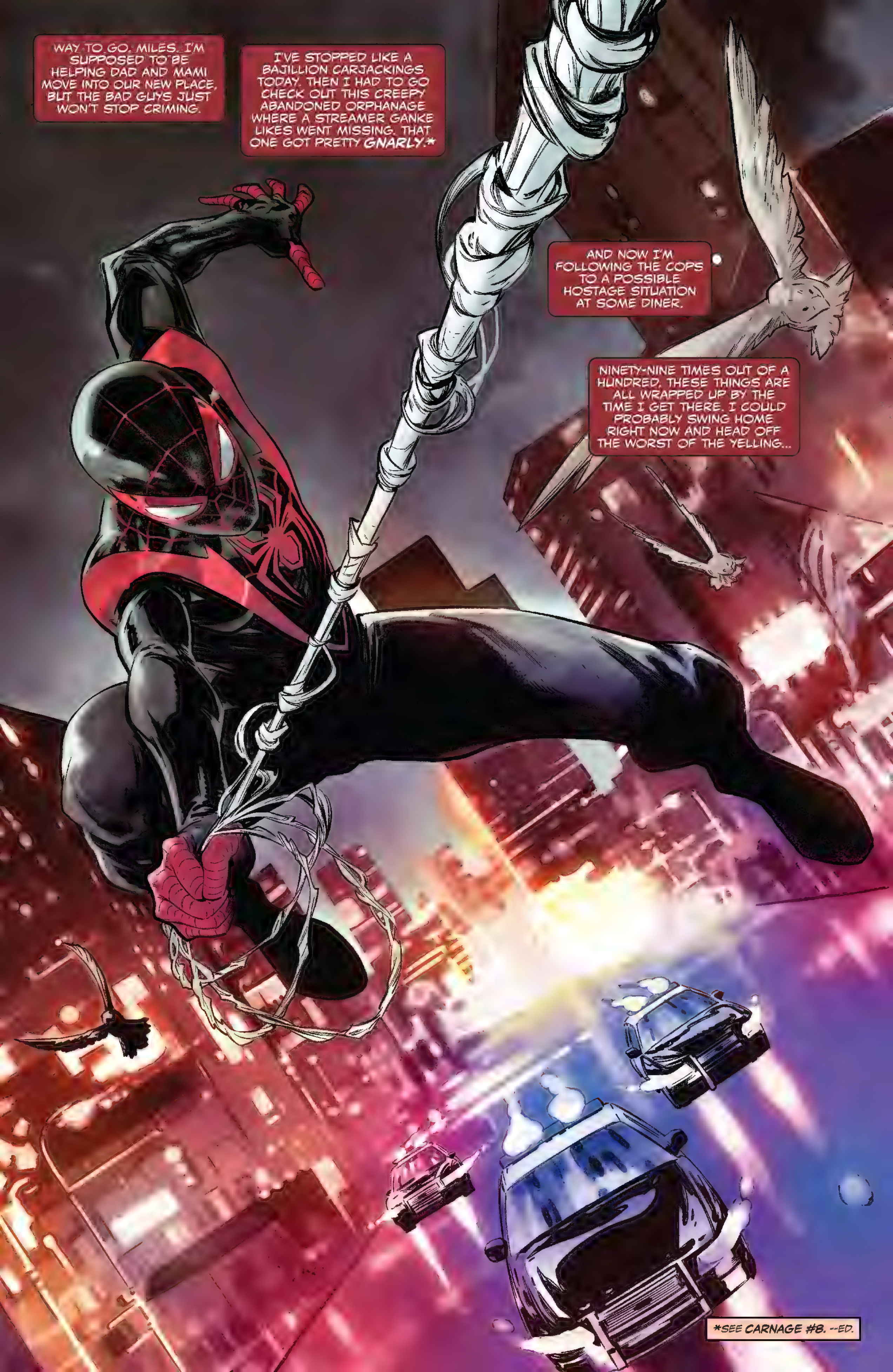

THAT WON'T HAPPEN NOW, BECAUSE KURT DOESN'T HAVE A HEAD.
9
C-C-COME ON!!!
9222
92
PLEASE DON'T DO THAT.
N-NUH... NUH...
I'M SORRY, SIR--TRULY--BUT WE CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING THE POLICE.
MISTER KASADY'S BEEN HOUSEBOUND FOR QUITE A WHILE, AND I THINK HIS EXUBERANCE MAY HAVE GOTTEN THE BETTER OF HIM, THAT'S ALL.
SHLORRPP!! KRNCH!
WOULD IT COMFORT YOU TO KNOW THAT HE MAY BE ABOUT TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE?
NO. NO, I SUPPOSE IT WOULDN'T.

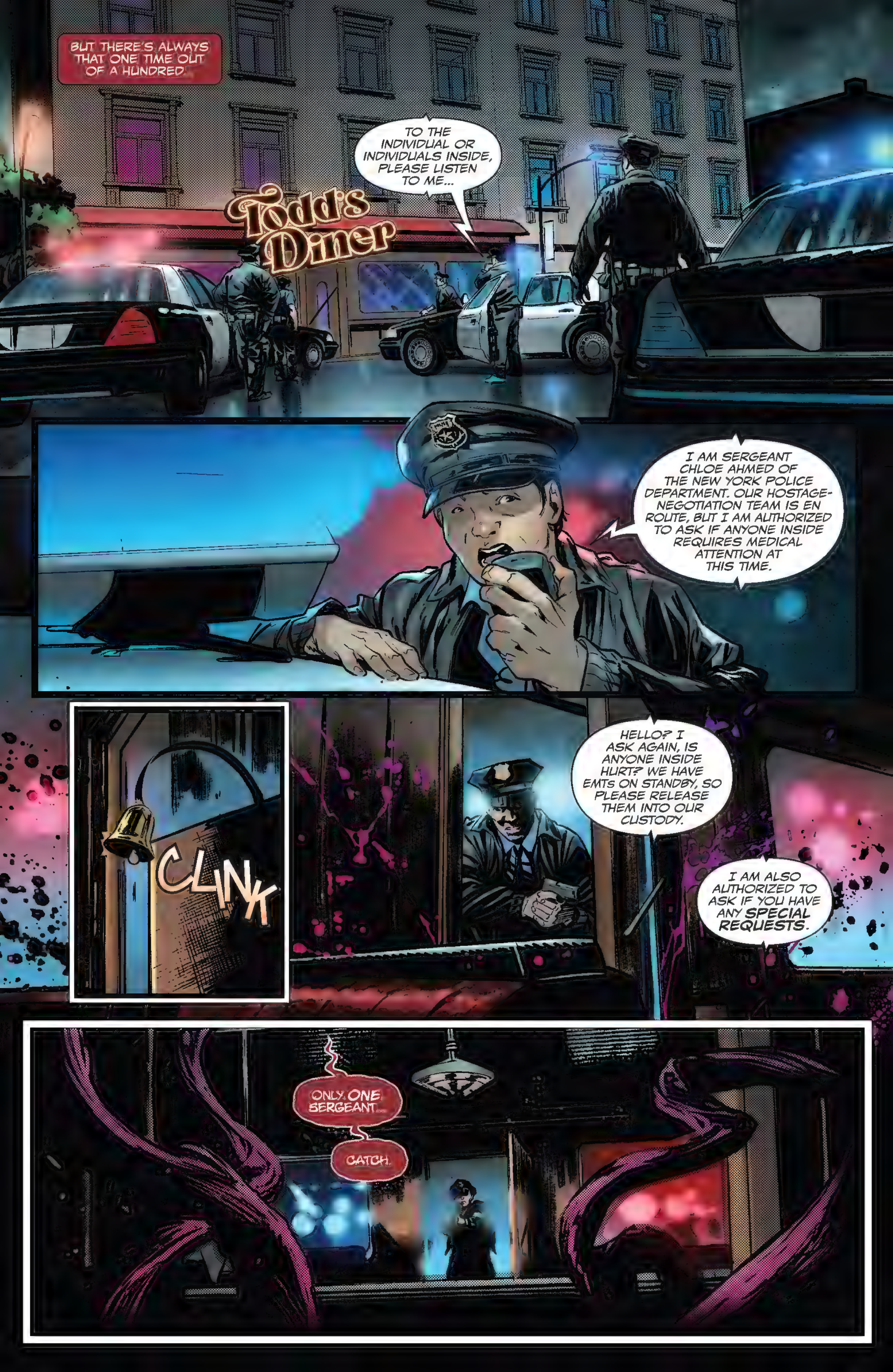

I'VE FIGURED THEM OUT, I THINK-- BOTH OF THEM.
THEY WANT--NO, THEY *NEED* A--
DON'T YOU DARE SMASH THAT PHONE, YOU *TAPEWORM!*
UGGGH!!!
THE CLETUS KASADY SHOW IS *NOT* ONE OF YOUR BOUGIE ART-HOUSE AFFAIRS, KEN...
...IT'S WHOLESOME, FOUR-QUADRANT FAMILY FUN!
HERE YOU GO, SIR. YOU GO MAKE YOUR CALL.
B-BUT YOU'RE G-GUH-GOING TO...
OH, I'M GOING TO LET YOU LIVE A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. SEE...

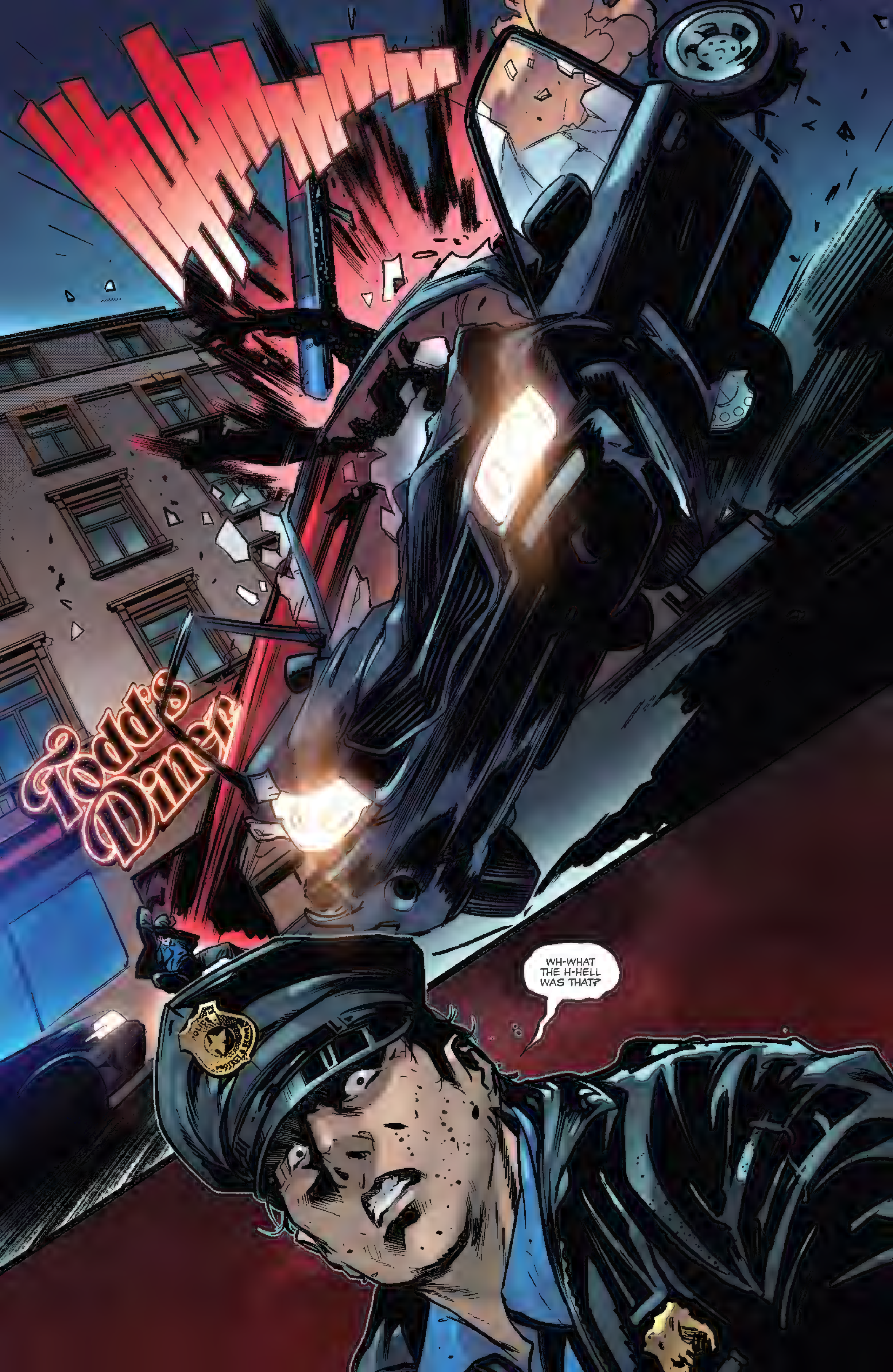

I STILL WANT MY STEAK AND EGGS
"NINE-ONE-ONE, WHAT'S YOUR EMERGENCY?"

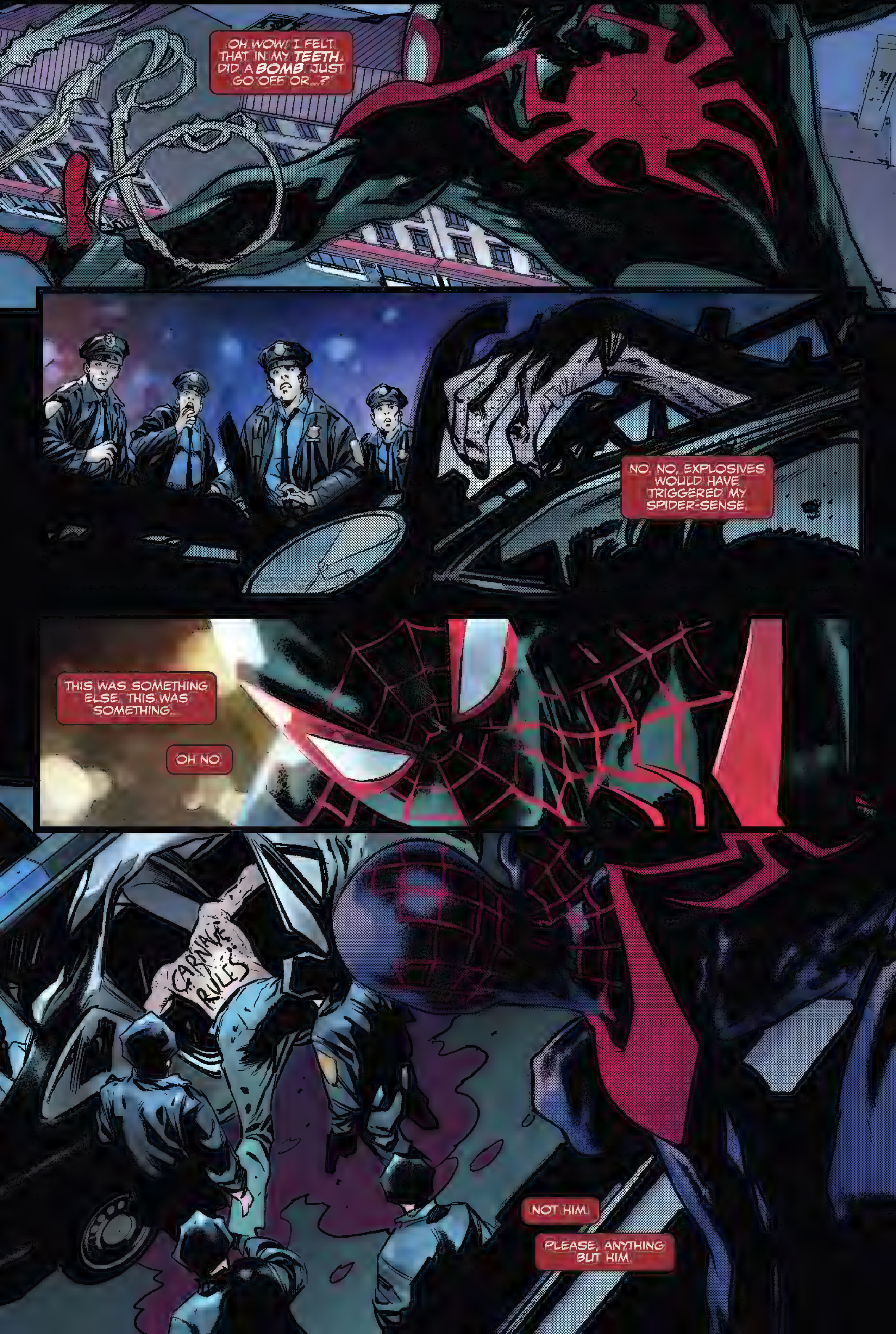

H-HE'S K-KILLING EVERYBODY.
...
I'M SORRY, SIR, WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT NOW?
I--I'M AT WORK, I...
KURT'S DEAD. LARRY'S MAKIN' THESE WEIRD LITTLE WET NOISES, BUT I THINK HE MIGHT BE...
SIR, I NEED YOU TO FOCUS UP FOR A SECOND, OKAY? PLEASE TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE.
TODD'S DINER IN, UH...CROWN HEIGHTS.
BUT TODD'S NOT... HE LEFT.
I THINK I'M GONNA DIE NOW.

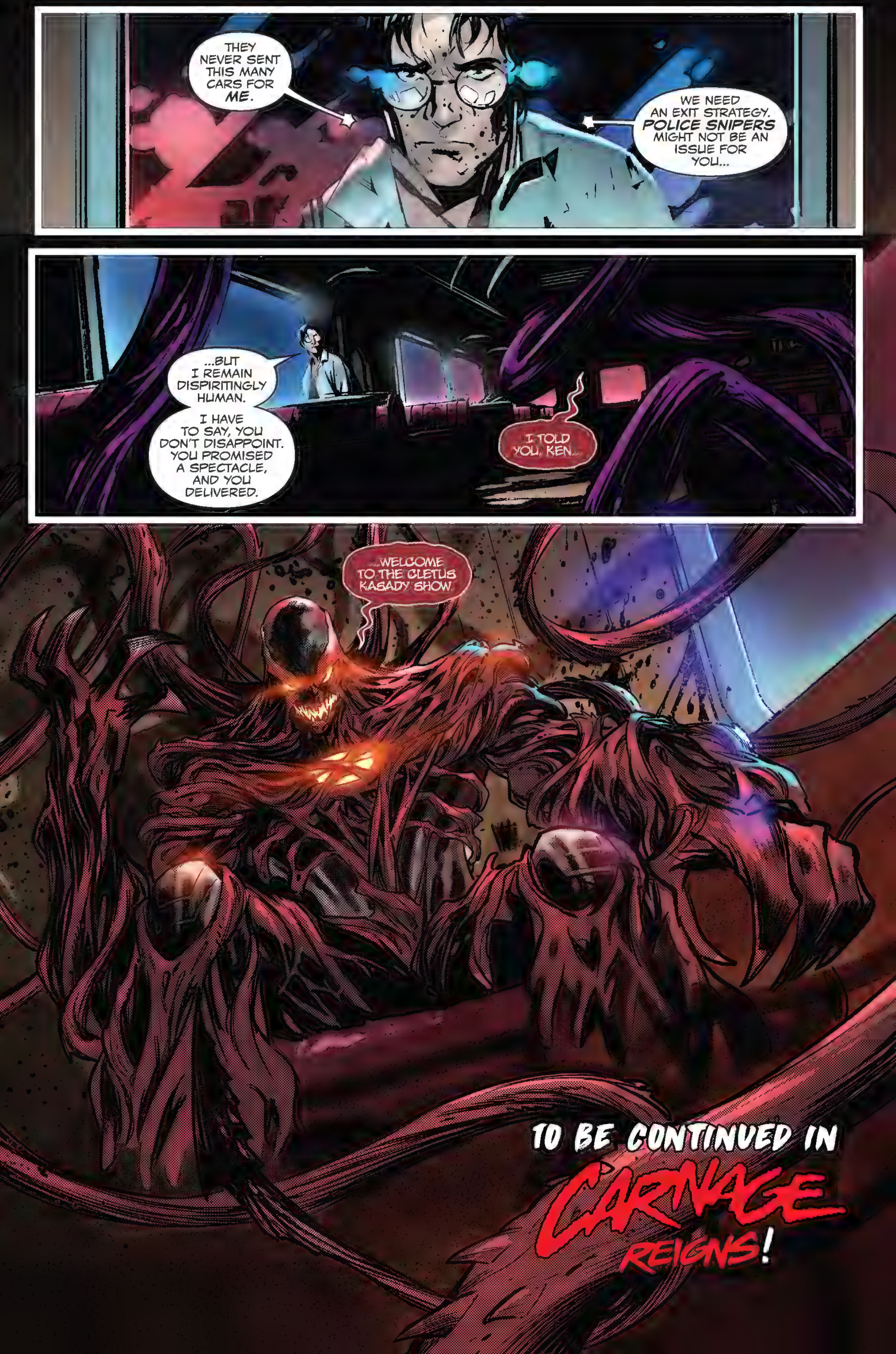

ST. ESTES ORPHANAGE.
MAN, WHAT A *MESS*. WHO CALLED THIS IN AGAIN?
ANONYMOUS TIP. SOUNDED LIKE A KID.
HE'LL BE HAVING A COUPLE TOP-SHELF NIGHTMARES TONIGHT. I KNOW *I* WILL.
-KRSH!- ALL UNITS... ALL UNITS...
...WE HAVE A 10-33 IN PROGRESS AT TODD'S DINER ON THE CORNER OF BUFFALO AND ST. MARKS. POSSIBLE HOSTAGE SITUATION, OVER.
AH, CRAP. WE GOTTA BOOK...
WE'VE GOT IT FROM HERE, GUYS. GO DO YOUR THING.
ROGER THAT, DISPATCH. WE ARE EN ROUTE, OVER.
-SIGH- ALWAYS AT THE END OF MY SHIFT.
I'M IN SO MUCH TROUBLE.

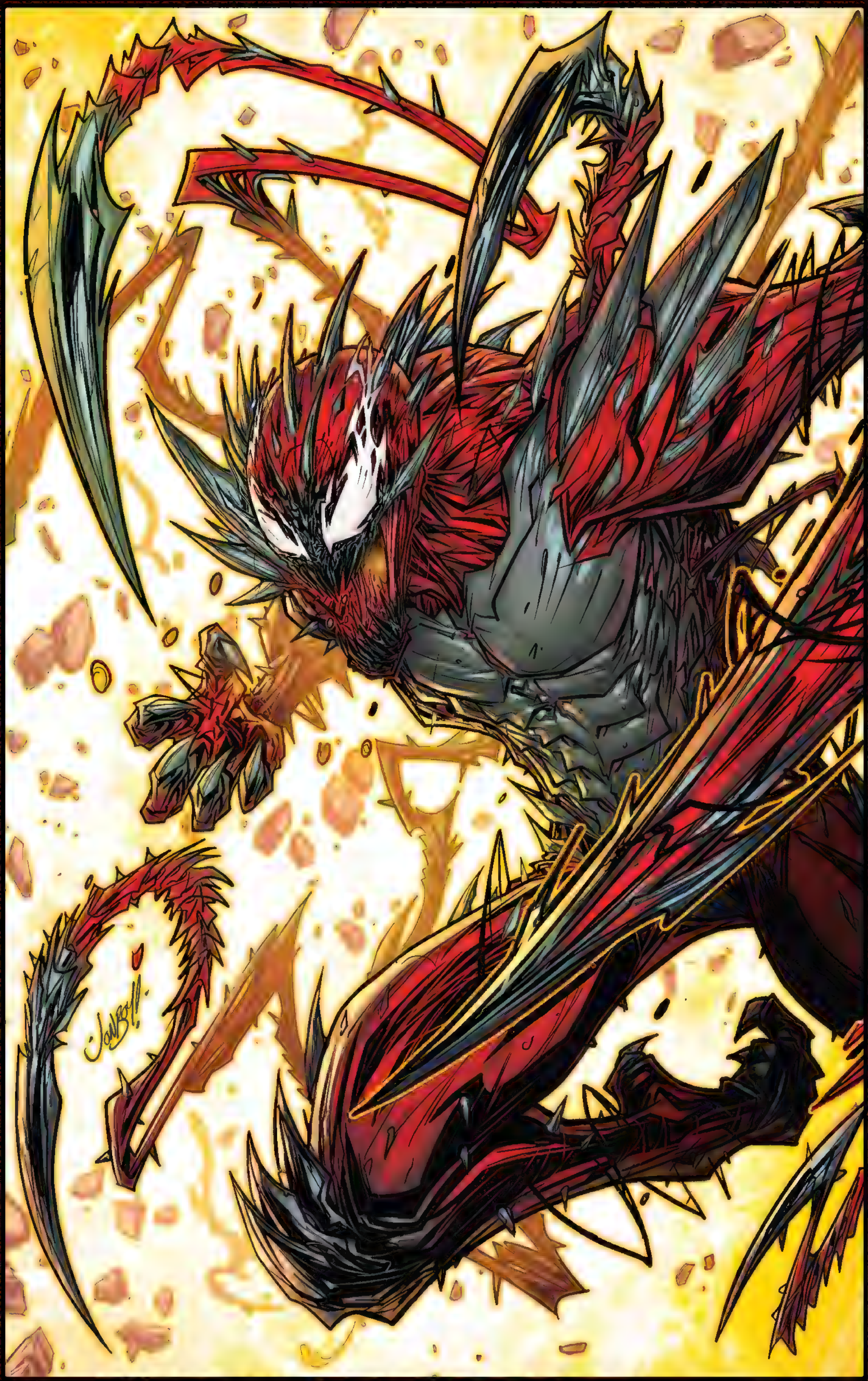

WAY TO GO, MILES. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING DAD AND MAMI MOVE INTO OUR NEW PLACE, BUT THE BAD GUYS JUST WON'T STOP CRIMING.
I'VE STOPPED LIKE A BAJILLION CARJACKINGS TODAY. THEN I HAD TO GO CHECK OUT THIS CREEPY ABANDONED ORPHANAGE WHERE A STREAMER GANKE LIKES WENT MISSING. THAT ONE GOT PRETTY *GNARLY*.*
AND NOW I'M FOLLOWING THE COPS TO A POSSIBLE HOSTAGE SITUATION AT SOME DINER.
NINETY-NINE TIMES OUT OF A HUNDRED, THESE THINGS ARE ALL WRAPPED UP BY THE TIME I GET THERE. I COULD PROBABLY SWING HOME RIGHT NOW AND HEAD OFF THE WORST OF THE YELLING...
*SEE *CARNAGE #8.* --ED.


BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THAT ONE TIME OUT OF A HUNDRED.
Todd's Diner
TO THE INDIVIDUAL OR INDIVIDUALS INSIDE, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME...
I AM SERGEANT CHLOE AHMED OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT. OUR HOSTAGE-NEGOTIATION TEAM IS EN ROUTE, BUT I AM AUTHORIZED TO ASK IF ANYONE INSIDE REQUIRES MEDICAL ATTENTION AT THIS TIME.
CLINK
HELLO? I ASK AGAIN, IS ANYONE INSIDE HURT? WE HAVE EMTs ON STANDBY, SO PLEASE RELEASE THEM INTO OUR CUSTODY.
I AM ALSO AUTHORIZED TO ASK IF YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL REQUESTS.
ONLY ONE SERGEANT...
CATCH.


WHAMMMM
Todd's Diner
WH-WHAT THE H-HELL WAS THAT?

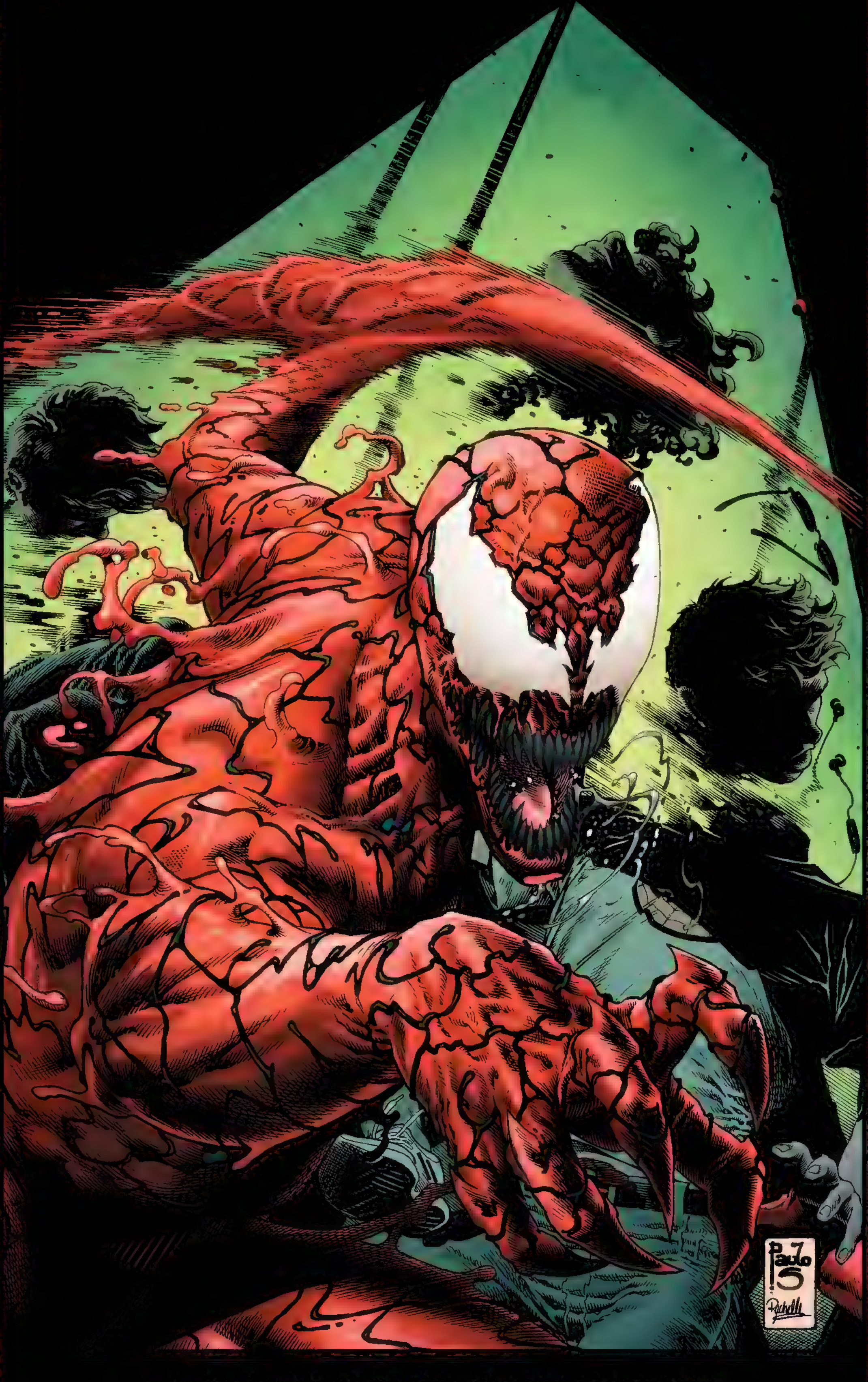

OH WOW! I FELT THAT IN MY *TEETH*. DID A **BOMB** JUST GO OFF OR...?
NO, NO, EXPLOSIVES WOULD HAVE TRIGGERED MY SPIDER-SENSE.
THIS WAS SOMETHING ELSE. THIS WAS SOMETHING...
OH NO.
CARNAGE RULES
NOT HIM.
PLEASE, ANYTHING BUT HIM.


THEY NEVER SENT THIS MANY CARS FOR **ME**.
WE NEED AN EXIT STRATEGY. **POLICE SNIPERS** MIGHT NOT BE AN ISSUE FOR YOU...
...BUT I REMAIN DISPIRITINGLY HUMAN.
I HAVE TO SAY, YOU DON'T DISAPPOINT. YOU PROMISED A SPECTACLE, AND YOU DELIVERED.
I TOLD YOU, KEN...
...WELCOME TO THE CLETUS KASADY SHOW.
TO BE CONTINUED IN
CARNAGE REIGNS!

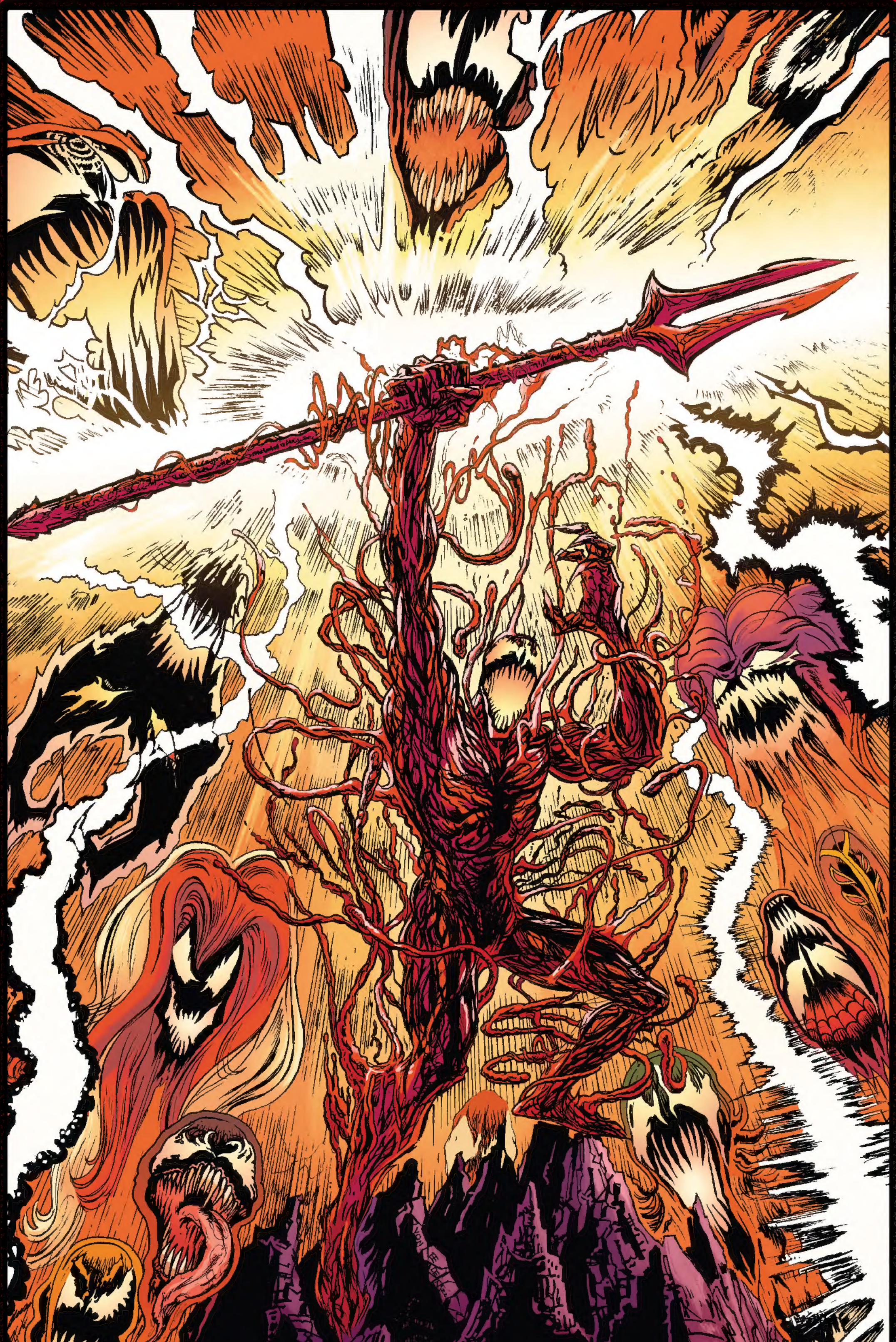


[#8 X-TREME VARIANT BY] **JONBOY MEYERS**

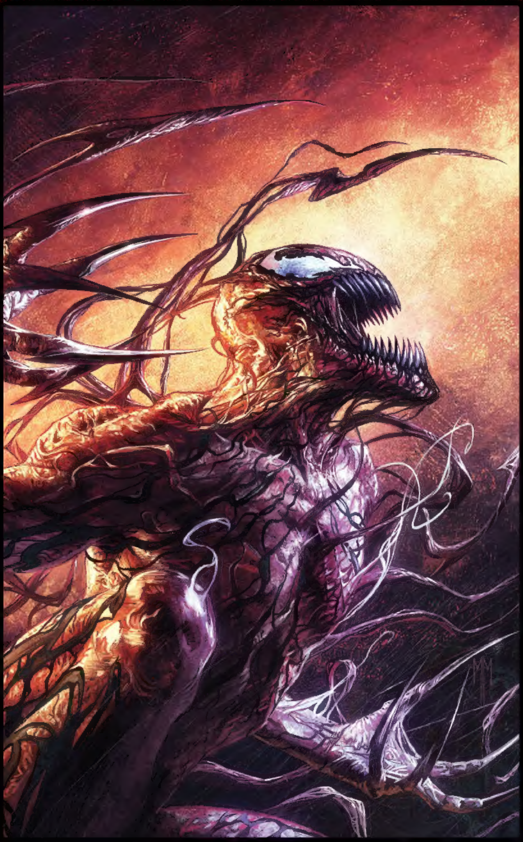
[#9 VARIANT BY] **SALVADOR LARROCA & FRANK D'ARMATA**


Paulo 5
Rachelle

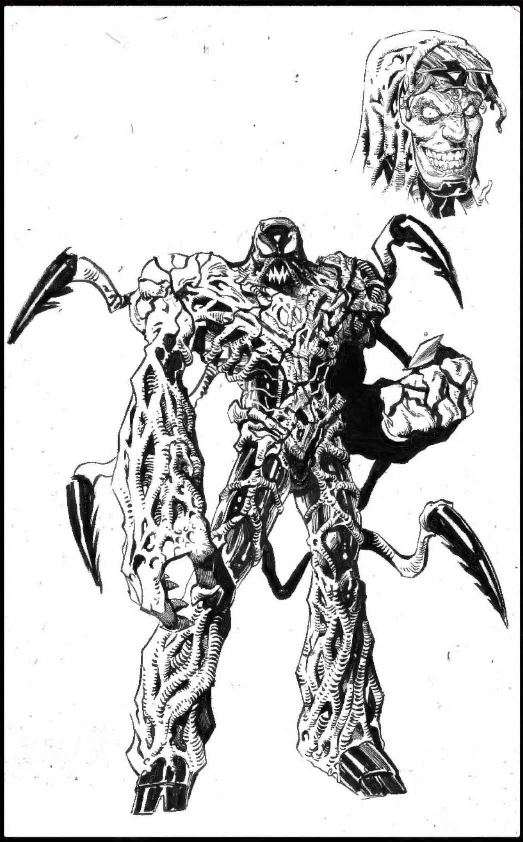
[#9 VARIANT BY] **PAULO SIQUERIA & RACHELLE ROSENBERG**



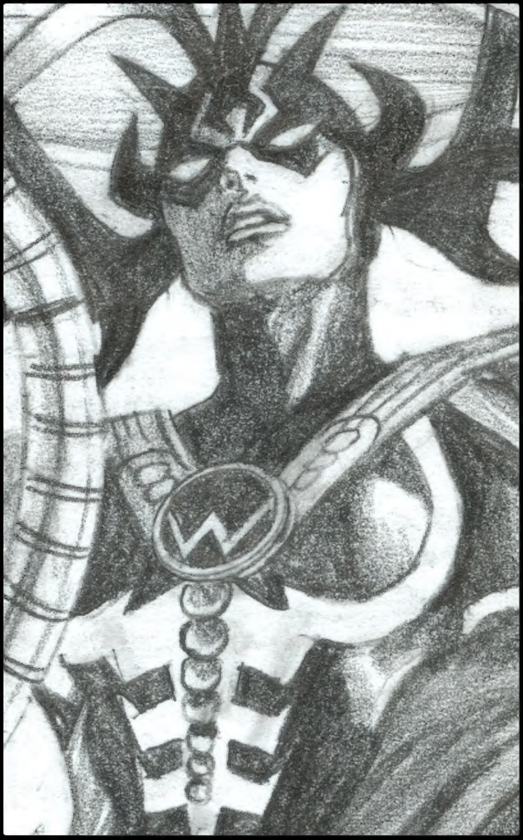
[#10 VARIANT BY] **TREVOR VON EEDEN & RACHELLE ROSENBERG**



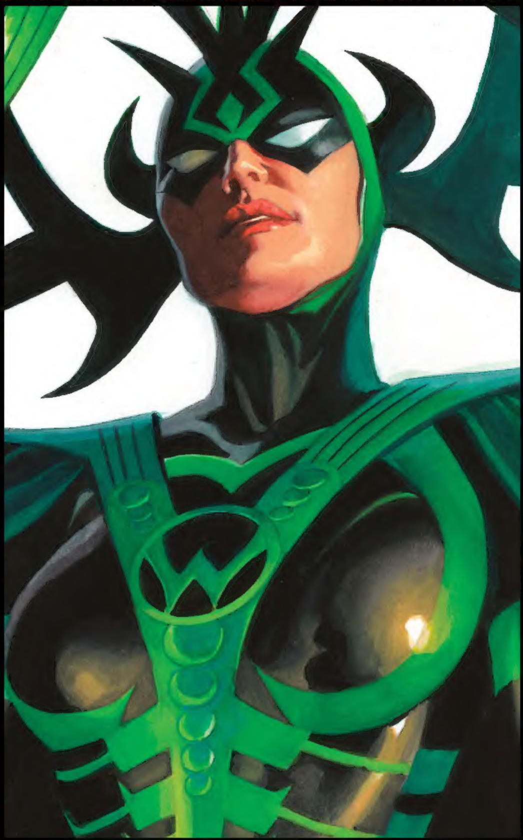
[#11 VARIANT BY] **MARCO MASTRAZZO**



[#12 DESIGN VARIANT] **RYAN STEGMAN**



[#12 TIMELESS SKETCH VARIANT BY] **ALEX ROSS**



[#12 TIMELESS VARIANT BY] **ALEX ROSS**

"Illustrates how much Carnage has evolved over the years to take his place in the pantheon of great Marvel villains." – AIPT

NEW DEPTHS OF CARNAGE

THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE HAS A BLOODLUST unlike any other organism in the Marvel Universe. Now, prepare for it to reach new and never-before-seen heights! With violence and glory on its mind, the symbiote carves a bloody path through the Asgardian underworld with the singular goal of reaching Malekith the Accursed. But what does Carnage want with the disgraced lord of the Dark Elves? What does it have to do with Venom and Eddie Brock? And what fresh Hel will be unleashed on the Marvel Universe if the symbiote succeeds?! Carnage has ambitions of universal destruction and death, the likes of which would make even Knull himself tremble. But unlike the slain King in Black, Carnage has no weapon to inspire fear in the hearts of the living. Until now! Plus: The return of Cletus Kasady!

T+

COLLECTING ***CARNAGE (2022) #6-12*** – BY RAM V, ALEX PAKNADEL,
ROGÊ ANTÔNIO, FRANCESCO MANNA AND ERICK ARCINIEGA.

Jack.T.Ripper
BLOODY MARVELOUS!